

The Outlook

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A BLOT ON CIVILIZATION

In a thriving industrial town not forty miles from Philadelphia a man was burned at the stake on Sunday of last week. The horror of this act was increased by the deliberateness of its execution. The victim lay in a hospital, wounded and strapped to a bed. He was dragged by masked men from the hospital on his cot, carried, shrieking, half a mile, and placed on a fire of fence rails; thrice he was thrust back when he tried to escape. A crowd of perhaps two thousand people watched his death agonies. The police made no adequate attempt to rescue the victim. Indeed, it is charged that one policeman aided the mob of lynchers, although it is fair to add that the officer denies this, while admitting his presence at the scene. District Attorney, Sheriff, and Governor have denounced the crime, arrests have been made, and it is promised that searching investigation and punishment will follow. Let us hope so; otherwise Coatesville and Pennsylvania will forever stand disgraced before the world. A community guilty of such a sickening piece of barbarous cruelty is inferior in civilization to a tribe of cannibals. But, it will be asked, what caused this unspeakable atrocity in a peaceful, supposedly law-abiding Northern town? There is only one answer—the lust for blood that lies dormant behind race hatred. The man tortured and killed was a Negro. He had not committed “the usual crime”—that euphemism for an outrage against a white woman by a colored man—and, as a matter of plain fact, the lynchings of Negroes are a disgrace. It is true that Walker was a criminal and deserved punishment; he had shot and killed a police-

man who tried to arrest him when drunk. But, bad as was his offense, it neither excuses, nor even explains, the lynching. He was in custody; he would surely be tried; almost as surely he would be punished under the law. The fact may as well be faced that Walker would not have been lynched, much less tortured at the stake, if he had been white. Among the fiercest, subtlest, most untamable of human passions, race hatred stands out, frightful in its persistence, amazing in its relapse into brutish barbarity. No man can tell when or how it shall become a tradition of the past. If the lynching were a solitary instance, we might be merely shocked, not discouraged. Unhappily, it is not. A few weeks ago a Southern correspondent of The Outlook, describing the lynching of six Negroes (“five probably innocent,” and the charge, again, not “the usual crime”), declared, in effect, that the press associations nowadays did not often “carry” lynching reports because they were too common to have news value! The whole country must accept a share in the shame of such deeds as that at Coatesville. Universal denunciation, inexorable punishment, a resolve to uphold justice for black and white alike—these are the only remedies.



DEGRADING MARRIAGES

The marriage and divorce laws of this Nation are in a horrible state of confusion. We use the often misused word “horrible” advisedly. Under our Constitution the legal judgments of one State have legal effect in all other States. In consequence, a man may get a divorce in a State where divorces may be had for the asking, and

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his divorce is of legal effect in any other State. He may then go into another State whose laws would not allow him a divorce and marry there; and his marriage is legal, despite its laws against divorce. No State can control the matter of marriage and divorce even within its own limits; and the United States cannot control it because it is not within the jurisdiction of the United States courts. Nor is it easy to prescribe a remedy. A Constitutional amendment giving authority to Congress to pass a uniform marriage and divorce law would be very difficult to obtain, and might lower the standard for some States at least as much as it would raise it for other States. Possibly legal acumen might frame a Constitutional amendment which would prevent divorce except by a State in which one or both of the parties had resided for at least two years. Such an amendment, if honestly complied with, would prevent fraudulent divorces. But it is doubtful whether honest lawyers could frame such a Constitutional amendment so that dishonest lawyers and complaisant courts could not evade it. There are other perplexing questions on this subject. On what grounds should divorce be permitted? Is marriage a sacrament? Or only a civil contract? Or is it a combination of the two? What did Jesus Christ mean by his utterances on this subject? Exactly what did he say?—for there are two reports, which are not necessarily conflicting, but are not identical. How far are those utterances applicable to our problem?—for a divorce granted by a court after trial is not the same as a divorce procured by a husband or wife without trial. What authority have those utterances for us?—for his authority as a lawgiver is not recognized by all members of the community. But there ought not to be any question in the mind of any pure man or woman that a convicted adulterer ought not to be permitted by society to marry an innocent girl; that if his marriage is permitted by society, no Christian church ought to give the marriage its sanction; and that if an ecclesiastic can be found to perform the ceremony, the married parties, the officiating clergyman, and those who give to it their apparent approval should be put under the ban of a social excommunication by

all who value purity of character above wealth.

THE WOOL BILL VETO

President Taft, in his Message vetoing the Wool Bill, makes perfectly plain the grounds on which he bases his action. His reasoning is as follows. He was elected President on a platform which declared for a protective tariff, and which fixed the proper measure of protection at "the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad." As the result of his action in calling an extra session of Congress, the Payne Tariff Law was enacted. That law contained rates of duty which in the opinion of many were excessive. The great difficulty in discussing these rates, however, was that there were no means available by which impartial persons could determine what was the actual difference in cost of production between the products of this country and the same products abroad. The American people became convinced that to secure a proper revision of the tariff such exact information must be secured, and in addition that, in order to prevent the evils of log-rolling and compromise, the system of revision schedule by schedule must be adopted. The effort to establish a permanent Tariff Commission to secure these exact facts was defeated, but an added appropriation for the Tariff Board established by the Payne Law enabled the President to use that Board to do substantially the work that the Commission was intended to accomplish. Congress, in the bill in which this appropriation was included, called for a report on Schedule K—the wool schedule—by December first of the present year. Full reports on both the wool and cotton schedules will be ready for Congress by that date. In the President's opinion the real advance and reform in tariff-making are to be found in the acquiring of accurate and impartial information as to the effect of proposed changes in each schedule before they are adopted. If the passage of a bill to amend Schedule K can be postponed until December, Congress will then be in possession of a full and satisfactory report upon the whole schedule. Schedule K is the most complicated schedule in the tariff; its wealth of technical detail pre-

vents any one but an expert from understanding the schedule and the effect of changes in it. The President shares the widespread belief that many rates in the present schedule are too high, but he has no sufficient data upon which he can judge how they should be reduced, in order to furnish the proper measure of protection and no more. The Wool Bill as finally passed is a compromise between an avowed tariff-for-revenue and anti-protection bill, passed by the House, and a professed protection bill, passed by the Senate. The principle followed in making the compromise is not clear and the effect of the bill most uncertain. There is danger to the industrial welfare of the country in a revision of the wool schedule concerning which we have no means of being sure that it will not do serious harm, not only to the great business of woolen manufacturing, but to the hardly less important business of wool-growing. The President declares that he has a double duty—to guard the industries of the country to the extent of giving them the benefit of a living measure of protection, and to recommend the reduction of excessive duties to this level. In concluding his Message he declares: "There is no public exigency requiring the revision of Schedule K in August without adequate information, rather than in December next with such information. December was the time fixed by both parties in the last Congress for the submission of adequate information upon Schedule K with a view to its amendment. Certainly the public weal is better preserved by delaying ninety days in order to do justice, and make such a reduction as shall be proper, than now blindly to enact a law which may seriously injure the industries involved and the business of the country in general."

**WHAT SHOULD THE
PRESIDENT HAVE DONE?**

President Taft has made a very strong presentation of his case. With the fundamental principles which should underlie any future tariff making or tariff revision, as he states them, *The Outlook*, as has already been made clear in these pages, is in hearty agreement. Our tariff should be a protective tariff, with the rates based upon the

difference in the cost of production here and abroad, and any revision should be done schedule by schedule, and as the result of accurate information provided by an expert, non-partisan commission. On these points we are convinced that the President is absolutely right. If we could have controlled the action of Congress, we would have had any revision of the tariff postponed until the report of the Tariff Board upon the schedules proposed for revision was ready. But it is pointed out that there was another question before the President, and upon this the wisdom of the President's position is not so clear. If he could have induced Congress not to act, it would have been well. But Congress has acted, and it has acted upon the schedule which the country is convinced is the worst schedule in the existing tariff law, concerning which there is practical unanimity that many of its rates are excessive, and which the President himself has declared to be indefensible. The country wants the tariff revised downward. It particularly wants the wool schedule revised downward. There is little question, it is argued, that any reduction of the rates of duty in the wool schedule would be of benefit to the consumer; and it is inherently improbable that the by no means drastic reductions in the Wool Bill as finally passed would do serious damage either to the wool-growing or to the wool-manufacturing industries. The President had an opportunity to join with Congress in affording to the country relief in the one tariff schedule as to which there was the most widespread complaint and the most eager insistence upon revision. He refused to accept that opportunity, his critics declare, because he insisted upon a counsel of perfection. We heartily sympathize with the President's firm stand for the two principles of revision schedule by schedule and revision based upon the expert and unprejudiced report of a tariff commission. But it is by no means certain that he would not have done better in the present case to approve the Wool Bill, with the definite declaration that if the report of the Tariff Board next December showed that the present revision did not accord with the facts, he would insist upon a further revision based upon the Board's report.

THE STATEHOOD VETO: A
REPORT AND INTERPRETATION

President Taft last week vetoed the joint resolution of Congress conferring Statehood upon Arizona and New Mexico. His reason for the veto was his disapproval of the provision concerning the recall of judges. This applies only to Arizona, but the fate of the two States is involved in the one measure. Congress would admit both Territories to Statehood on condition that New Mexico shall submit to its electors an amendment to its new Constitution altering its present provision for future amendments, and that Arizona shall submit to its electors an amendment to its Constitution by which judicial officers shall be excepted from the section permitting a recall of all elective officers. By this provision a minority of twenty-five per cent of the voters of the district or State could, for no prescribed cause, after a judge has been in office six months, submit the question of his retention in office to the electors. The President vetoes the bill because he is convinced that the recall, as applied to county and State judges, will be "destructive of independence in the judiciary, likely to subject the rights of the individual to the possible tyranny of a popular majority, and therefore injurious to the cause of free government." "The government," he says, "is for all the people, and not solely for a majority of them; the majority in exercising control . . . is bound to exercise the power for the benefit of the minority as well as the majority. But all have recognized that the majority of a people, unrestrained by law, when aroused and without the sobering effect of deliberation and discussion, may do injustice to the minority or to the individual when the selfish interest of the majority prompts. Hence arises the necessity for a constitution by which the will of the majority shall be permitted to guide the course of the government only under controlling checks that experience has shown to be necessary to secure for the minority its share of the benefit to the whole people that a popular government is established to bestow." For "a popular government is not a government of a majority, by a majority, for a majority of the people. It is a government of the whole people, by a majority of the whole

people, under such rules and checks as will secure a wise, just, and beneficent government for all the people. . . . No honest, clear-headed man, however great a lover of popular government, can deny that the unbridled expression of the majority of a community converted hastily into law or action would sometimes make a government tyrannical and cruel. Constitutions are checks upon the hasty action of the majority. . . . In a proper sense, judges are servants of the people; that is, they are doing work which must be done for the Government and in the interest of all the people, but it is not work in the doing of which they are to follow the will of the majority except as that is embodied in statutes lawfully enacted according to constitutional limitations."



OTHER REASONS
FOR THE VETO

It is true, Mr. Taft admits, that some judges have rendered not only unpopular but unjust decisions; that in some States judges have apparently shown themselves to be under corrupt corporate influences; that here and there a judge has apparently thwarted the people's will or nullified State law. It is right that there should be unrest under such conditions. But why substitute for individual injustices a system of "legalized terrorism" for the whole bench? What kind of judgments might those on the unpopular side of cases expect from courts whose judges must make their decisions under such a system? For "could there be a system more ingeniously devised to subject judges to momentary gusts of popular passion? . . . Think of the opportunity such a system would give to unscrupulous political bosses in control, as they have been in control, not only of conventions, but elections! Think of the enormous power for evil given to the sensational, muckraking portion of the press in rousing prejudice against a just judge by false charges and insinuations, the effect of which in the short period of an election by recall it would be impossible for him to meet and offset! . . . Would not self-respecting men well hesitate to accept judicial office with such a sword of Damocles hanging over them?" Reform in our courts, where reform is needed, is not to

be effected "by abolishing those requirements which the experience of ages has shown to be essential in dealing justly with every one." Mr. Taft's remedy is this: "If the political control . . . permits the enactment of a radical constitutional amendment like that of judicial recall, it would seem possible to make provision in its stead for an effective remedy by impeachment in which the cumbrous features of the present remedy might be avoided, but the opportunity for judicial hearing and defense before an impartial tribunal might be retained."



THE OUTLOOK'S OPINION
OF THE VETO

The Outlook agrees absolutely with President Taft's objections to the recall of judges, and with the ground on which those objections are based. We do not agree with him in his opinion that the President and the Congress should withhold their approval of the Constitution of a State because some provision in that Constitution is not approved as a matter of governmental policy. It is enough to do what Congress has done—express disapproval of an objectionable clause and ask the people of the State to reconsider it. The Congress having given to New Mexico and Arizona the right to enter the Union and to frame their Constitutions for that purpose, the only question for the Congress and for the President is whether the Constitutions framed are in accordance with the Federal Constitution; and we do not understand that it is claimed that the recall of the judges is inconsistent with anything in the Federal Constitution. The simple fact that Arizona might call a Constitutional Convention, expunge this clause from the Constitution, keep the Convention in session until the State was admitted under the amended Constitution, and then re-amend the Constitution by putting in the expunged clause, seems to us to afford a conclusive practical argument for the doctrine that the people of this State have in their inchoate condition morally the right, as in their perfected Constitution they would have politically the right, to put the objectionable clause in their organic law. We trust that our readers will not understand by this that

we abate in the least degree our hearty approval of the objections presented by Senators Root and Borah and by President Taft to the principle of the recall of the judiciary. The recall may well be extended to administrative offices, under proper restrictions. It perhaps may be extended (though of that we are more doubtful) to Representatives in Congress or in the State Legislature. It never ought to be extended to the judiciary. Such an extension makes possible, at least theoretically, an appeal of any case from the decisions of a court to a mass-meeting, and a mass-meeting is absolutely incompetent to sit in judgment on a specific decision of a court. To sit in judgment on the general course and current of its decisions, as it does in a new election when the term of office of the judge or judges has expired, is quite another matter. If the American people shall ever come to the decision that they are unwilling that judges should nullify the acts of legislation by declaring them unconstitutional, the remedy is not by making the act of a judge on the bench subject to popular disapproval at any time on short notice. The remedy is by following self-governing countries in Europe. In all those countries, we believe without exception, the legislature, not the court, is the final interpreter of the constitution and the final judge of what laws are consonant with it. The difference between American and European nations is not that our constitutions are written and theirs unwritten. Most of the constitutions of European countries are written. The difference is that with us these constitutions are subject to final interpretation by the courts, while in Europe the final and authoritative interpretation of the constitutions is furnished by the legislative body. The Outlook is not in favor of transferring this authority from the courts to the legislature; but it would be a good deal better to transfer this authority from the courts to the legislature than it would be to make judges subject to removal at any time that one of their opinions happened to offend a transient popular prejudice, or a powerful, dominating, and corrupt special interest. If the people of Arizona wish to try this foolish experiment, they should be permitted to try it;

but the folly of the experiment appears to us to need no other demonstration than that which is furnished by the history of the dependence of the judiciary on the appointing power in England under the Stuarts.

THE GENERAL ARBITRATION TREATIES

The Outlook is glad that the decision of the Senate on the general arbitration treaties is to be postponed until next December. A majority of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has reported adversely on these treaties in their present form; it declares that in their present form they would be "a breeder of war and not of peace, and would arouse a series of disputes, now happily and entirely at rest, into malign and dangerous activity." Such a report, signed as it is by Senator Lodge and a majority of the Senate Committee, is not to be disregarded without consideration. It is an ancient and a true proverb that "He that has faith shall not be in haste." It is because we have faith in the American people in their sincere desire for the peaceful settlement of all questions, and in their ability, time being given them, to come to a just and reasonable judgment of public questions, that we welcome the delay and the public discussion which will ensue. The danger to democracy is not only from hasty action impelled by malign motives and base passions, but also from hasty action inspired by high ideals and genuine human aspirations. It is certain that no treaty of arbitration will be worth the paper it is written on unless it is made *by* the Nation as well as *for* the Nation; unless the Nation has given it thorough consideration, heard it thoroughly discussed, and accepted it with a sobriety and certitude of judgment which will make the treaty stand as a barrier in case a storm of national prejudice should suddenly and unexpectedly arise. We should like to see one of the peace societies print such an abstract of this treaty as was given in The Outlook of August 12; the treaty in full, the report of the majority of the Senate Committee adverse to the treaty, the minority report in its favor; and then, further, an able presentation of the arguments in favor of it by some eminent and able legal

authority. The best person to make this presentation would be the President of the United States, if he would do so; and we see no reason why, in an open letter to the American people, he should not state the reasons, as he has already stated them in public addresses, which have led him to believe the treaty in its present form to be both advantageous and practicable. The Outlook, following the advice it gives its readers, will not make haste. It will reserve its judgment on the issue joined between the President and the majority of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations until it has received the dissenting minority report, to be signed, it is said, by Senators Root, Cullom, and Burton, and until it has had time to examine both reports with care, and to consider and weigh the arguments presented both for and against the treaty in its present form. With the object of the treaty The Outlook has the heartiest sympathy. For we hope that the time is not so far distant as some persons imagine when all questions that can arise among civilized nations will be referred, as a matter of course, to some supreme international tribunal, as now all questions arising among all States in this Union are referred to the Supreme Court of the United States. But we do not intend to let our wish be father to the thought, and to adjudge the present method of securing that result as the best, simply because we desire to see that result secured.

ENGLAND'S INDUSTRIAL TROUBLES

Not for many years has England undergone such serious and threatening industrial disturbances as those of last week. There have been two distinct labor wars in progress, although both have a common cause in that the labor unions are in a dissatisfied and warlike attitude. The strikes of dockers, in which some twenty-five thousand men have been engaged, together with sympathetic strikes among freight-carriers and teamsters, and even ship-carpenters and machinists, probably reached their culminating point in the rioting at Liverpool on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. How extensive was the violence is shown by the statements in the cable despatches that troops fired on mobs in the street and charged them with

fixed bayonets; that six soldiers, two policemen, and many members of the mob were wounded or injured; and that the women in the streets urged the men to incendiarism. The British Government has a short way of dealing with mob violence. Magistrates on horseback rode at the head of the troops; when matters became threatening, the magistrates read the Riot Act and ordered the mobs to disperse; then police and troops did their duty, and, as far as we can judge, did it with moderation and restraint. The strikes continued to the great discomfort of thousands of people (in particular transatlantic passengers) and to the great injury of trade.



THE RAILWAY STRIKE

Not so sensational in point of violence and mob demonstration, but of tremendous industrial importance, is the war between the British railway companies and their men. To understand this contest, it must be remembered that Great Britain, through its Board of Trade and under its laws, has a more direct control of railways as regards accidents, traffic, and labor disputes than we possess in this country, even with the great ability and power of our Inter-State Commerce Commission. Mr. Asquith has offered to appoint a Royal Commission to investigate the workings of the conciliation scheme adopted in 1907. This action would correspond in some respects to the appointment by President Roosevelt of the Commission on the Anthracite Strike of 1902—but with this difference, that the Royal Commission would be an official and governmental body, with more direct power. The British Government under its laws and precedents is amply justified in declaring that the railway service of the country shall not be tied up; that strikes which cripple the railway service are not to be permitted, and that the relation of a railway employee to the railway service is not essentially unlike that of a soldier under military orders. But it follows that if this position is taken—and it is the right position—the Government is morally, and probably legally, bound to provide a tribunal or commission which shall have power to hear grievances asserted by the employees to exist,

to hear also the defense of the railway administration, and, when needed, to set that which is wrong right. Precisely this was what the conciliation law of 1907 purported to do; and the rebellion of the railway employees now going on is based on their accusations that the companies have not obeyed this law in good faith, but—the officers of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants assert—have “harassed and driven the men until they are worse than slaves.” The formal address of the strikers’ union expresses “an unchangeable determination to strike a united blow for deliverance from petty tyranny, and also help to obtain higher wages and shorter hours and a more human life for all.” Negotiations between Mr. Lloyd-George on the part of the Government and the leaders of the strikers failed to bring about an agreement, and on Thursday night a general strike on all British railways was declared. This was followed, however, by the news that negotiations had been reopened, and, although the strike is on and the railways are partly blocked, there is some chance that, by mutual agreement, the questions in dispute may be laid before a Royal Commission. It is not now possible or desirable to outline in detail the alleged grievances of the men, or the defense and counter-charges presented by the railway companies; The Outlook will summarize and comment on these matters when they are more fully in evidence. The salient conclusions now suggested are those often urged by us: The railways are public highways; they must be controlled by the nation for the public good; the operation of the railways must not be stopped because of disputes; and, as a corollary to this last law of necessity, the Government must furnish an adequate and just method of settling railway disputes.



SABOTAGE What is *sabotage*, as the French use the word? It is the deliberate, scientific destruction of public property. In other words, it is vandalism. At present it dominates the French economic situation. Last October the Labor Federation organized an immense strike, which paralyzed the whole

railway system of France. It was ended by the cleverness and firmness of Aristide Briand, then French Prime Minister. Ever since, the so-called Unified Socialists and all the Anarchists have been clamoring for the unconditional reinstatement of the men who participated in the strike, no matter if they did cut wires and stall trains, so as to cause the Government and the railways the greatest possible annoyance. Neither the Government nor the railways have approved such reinstatement. "Very well," say the strikers, "*sabotage* will continue." "Very well," reply the Government and the railway companies in their turn; "so long as *sabotage* continues, the strikers certainly will not be re-employed." But what becomes of the public meanwhile? It has to submit to the kind of thing reported from various parts of France during one week only:

Bordeaux—Telegraph poles laid across railway tracks.

Havre—Cross-channel cables to England cut.

Lille—125 telegraph wires severed in one night.

Caen—Wires severed.

Rennes—Stones placed on track.

Carmaux—Block system wires cut.

Angoulême—Freight cars uncoupled; result, a serious accident.

St. Étienne—Chain attached to third rail system, dissipating the current and interrupting service.

Toulouse—Block wires cut.

Montpellier—Heavy stones placed on track.

For several weeks there have been daily accidents due to such causes as the above, and in more numerous cases disasters have been barely averted. The miscreants have attempted in every way to escape detection, and they have produced a real reign of terror. According to official figures, no less than three thousand attempts have been made since last October to wreck trains in France. But these figures are stated on good authority to be below the truth; the real number of criminal attempts at railway wreckage in France during the last nine months may reach five thousand. The French Republic has already been tested by its capacity to resist anarchy. The law makes those guilty of attempts against railway trains liable to penal servitude for life, or to death if loss of life ensues. In

applying this law last October, France was fortunate in having at its head a man like M. Briand; it remains to be seen whether his successor, M. Caillaux, will show equal courage and resourcefulness. If he does, all good Frenchmen, without respect to party, will rise to his support, just as in any country all good men, without respect to party, will support the principle of law and order.



WHAT ADMIRAL TOGO
THINKS OF AMERICA

At a lunch last week in New York City given to Admiral Count Togo by the Japan Society and the New York Peace Society the guest made an interesting speech. He told his auditors what his name meant. "Heihachiro," said he, "signifies 'peaceful son,' and Togo means 'eastern country'—the Peaceful Man of the East.'"

I consider, therefore, that the name by which I was christened entitles me to address you on terms of intimacy. I cannot conceive of a happier combination, since the relationship between Japan and the United States must ever be one of peace and neighborly good will. In this belief I take advantage of the occasion to declare myself among the foremost advocates in favor of the maintenance of that relation. In order that our two countries, which have so long lived in harmony and cordial friendship, may continue to do so forever, I raise my glass to wish prosperity to the two societies, success to their benevolent work, welfare to you all, and to the sentiment, originally expressed by one of the great Western sages, which should be revised thus, I would say: "Peace hath its victories more renowned than those of war."

But these peace ideas did not prevent the Admiral from showing more enthusiasm about his visit to the Brooklyn Navy-Yard than about anything which has yet happened to him in this country! The Admiral had seen the navy-yards at Washington and Philadelphia; but at Brooklyn he found a combination of all that is of interest to a naval strategist. There were ships already built, there were ships in the building, there was the machinery for docking, equipping, and repairing. There was the naval electric school where sailors are trained in the handling of electric signals and the repair of dynamos; there were the shops where red-hot metal was being dripped into molds; there was the new thousand-foot dry-dock. Above

all, there was the big North Dakota. The Admiral inspected the ship in every part, and actually climbed the mast. Count Togo will return to Japan via Canada. A clever reporter of the New York "Times" has elicited from him an expression of his impressions of what he has seen. The Admiral asked that the questions be submitted in writing. The following are the answers :

What are your impressions of—

The President?

Answer: "Ideal."

The Naval Academy?

Answer: "Magnificent."

Congress?

Answer: "Grand."

Mount Vernon?

Answer: "Beautiful."

American battle-ships?

Answer: "Excellent."

The Government navy-yard?

Answer: "Very good."

American railways?

Answer: "Comfortable."

American hotels?

Answer: "Up to date."

Reception in America?

Answer: "Very warm; for which I am grateful."

The effect in Japan of President Taft's complimentary reference to the Emperor?

Answer: "Will be very good."

Will it further cement the friendship of the two nations?

Answer: "Cannot do otherwise."



As soon as the well-informed visitor to some gallery of modern paintings observes, across the room, a scene in broad masses of light and shade and with a startling prominence of the principal subject of the picture, he is apt to exclaim, "There's an Israels, I suppose." And his conjecture is often correct. For, more than any other contemporary painter's treatment, that of Israels consisted in just this chiaroscuro. One may say that Rembrandt did the same thing and did it better. Of course Rembrandt was a great prophet, and, in comparison, Israels only a minor singer. Of course Rembrandt's technique was not only masterly but was the creation of a mighty method of art expression, just as Rembrandt's choice of subject-matter created a new interpretation of life. The Israels technique, on the other hand, is merely adequate and generally satisfactory. But, so far as the interpretation of life is

A PAINTER OF POVERTY

concerned, no one seems to have interpreted more effectively one special part of it. Josef Israels was born in Groningen, Holland, of Hebrew parents. Last week, at the age of eighty-six, he died. Like most Jewish fathers, Josef's expected his son to go into business, and it was not until after serious conflict that the boy had his way and began to study painting, first under Jan Kruseman at Amsterdam, then under Picot at Paris. Then he came back to paint in the Amsterdam ghetto, where he found an infinity of subject-matter. But for more than a generation he had lived at The Hague, that most delightful of Dutch cities. His work was distinctly Dutch. North Sea mists, the sand-dunes of the coast, the stagnant canals, the homely houses and homely people, the fisher folk at early dawn, the dimly lighted rooms at night—all his background, as well as his subjects, belongs to Holland. And so does his domain of art; for *genre*—little scenes of life—has ever given to Dutch painting, not only its peculiarly distinctive attributes, but also its most genuine triumphs. But to Israels *genre* did not mean what it did to many others—an interpretation of scenes of life taken from all ranks of society. To him one little career was all too short to interpret the scenes of life which he had seen in the poorer quarters of the towns or in the fishing huts along the coast. No one can fail to feel the artist's conviction of this who has ever seen "The Cemetery Walk" at the Amsterdam Museum, or "The Widower" at The Hague. These pictures belong to his best period; in comparison, his later work seems over-sentimental. But it is by his best work that Israels should be judged. Those who disdain painters and novelists who merely "tell a story" may feel inclined to save their time when they visit galleries for artists whose work is more purely decorative. But many of the Israels pictures have this double appeal. Their first appeal is, of course, that of an abounding human sympathy. The appeal is acute. Even Millet's presentations of poverty seem, in comparison, fairly placid. His laborers are, after all, normal people. For Israels did not hesitate, if it were desirable, to depict deformity of body, mind, soul. Coarseness, frenzy, despair—all these he must illustrate. So much gloom

did he feel impelled to put on canvas that he once admitted, half apologetically, "My pictures are too black and sad." That is often true, and it does militate against his pictures as works of decoration. We may remember that poverty is not always decorative! Yet not a few of Israel's canvases appeal both to heart and eye. Take him all in all, one must feel that he continued the great art of his Dutch forerunners—Rembrandt, Hals, Vermeer, Terburg, Ruysdael, Hobbema—that he knew how to express himself both simply and broadly.



PAPAL ELECTIONS

Considerable comment was caused last week by the publication of the regulations which are in the future to govern the election of Popes. The statement is made that any Cardinal attending the conclave who shall accept any commission from any person or government that claims the right to veto the choice of a Pope shall be excommunicated! By such a penalty Pius X proclaims that the ancient right of veto, supposed to be exercised, in case of necessity, by the Roman Catholic powers, is abolished. For centuries the right of interfering with Papal elections was exercised by the Holy Roman Empire, by Austria, its successor, by France, and by Spain. Its maintenance was an anachronism—just as is any insistence on the Pope's temporal power. If, indeed, as is currently reported and not denied, an Austrian Cardinal had not, on Austria's behalf, interposed his veto of the candidacy of Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State to Leo XIII, Cardinal Rampolla would probably have been elected instead of the Patriarch of Venice, who now reigns as Pius X. The publication of the definite terms of a far-reaching reform in Papal elections coincides pathetically with the news of the physical weakness of the present beloved Pontiff. His rugged North-of-Italy constitution is well fitted for the salubrious climate of his native home among the hills, but it is unfitted to endure the Roman climate at this season, and especially to endure the unusual heat of this summer. Everything has been done in the Vatican Palace and in the Vatican Gardens to make life comfortable for the Pope, and he has the welcome

attendance of his two sisters, who have ever shown him an intense loyalty of devotion. But the "powers that be" in the Vatican hierarchy still persist in maintaining the supposedly valuable doctrine that his Holiness is "the prisoner of the Vatican," despite the reported unofficial assurances from the Italian Government that, should Pius X wish to seek the invigoration of the mountains, he would be treated by the Government with every courtesy due to a reigning sovereign. The Pope could even be taken to the Papal summer residence at Castel Gandolfo in the Alban Hills, formerly the favorite summer resort of the Popes, but for the fatal jar which must be given to the aforesaid doctrine.



PIUS X AND FEAST DAYS

No act of Pius X's reign, we think, will be more popularly remembered than his just-published decree checking the abuse of Church holidays. In this country one does not see such abuse, but in countries like Spain and Italy the observance of a holiday or two a week interferes with the practical work of life. Pius X proposes to show to the faithful that their religion should find expression in work quite as much as in play. To this end he has suppressed all week-day feast days save eight, which are to be strictly observed, whether they fall on a Sunday or a week-day. These feasts are Christmas, the Circumcision, the Epiphany, the Ascension, the Immaculate Conception, the Assumption, the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, and, last but not least, All Saints' Day. Easter, of course, always occurs on Sunday. But what becomes of the patron saint of a particular nation? And what of the patron saint of a particular locality? Mindful of the intense enthusiasm evoked for such particular patron saints, the Pope provides that in each diocese the saint's day *may* be one of obligatory observance, but only with the Holy See's consent. Other saints' days now observed, including such very "high" festivals as those of St. Joseph, St. John the Baptist, and Corpus Christi, are in each case to be deferred until the following Sunday. But, as has been often said, local customs die hard. The new order of things will be, presumably,

not in strict running order for some years. Among the millions of hard-working Roman Catholics, however, who have long deprecated the premium paid by the Church to laziness in some countries by countenancing a too frequent cessation of work, there is rejoicing. And yet in the workaday world this rejoicing is not entirely unanimous. For holidays themselves create work for certain classes—restaurant-keepers, confectioners, cab-drivers, theater and picture-show people, wine-growers, brewers, café and saloon keepers, tramway, omnibus, steamboat, and railway companies. It is perhaps not surprising, then, that a few protests have arisen against the Pope's decree. Nevertheless, whether regarded from an economic or a religious standpoint, the decree is, we believe, one of Pius X's best acts.



WHERE BEAUTY IS PROFITABLE

Many cities will be interested in the statement that the construction of an elaborate system of parks and boulevards has benefited the property-owners of a city directly as well as indirectly. "The enhancement of values in real estate," says the Board of Park Commissioners of Kansas City, Missouri, in its latest annual report, "directly attributable to the influence of the park and boulevard system is far in excess of the entire cost of that system to the property-owner who has paid for it, and it has been for him a highly profitable investment." The Kansas City system was built on the unusual plan of charging the cost against property benefited. This plan, which is much more familiar now than it was when it was applied in Kansas City twenty years ago, is really based on the doctrine popularized by Henry George, of taxing the unearned increment. It was assumed that the construction of a boulevard through a district would increase property values in that district, and that the owners who reaped the benefits should bear the cost. By detailed computations which the Park Board says would be received as competent evidence before any court of record, the Board demonstrates in its report just how profitable the construction of certain boulevards has been to the owners of property fronting on them. "On

Benton Boulevard," the report says, "upon which the abutting property has responded in a less degree in increments of value than on any other boulevard of the city, it is shown conclusively that the increase in value has been more than 183 per cent since the establishment of the boulevard, and that, after deducting the cost to the property-owner of every class of improvements with which the frontage has been assessed, and deducting also the average increase of land values throughout the entire district, which includes increments due to this and other park improvements in the same district, we have a clear net profit, demonstrably due to the boulevard, of approximately 44 per cent. But upon other boulevards, notably Armour, Gladstone, Linwood, Gillham Road, and the Paseo, the land gain has been from 200 to 500 per cent, the greater portion of it being directly attributable to the establishment of the boulevards." That the construction of boulevards is generally recognized as a profitable investment for property-owners is demonstrated by the pressure constantly exerted on the Board for extensions. Delegations of property-owners meet the Board weekly, it says, arguing for the extension of the improvements into undeveloped parts of the city and into new territory acquired by extending the city limits. Kansas City already has spent in fifteen years, in round numbers, ten million dollars on its park and boulevard system, most of the amount coming out of the unearned increment produced by the very work of construction. This is a case in which city beautification has paid for itself directly in dollars and cents.



MISSIONARY BY-PRODUCTS

If disbelievers in foreign missions could be induced to read anything on the subject, they would benefit by reading an article by Dr. James L. Barton, the Foreign Secretary of the American Board. It appears in the June "Missionary Herald," and is entitled "By-Products of Foreign Missions." We agree with the article, but not with the title. Dr. Barton shows that in Eastern countries, through the work of foreign missions, slavery is disappearing, medical missionaries are teaching the value of human life and developing the spirit of

humanity, the opium curse is being recognized and effective native opposition to it aroused, the social evil, formerly condoned if not approved, is coming under popular condemnation, the caste system is giving way, woman is being emancipated and elevated, and the wife is rising from the position of a servant or a plaything to that of a companion and associate. We do not call these by-products of foreign missions. They are, or ought to be, elements in its essential purpose, for they are elements in that Kingdom of God which Jesus Christ came to establish upon the earth.



MR. LANG'S
LIST

Mr. Andrew Lang, an accomplished and quick-witted writer and editor, has evidently been amusing himself by preparing a list of twenty books for summer reading in response to a request. So many such lists have been published that one more will not perceptibly increase the burden of expert advice, while Mr. Lang's list will add to the gayety of nations, to recall Dr. Johnson. After a pretty pastoral allusion to Corydon, signifying that no one who is happily placed during the summer months reads at all, Mr. Lang submits the following list:

1. "Esmond."
2. "The Virginians."
3. "The High History of the Holy Graal" (Mr. Sebastian Evans's translation).
4. "The Forest Lovers."
5. "Anthologia Græca."
6. "Old Mortality."
7. Lamb (Essays).
8. Hazlitt (Essays).
9. Leigh Hunt (Essays).
10. R. L. Stevenson (Essays).
11. "Confessions of St. Augustine."
12. Boswell's "Johnson."
13. Montaigne.
14. "The Moor and the Loch" (Colquhoun).
15. "Sense and Sensibility."
16. "Memories of the Months" (Maxwell).
17. "Chips from a German Workshop."
18. "The Compleat Angler."
19. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall."
20. Clarendon's "Rebellion."

Every book in this list is full of meat; there is no whipped syllabub for the undisciplined and the indolent. But when one considers the taste of the average summer reader as disclosed by the books placed at his disposal at summer resorts and on

ocean steamers, this list is a huge satire. In such a collection examined last week the second volume of "Vanity Fair" stood out from its companions as Mr. Morgan's library would stand out among the shanties of a week-old mining town. Upon inquiry, it appeared that the first volume had been gone a long time, but that nobody had missed it; people read the second volume apparently without discovering that the story was incomplete! To suggest to the summer mind to read Gibbon and Clarendon is to take unfair advantage of an innocence which ought to appeal powerfully to a man of Mr. Lang's extreme sophistication. Why not go further and add to these summer books "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," Bacon's "Novum Organum," Schlegel's "History of Philosophy," and Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason"? It ought to be said, however, that the first part of Mr. Lang's list is so wisely chosen that the summer boarder who reads the books will want to finish the list in winter.



THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION OF 1911

The enactment into law of the bill curtailing the veto power of the British House of Lords is the culmination of a historical movement. It is not the arbitrary act of a partisan majority, nor the fruit of a reckless impulse of a band of revolutionary agitators. It marks a stage in the development, which has been going on for a thousand years, of the British Constitution. It was rendered inevitable, not by the partisan exasperation of the Liberals, nor by the Socialistic desires of the Laborites, nor even by the hunger for Home Rule of the Irish Nationalists, but by the irresistible force of an evolutionary process. The seeds of the tree from which the peers have just gathered bitter fruit were sown, not in 1909, when the Lloyd-George Budget was rejected, but in 1832, when Reform was carried over the prostrate will of the House of Lords.

Among the most interesting items in that somewhat inchoate but tremendously effective mass of charters, statutes, customs, precedents, traditions, and conventions which make up the British Consti-

tution are certain solemn fictions. These fictions may once have been the truth, but now, through the process of evolution, they have come to be mere masks upon the face of the universally accepted facts. So long as the constitutional fiction is recognized, and no one acts as if the fiction were the fact, all is well. But when it is attempted to ignore the fact and translate the fiction into reality, the nation resents the attempt.

It is one of these solemn fictions that the British Parliament is composed of two co-ordinate branches with equal powers over general legislation; but it has been universally recognized by the constitutional authorities of the past fifty years—and incidentally by the British people—that the fact is altogether different. The fact is that the only legitimate functions of the British House of Lords in relation to legislation are those of revision, amendment, and delay. And it is only when the House of Lords has tried to expand these functions into powers co-ordinate with those of the House of Commons that its prerogatives have been attacked.

In 1832 the House of Commons, supported by the electorate, was determined upon the passage of the Reform Bill. The House of Lords, jealous of its control through rotten boroughs and pocket constituencies of many seats in the lower house, resisted the passage of the bill. The royal prerogative was invoked on the side of the popular house, and the Lords receded before the threat of "swamping" their Chamber with new peers. In 1884 the majority in the Commons, supported by the majority in the country, were determined upon an extension of the franchise. Again the Lords opposed, until the efforts of a diplomatic Queen and a wise Prime Minister brought them to reason. At that crisis Mr. Gladstone, in a confidential message to the Queen, declared that if the measure were rejected by the Lords a second time, only two courses would remain open to him: one to leave public life, the other "to become a supporter of organic change in the House of Lords." Two years later the Home Rule Bill was rejected by the upper chamber, as well as another important Government measure; and in his last speech to the House of Commons,

after sixty-one years of service there, Mr. Gladstone said: "The differences, not of a temporary or casual nature merely, but differences of conviction, differences of prepossession, differences of mental habit, and differences of fundamental tendency, between the House of Lords and the House of Commons, appear to have reached a development in the present year such as to create a state of things of which we are compelled to say that, in our judgment, it cannot continue."

In 1906 the Education Bill was rejected by the House of Lords, and the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, declared: "The resources of the British Constitution are not wholly exhausted. The resources of the House of Commons are not exhausted. I say with conviction that a way must be found, that a way will be found, by which the will of the people expressed through their elected representatives in this House will be made to prevail." The next year a resolution was adopted in the House of Commons, by a vote of 430 to 147, declaring "that in order to give effect to the will of the people, as expressed by their elected representatives, it is necessary that the power of the other House of altering or rejecting bills passed by this House should be so restricted by law as to secure that within the limits of a single Parliament the final decision of the Commons shall prevail." In the fall of 1909 the Lloyd-George Budget was rejected by the House of Lords. It was the last straw, and immediately the active campaign for the curtailment of the Lords' veto was begun. It was carried on through two general elections, and to a successful ending two weeks ago, when the Parliament Bill became law.

At each of these junctures the House of Lords has forgotten that its equality of power with the House of Commons is a fiction, and has acted as if it were a fact. It was impossible that the spirit of the British Constitution—a spirit of real democracy and popular rule—should countenance equality between a chamber of elected representatives of the people, of popular rights, and of both political parties, and a chamber of hereditary representatives of a social class, of the rights of property, and of a single political



party. When such an equality had, time after time, been assumed, it was inevitable either that the power of the second chamber should be curtailed, or that its composition should be altered. The course of events led logically to the first result; and it was evolution, not revolution, which brought it about.

In his article entitled "The Peers and the People," in another place, Mr. Sydney Brooks asks the question whether the Parliament Bill was the only means by which the Liberals could achieve their end, and answers, "So far from being the only way, it was not even the best way." In this answer we would make a radical alteration. It may not have been the best way, but it was the only way. The purpose of the movement which culminated in the Parliament Bill was to secure equality of legislative opportunity for both great political parties, to remove from the pathway of a Liberal Government and a Liberal majority in the House of Commons that insuperable obstacle, in the shape of a permanently Conservative House of Lords, which had repeatedly blocked its most important legislation. This could be accomplished by curtailing the Lords' veto. It is conceivable that it could be accomplished by so altering the composition of the House of Lords that there would be a possibility that it might at times have a Liberal majority; but is it conceivable that if the Liberals had started out with the second plan they would have succeeded in getting far enough to bring it to success? It is true that their opponents during the past two years have gone far toward the reform of the constitution of the second chamber, but the most radical plan which has been suggested is still very far from creating a second chamber in which both parties would have an equal opportunity. To that end, under the circumstances as they existed, the abolition of the veto was the only way.

The victory of the Government, and the means by which it was brought about, are significant of the distance which the British Empire has come along the road of popular government. A first step was taken in 1832, when the House of Commons, until then a chamber whose membership was largely controlled by members of the House of Lords, was made repre-

sentative of the constituencies. A second step was taken in 1884, when the constituencies were made representative of the people. These two steps completed the process by which the House of Commons was made a truly representative body. A third step was taken in 1911, when the Throne, in the contest between the Commons and the Lords, placed its prerogative definitely on the popular side. The principle is established that the Commons and the Crown both represent the people. The next step is to make the second chamber represent the people. The nearness of that step is indicated by the fact that the only claim made by the Lords in the later stages of the recent campaign was of a right to suspend legislation until the people had had an opportunity to pass upon it, and the added fact that with the Conservative plan for the reform of the House of Lords was coupled a provision that conflicts between the two houses should be settled by the referendum.

The British nation is fond of settling questions "by consent." The two great political parties in this controversy have "consented" on the essential—ultimate popular rule. They are divided only upon the method. The method which one party has succeeded in introducing may not prove the final solution, but the final solution, whatever it may be, can have no other purpose.



WOODROW WILSON

Woodrow Wilson is frankly a candidate for the Presidency. This gives special interest to the exposition of his political principles which he furnishes the readers of *The Outlook* in the authorized interview which is printed elsewhere in this issue.

Since Mr. Bryan's somewhat erratic political career it is difficult to say exactly what are Democratic principles. Dr. Wilson defines his own. But doubtless he is to-day the most popular leader in the Democratic party. If he is nominated for the Presidency, it will be because of a popular demand, not because of skillful political manipulation.

The motto, "The office should seek the man, not the man the office," is not more than a half-truth, and a half-truth is no

truth at all. In England it is a common custom for the candidate to offer himself to his constituency and ask their votes. And in England there is less of the political machine, the political boss, and the political primary than in America. It is one of the good signs of the times that so many young men in our colleges are inspired by a laudable desire for public service, and are pursuing studies to prepare themselves for it. Politics is becoming less a trade and more a profession—to the great improvement of politics.

As a college student Dr. Wilson had political ambitions. When he became a teacher, his interests led him into the field of political economy and political history. As President of Princeton University he combined a resolve that the door of opportunity should be opened to the sons of the plain people, with the resolve that the sons of rich and poor alike should be tested by a high standard of scholarship. His democratic spirit has been well proved. He believes in the people. It is inconceivable that he should ever be found consciously supporting the special interests against the popular welfare. The doctrinaire sometimes does this unconsciously. Dr. Wilson's administration as Governor indicates that he is not a doctrinaire. Though he has entered politics from the academic halls, he has not thus far been overmatched by the professional politician in practical politics.

Dr. Wilson is an orator. His oratory does not lack in grace of diction, persuasiveness of manner, or warmth of feeling; but he is not an impassioned speaker, and he neither dazzles his auditors by his word-painting nor sweeps them off their feet by torrential emotions. His eloquence is that of frank and clear statement of fundamental convictions; his power is that of exposition enforced by evident sincerity and a powerful personality. In manner and spirit he is a typical Southern gentleman.

In some important respects Dr. Wilson's way of thinking and *The Outlook's* way lead in opposite directions. We here neither commend nor criticise his political principles. Our object in this editorial and in the accompanying interview is to introduce him to our readers and to ask him to speak for himself.

AN OLIGARCHIC CITY CHARTER

The problem of applying democratic principles to the government of great cities is to-day perhaps the most difficult problem which American democracy confronts. One hundred and twenty-five or more cities, scattered through twenty or more States, are engaged, more or less earnestly, in this endeavor. In the new charter proposed for New York City, and likely to be adopted in September by the New York Legislature, the endeavor is frankly abandoned. The charter provides for an autocratic government, and has been drafted, and will be enacted, if enacted at all, by autocratic methods.

Mayor Gaynor, in a published letter, has given us the history of the origin of this charter. "I took aboard ship with me, August 9 of last year," he says, "all the charter literature extant, and intended to return to the city able to sit down and help write the charter." The cowardly and crazy assault upon the Mayor frustrated this purpose. To another hand was intrusted the work which he was compelled to abandon. The result, after some public discussion, was submitted to the New York Legislature, and by a committee of the New York Legislature was revised and redrafted. The names of the person who made the original draft and of the members of the committee or subcommittee which revised that draft are not widely known, though we do not know that they are intentionally concealed. The drafting was not accompanied by any public discussion.

Thanks to Governor Dix, the proposal to pass this charter in the early summer, without any public hearings, was defeated. Public hearings are granted during the month of August, when the men most interested in the charter and whose judgment would be most valuable are out of the city and cannot be heard. Some public discussion has also been secured through meetings initiated by the City Club, and some discussions have been aroused by individual interest and enterprise. But, speaking broadly, it may be said that it is proposed to impose on four million people the organic law under which they are to live, without giving them any opportunity to

take part in framing it, without asking their opinion upon it, without acquainting them with its provisions, without giving them any adequate opportunity to discuss it.

This is not the method of democracy. It is the method of oligarchy. If England had proposed thus to frame an organic law for the American Colonies and impose it upon them, the proposal would have afforded an additional ground of complaint against Great Britain in the indictment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. If Congress had framed the Constitutions for New Mexico and Arizona as secretly as this charter has been framed, and had proposed to impose them upon the people of those States without their request, without their consent, without even their adequate knowledge of what those Constitutions were, the country would have been aflame with indignation. This is what the New York Legislature is proposing to do for a city which in size of population, in wealth, in commercial and political importance, is second to none in the country, and second to only one other in the world.

Nor is this all. A municipal election took place in 1909 in which certain officials were elected by the people of New York City, clothed with well-defined powers, and charged with exercising well-defined functions. That election was a power of attorney to these officials to exercise these functions and employ these powers in the service of the people who elected them. Under the proposed new charter some of these men are removed from office, others of them have their functions and their powers greatly increased, still others their functions and their powers greatly diminished. The will of the four million inhabitants of New York City counts for nothing. The election of 1909 is practically set at naught. This is not self-government. It is not justice.

Into the details of the charter we do not here need to enter. It is enough to say that the changes wrought are radical and revolutionary. New departments of government have been created. Old departments of government have either been abolished or merged in new departments. The educational work of the city

has been taken from State control and made a city department. The Board of Education has been reconstituted on principles which have evoked earnest protests from the best educators in various parts of the Union, and, so far as we have seen, from not a single educator indorsement and approval. The powers of the Mayor have been enormously increased. They are not greater, but they are more unlimited, than those conferred by the Constitution of the United States upon the President of the United States, or by the Constitution of any State upon the Governor of the State, and, we think it safe to say, greater powers than are conferred by any municipal charter upon the mayor of any city. The Mayor's power of appointment and removal is not to be dependent upon the advice or approval of any co-operating body, as the appointments of the President of the United States are dependent on the advice and approval of the Senate. The Mayor's powers over the finances, now checked by an elected official, are left unchecked by the transfer of powers from the Comptroller's office to that of the Corporation Counsel, an appointee of the Mayor. The limitations upon his appointing power imposed through the Municipal Civil Service Commission are removed, because the Municipal Civil Service Commission is no longer to be supervised by the State Civil Service Commission. His power over the domain of education is increased and made practically almost absolute by the revolution wrought in the Board of Education. Finally, the power of the Governor to remove the Mayor upon charges and after trial is taken away. In brief, it may fairly be said that the effect of this charter is to confer irresponsible powers upon an irremovable Mayor.

The undemocratic character of this charter, and the undemocratic method of drafting, enacting, and imposing it upon the people of the city, stand in curiously striking contrast with the provisions of the proposed charter of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and with the method proposed for its adoption. This charter was carefully considered by representatives from seven local Cambridge associations, representing different sections of the Cambridge

population. It was publicly and extensively debated, and it received in the Legislature the approval of five out of seven of the Cambridge representatives. It is not to become effective until a thousand citizens have petitioned for a referendum upon it, and it has been adopted by such referendum at a popular election next November. Anticipating and preparing for that election, there is going on to-day a widespread campaign of agitation and education. We shall hereafter give more fully the provisions of this charter. It is enough to say here that it provides for popular nomination as well as popular election; for a short ballot, a small compact council with large powers, and an easy appeal to the people from the action of the council through provisions for initiative, referendum, and recall. The whole charter is comprised in a pamphlet of thirty-one pages. The proposed New York charter has not been asked for by the citizens of New York. They have had no part in its preparation. They are not acquainted with its provisions. It is not to be submitted to them for their adoption. It occupies a volume of over 550 pages, and its intricate provisions only an expert can understand; they are, we venture to say, understood by very few members of the New York Legislature, and not by many members of the city government of New York.

This charter is entitled by the newspapers "Mayor Gaynor's charter," though he has publicly affirmed that not a line of the proposed charter was written by him, and that certain of the powers given to the Mayor by the charter he does not desire to possess. New York City ought to take the lead in the movement for making municipal government truly democratic. Mr. Gaynor could render the city of New York no greater service than by putting himself and the city of which he is Mayor at the head of the movement for democratic municipal government. He could do this by repudiating this charter, alike because of the methods which have been pursued in foisting it upon the people and because of the nature of the charter itself; and by then asking the various organizations in New York City, political, social, and educational, to nominate representatives of the different races, the

different religious creeds, the different political parties, the different trades and vocations, from whom he could select a large committee which would truly represent the city of New York, and which should frame for it, in the open, and with public discussion, a charter that should be to the four million inhabitants of New York City what the Constitution of the United States was to the four million inhabitants of the colonies. When such a charter has been framed, its fundamental principles and its most essential provisions should be simply stated in terms which the plain people can understand, and the vote of the city should be taken upon its adoption. Were Mayor Gaynor to pursue this policy, he would make himself a National leader in the great and growing movement for making the American city a true democracy.



GOING TO SCHOOL AGAIN

It is a great mistake to stop going to school, under the impression that, when one has cut loose from blackboards and text-books and recitations, the rest of one's life will be filled with the sense of freedom which is the special and fearful joy of "playing hookey." The simple fact about life is, that to be entirely out of school is to be the defenseless prey of monotony and dullness.

Mr. Howells has written in delightful story form the tragedy of the child to whom every day was Christmas, and whose friends became so tired of bringing gifts that they ended by throwing them over the fence with no pretense of affection or sentiment. Festivals keep their meaning fresh and fragrant by their infrequency, and holidays are precious in the degree in which they are rare and difficult to secure. A long holiday without occupation of hand or brain becomes intolerably tedious. The ideal holiday is well filled with occupations, but with occupations that have nothing to do with one's working days.

The mind needs rest, but not stagnation; change of interest, but not absence of interest. The joys of "playing hookey" are brief and must be paid for; if they were prolonged, they would be trans-

formed into those small scourges with which our sins of mental lassitude and carelessness are unfailingly punished. Going to school is, in fact, the chief business of life, and those who refuse to attend to that business gradually go into bankruptcy. They use up their capital of time and strength, and neglect to lay up that capital of ideas, tastes, interests, and occupations on which a man can retire in middle life or old age and find himself in the full tide of vital activity. To leave school and go into any form of money-making is to make the calamitous failure which has overtaken so many energetic and capable Americans, who have made great collections of money but have neglected to learn the relative values of things and do not know what to buy. To have a ten-dollar bill which you cannot spend is not only to be in dire poverty, but to be mocked by a piece of paper which promises to buy but has no purchasing power.

Many practical men discover their mistake in getting out of school, and make strenuous efforts to get back. They take up new occupations; they begin to travel; they attempt to read books; and they discover that skill in any occupation must be acquired early if it is not to be acquired by very great effort; that to travel profitably and with pleasure one must have traveled widely with one's mind before one lands at a foreign port; and that reading, which seems so easy, is both a habit and an art, and cannot be taken up at pleasure. Not long ago a man of ability who had made the mistake of going out of school and going into business broke down under the strain of monotonous concentration and was ordered to take a year's rest. "What fun you will have reading!" was the comment of a friend. "That's the sad part of it," was the reply. "I have been too busy to read, and I find I cannot get any pleasure out of it. I never knew until lately that a man has to learn to read." A man has not only to learn to read, but to learn to enjoy flowers, fields, and woods; he has to learn how to play, to travel, to make time befriend him with rest, health, joy, knowledge. All these things he learns by staying in school; all these things he loses by going into business. The suc-

cessful man attends to his business and stays in school.

The longer you go to school, the more does the interest of life deepen and the more do the joys of life multiply. The pathetic figure presented to its readers by "Life," a few weeks ago, of the man who is wrecked on Treasure Island and finds himself with a hoard of glittering coin which he cannot spend because he has neither health nor access to the things that can be bought, is a type of the immortal boy who has played "hookey" so long that he has become a dull, ignorant, lonely old man. "I have thought," wrote Cowper, who was not only a poet but one of the most delightful of letter-writers, "that when my present labors of the pen are ended I may go to school again and refresh my spirits by a little intercourse with the Mantuan and the Sabine bard, and perhaps by a reperusal of some others, whose works we generally lay by at that period of life when we are best qualified to read them, when, the judgment and the taste being formed, their beauties are least likely to be overlooked." Here one comes upon the secret of the happiness of keeping in school: one's faculty of getting pleasure out of familiar things continually increases.



CONCERNING MINING STOCKS

The Outlook emphasizes to its readers the counsel given by Dr. Ledoux in his article elsewhere in this issue on "The Romance of Mining—and the Reality:" *"Every dollar made in mining probably represents two dollars lost by others in mining speculation or ill-advised mine investments. The man who cannot afford to lose a dollar should put it in a savings bank, not in a mine."*

The Outlook does not advertise mining stocks. This is not because we think the mining business is a dishonest business, or that mining stocks are necessarily unworthy of confidence. On the contrary, mining is an honest and reputable business. Its successful conduct is absolutely essential to the well-being of the community. It is as essential as agriculture or forestry. But, as Dr. Ledoux has made very clear by his article, it is generally a speculative

business; that is, it is a business in which there are, on the one hand, possibilities of making a great profit and, on the other hand, possibilities of suffering great loss. It is not the object of *The Outlook* to tell its readers about opportunities for profitable speculation. It is one of the objects of *The Outlook* to tell its readers about safe investments. Mining stocks are so rarely safe investments that we think it wise to exclude the advertisements of all mining stocks from our pages.

It is not easy to state in popular language the difference between speculation and investment. In general terms, it may be said that, if one buys with the expectation that the article will rise in value and he can sell it again at a profit, he is speculating. If one buys because he wishes to put his money out at interest, where it will be secure and he will be assured of a moderate income from it, he is investing his money. The essential quality in investment is security; the essential quality in speculation is a high return upon the money involved.

Those things which offer, humanly speaking, perfect security for the money involved, such as savings banks and Government bonds, naturally provide a small rate of return; those things which promise a high return upon the money involved naturally provide a diminished sense of security. In practically every transaction which involves the putting out of money for the sake of a return both these elements are present in varying degree. As the element of security increases, the transaction approaches nearer to investment; as the element of high return increases, the transaction approaches nearer to speculation. The man who has money to put out for return which he cannot afford to lose should select those things in which the security element is large, and therefore the return is relatively small. The man who has money which it will not seriously inconvenience him to lose may select something in which the element of high return is large, but, if so, he should fully realize the fact that an element of risk is involved.



DANTE AND THE BOWERY

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IT is the conventional thing to praise Dante because he, of set purpose "used the language of the market-place," so as to be understood of the common people; but we do not in practice either admire or understand a man who writes in the language of our own market-place. It must be the Florentine market-place of the thirteenth century—not Fulton Market of to-day. What infinite use Dante would have made of the Bowery! Of course, he could have done it only because not merely he himself, the great poet, but his audience also, would have accepted it as natural. The nineteenth century was more apt than the thirteenth to boast of itself as being the greatest of the centuries; but, save as regards purely material objects, ranging from locomotives to bank buildings, it did not wholly believe in its boasting. A nineteenth-century poet, when trying to illustrate some point he was making, obviously felt uncomfortable in mentioning nineteenth-century heroes

if he also referred to those of classic times, lest he should be suspected of instituting comparisons between them. A thirteenth-century poet was not in the least troubled by any such misgivings, and quite simply illustrated his point by allusions to any character in history or romance, ancient or contemporary, that happened to occur to him.

Of all the poets of the nineteenth century, Walt Whitman was the only one who dared use the Bowery—that is, use anything that was striking and vividly typical of the humanity around him—as Dante used the ordinary humanity of his day; and even Whitman was not quite natural in doing so, for he always felt that he was defying the conventions and prejudices of his neighbors, and his self-consciousness made him a little defiant. Dante was not defiant of conventions; the conventions of his day did not forbid him to use human nature just as he saw it, no less than human nature as he read about it. The Bowery is one of the great highways of

humanity, a highway of seething life, of varied interest, of fun, of work, of sordid and terrible tragedy; and it is haunted by demons as evil as any that stalk through the pages of the "Inferno." But no man of Dante's art and with Dante's soul would write of it nowadays; and he would hardly be understood if he did. Whitman wrote of homely things and every-day men, and of their greatness, but his art was not equal to his power and his purpose; and even as it was, he, the poet, by set intention, of the democracy, is not known to the people as widely as he should be known; and it is only the few—the men like Edward Fitzgerald, John Burroughs, and W. E. Henley—who prize him as he ought to be prized.

Nowadays, at the outset of the twentieth century, cultivated people would ridicule the poet who illustrated fundamental truths, as Dante did six hundred years ago, by examples drawn alike from human nature as he saw it around him and from human nature as he read of it. I suppose that this must be partly because we are so self-conscious as always to read a comparison into any illustration, forgetting the fact that no comparison is implied between two men, in the sense of estimating their relative greatness or importance, when the career of each of them is chosen merely to illustrate some given quality that both possess. It is also probably due to the fact that an age in which the critical faculty is greatly developed often tends to develop a certain querulous inability to understand the fundamental truths which less critical ages accept as a matter of course. To such critics it seems improper, and indeed ludicrous, to illustrate human nature by examples chosen alike from the Brooklyn Navy-Yard or Castle Garden and the Piræus, alike from Tammany and from the Roman mob organized by the foes or friends of Cæsar. To Dante such feeling itself would have been inexplicable.

Dante dealt with those tremendous qualities of the human soul which dwarf all differences in outward and visible form and station, and therefore he illustrated what he meant by any example that seemed to him apt. Only the great names of antiquity had been handed down, and so, when he spoke of pride or violence or

flattery, and wished to illustrate his thesis by an appeal to the past, he could speak only of great and prominent characters; but in the present of his day most of the men he knew, or knew of, were naturally people of no permanent importance—just as is the case in the present of our own day. Yet the passions of these men were the same as those of the heroes of old, godlike or demoniac; and so he unhesitatingly used his contemporaries, or his immediate predecessors, to illustrate his points, without regard to their prominence or lack of prominence. He was not concerned with the differences in their fortunes and careers, with their heroic proportions or lack of such proportions; he was a mystic whose imagination soared so high and whose thoughts plumbed so deeply the far depths of our being that he was also quite simply a realist; for the eternal mysteries were ever before his mind, and, compared to them, the differences between the careers of the mighty masters of mankind and the careers of even very humble people seemed trivial. If we translate his comparisons into the terms of our day, we are apt to feel amused over this trait of his, until we go a little deeper and understand that we are ourselves to blame, because we have lost the faculty simply and naturally to recognize that the essential traits of humanity are shown alike by big men and by little men, in the lives that are now being lived and in those that are long ended.

Probably no two characters in Dante impress the ordinary reader more than Farinata and Capaneus: the man who raises himself waist-high from out his burning sepulcher, unshaken by torment, and the man who, with scornful disdain, refuses to brush from his body the falling flames; the great souls—magnanimous, Dante calls them—whom no torture, no disaster, no failure of the most absolute kind, could force to yield or to bow before the dread powers that had mastered them. Dante has created these men, has made them permanent additions to the great figures of the world; they are imaginary only in the sense that Achilles and Ulysses are imaginary—that is, they are now as real as the figures of any men that ever lived. One of them was a mythical hero in a mythical feat, the other a second-rate faction leader

in a faction-ridden Italian city of the thirteenth century, whose deeds have not the slightest importance aside from what Dante's mention gives. Yet the two men are mentioned as naturally as Alexander and Cæsar are mentioned. Evidently they are dwelt upon at length because Dante felt it his duty to express a peculiar horror for that fierce pride which could defy its overlord, while at the same time, and perhaps unwillingly, he could not conceal a certain shuddering admiration for the lofty courage on which this evil pride was based.

The point I wish to make is the simplicity with which Dante illustrated one of the principles on which he lays most stress, by the example of a man who was of consequence only in the history of the parochial politics of Florence. Farinata will now live forever as a symbol of the soul; yet as a historical figure he is dwarfed beside any one of hundreds of the leaders in our own Revolution and Civil War. Tom Benton, of Missouri, and Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, were opposed to one another with a bitterness which surpassed that which rived asunder Guelph from Ghibellin, or black Guelph from white Guelph. They played mighty parts in a tragedy more tremendous than any which any mediæval city ever witnessed or could have witnessed. Each possessed an iron will and undaunted courage, physical and moral; each led a life of varied interest and danger, and exercised a power not possible in the career of the Florentine. One, the champion of the Union, fought for his principles as unyieldingly as the other fought for what he deemed right in trying to break up the Union. Each was a colossal figure. Each, when the forces against which he fought overcame him—for in his latter years Benton saw the cause of disunion triumph in Missouri, just as Jefferson Davis lived to see the cause of union triumph in the Nation—fronted an adverse fate with the frowning defiance, the high heart, and the stubborn will which Dante has commemorated for all time in his hero who "held hell in great scorn." Yet a modern poet who endeavored to illustrate such a point by reference to Benton and Davis would be uncomfortably conscious that his audience

would laugh at him. He would feel ill at ease, and therefore would convey the impression of being ill at ease, exactly as he would feel that he was posing, was forced and unnatural, if he referred to the deeds of the evil heroes of the Paris Commune as he would without hesitation refer to the many similar but smaller leaders of riots in the Roman forum.

Dante speaks of a couple of French troubadours, or of a local Sicilian poet, just as he speaks of Euripides; and quite properly, for they illustrate as well what he has to teach; but we of to-day could not possibly speak of a couple of recent French poets or German novelists in the same connection without having an uncomfortable feeling that we ought to defend ourselves from possible misapprehension; and therefore we could not speak of them naturally. When Dante wishes to assail those guilty of crimes of violence, he in one stanza speaks of the torments inflicted by divine justice on Attila (coupling him with Pyrrhus and Sextus Pompey—a sufficiently odd conjunction in itself, by the way), and in the next stanza mentions the names of a couple of local highwaymen who had made travel unsafe in particular neighborhoods. The two highwaymen in question were by no means as important as Jesse James and Billy the Kid; doubtless they were far less formidable fighting men, and their adventures were less striking and varied. Yet think of the way we would feel if a great poet should now arise who would incidentally illustrate the ferocity of the human heart by allusions both to the terrible Hunnish "scourge of God" and to the outlaws who in our own times defied justice in Missouri and New Mexico!

When Dante wishes to illustrate the fierce passions of the human heart, he may speak of Lycurgus, or of Saul; or he may speak of two local contemporary captains, victor or vanquished in obscure struggles between Guelph and Ghibellin; men like Jacopo del Cassero or Buonconte, whom he mentions as naturally as he does Cyrus or Rehoboam. He is entirely right! What one among our own writers, however, would be able simply and naturally to mention Ulrich Dahlgren, or Custer, or

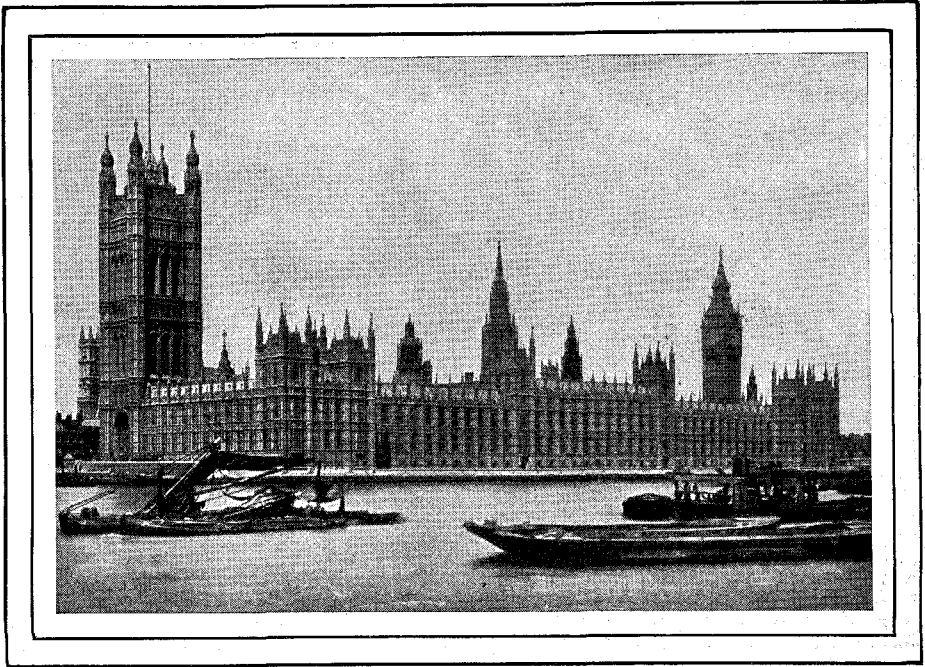
Morgan, or Raphael Semmes, or Marion, or Sumter, as illustrating the qualities shown by Hannibal, or Rameses, or William the Conqueror, or by Moses or Hercules? Yet the Guelph and Ghibellin captains of whom Dante speaks were in no way as important as these American soldiers of the second or third rank. Dante saw nothing incongruous in treating at length of the qualities of all of them; he was not thinking of comparing the genius of the unimportant local leader with the genius of the great sovereign conquerors of the past, he was thinking only of the qualities of courage and daring and of the awful horror of death; and when we deal with what is elemental in the human soul it matters but little whose soul we take. In the same way he mentions a couple of spendthrifts of Padua and Siena, who come to violent ends, just as in the preceding canto he had dwelt upon the tortures undergone by Dionysius and Simon de Montfort, guarded by Nessus and his fellow-centaurs. For some reason he hated the spendthrifts in question as the Whigs of Revolutionary South Carolina and New York hated Tarleton, Kruger, St. Leger, and De Lancey; and to him there was nothing incongruous in drawing a lesson from one couple of offenders more than from another. (It would, by the way, be outside my present purpose to speak of the rather puzzling manner in which Dante confounds his own hatreds with those of Heaven, and, for instance, shows a vindictive enjoyment in putting his personal opponent Filippo Argenti in hell, for no clearly adequate reason.)

When he turns from those whom he is glad to see in hell towards those for whom he cares, he shows the same delightful power of penetrating through the externals into the essentials. Cato and Manfred illustrate his point no better than Belacqua, a contemporary Florentine maker of citherns. Alas! what poet to-day would dare to illustrate his argument by introducing Steinway in company with Cato and Manfred! Yet again, when examples of love are needed, he draws them from the wedding feast at Cana, from the actions of Pylades and Orestes, and from the life of a kindly, honest comb-dealer of Siena who had just died. Could we now link together Peter Cooper

and Pylades, without feeling a sense of incongruity? He couples Priscian with a politician of local note who had written an encyclopædia and a lawyer of distinction who had lectured at Bologna and Oxford; we could not now with such fine unconsciousness bring Evarts and one of the compilers of the Encyclopædia Britannica into a like comparison.

When Dante deals with the crimes which he most abhorred, simony and bartray, he flails offenders of his age who were of the same type as those who in our days flourish by political or commercial corruption; and he names his offenders, both those just dead and those still living, and puts them, popes and politicians alike, in hell. There have been trust magnates and politicians and editors and magazine writers in our own country whose lives and deeds were no more edifying than those of the men who lie in the third and the fifth chasm of the eighth circle of the Inferno; yet for a poet to name those men would be condemned as an instance of shocking taste.

One age expresses itself naturally in a form that would be unnatural, and therefore undesirable, in another age. We do not express ourselves nowadays in epics at all; and we keep the emotions aroused in us by what is good or evil in the men of the present in a totally different compartment from that which holds our emotions concerning what was good or evil in the men of the past. An imitation of the letter of the times past, when the spirit has wholly altered, would be worse than useless; and the very qualities that help to make Dante's poem immortal would, if copied nowadays, make the copyist ridiculous. Nevertheless, it would be a good thing if we could, in some measure, achieve the mighty Florentine's high simplicity of soul, at least to the extent of recognizing in those around us the eternal qualities which we admire or condemn in the men who wrought good or evil at any stage in the world's previous history. Dante's masterpiece is one of the supreme works of art that the ages have witnessed; but he would have been the last to wish that it should be treated only as a work of art, or worshiped only for art's sake, without reference to the dread lessons it teaches mankind.



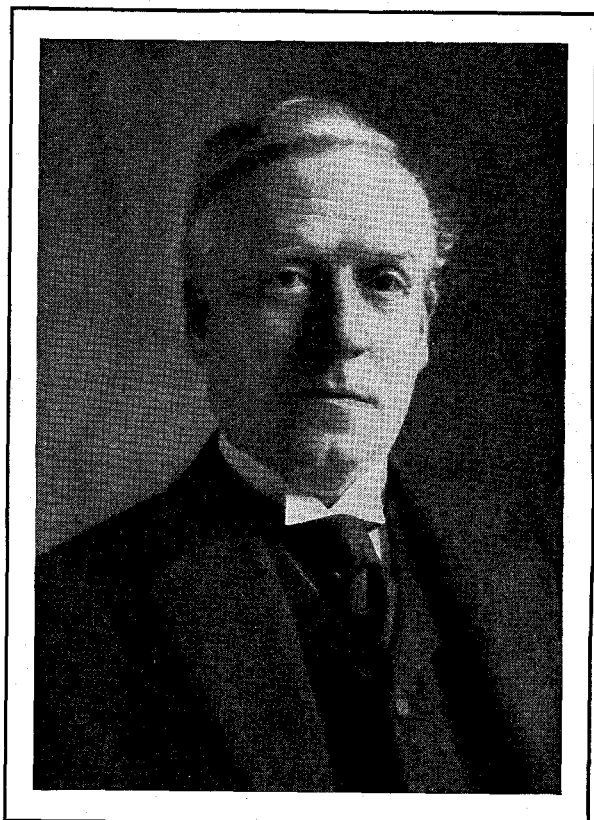
The Peers and the People

By Sydney Brooks

Since Mr. Brooks's article was written, the Parliament Bill, as already reported in *The Outlook*, has become law. About half the membership of the House of Lords followed the counsel of the Opposition leaders, Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour, and abstained from voting; the little band of irreconcilables stood firm and mustered 114 votes against the bill; but a sufficient number of Conservative peers joined the Government minority to carry the bill by a majority of 17 votes. So the Lords acquiesced in the curtailment of their own power, lest their Chamber and their order should be made ridiculous (and incidentally the Conservative control of the second chamber be made even more impotent than under the Parliament Bill) by the creation of five hundred Radical peers. Upon another page we comment editorially upon the victory of the Liberals and their allies.—THE EDITORS.

AN American observer of trained political instinct, when asked a few weeks ago for his opinion on the British crisis, answered that it was the politest revolution in history. The adjective was perhaps a little premature; for only a day or two after he had uttered it there occurred that astounding and unprecedented scene in the House of Commons, when the Prime Minister was howled down and the house resounded with cries and recriminations more worthy of a tap-room than of the "Mother of Parliaments." But the description had at least this much

of truth in it—that in almost any other country, with such searching issues before it, the barricades would have been up in the streets long ago, while England has watched the successive steps and developments of her latest revolution with a calmness and self-containment that have amazed and mystified the acutest looker-on. When the Puritans and Cavaliers were lining up for the Battle of Edgehill, a Warwickshire squire was discovered between the opposing forces unmovedly drawing the coverts for a fox. The English people for the past eighteen months,



THE PRIME MINISTER

Right Honorable H. H. Asquith, who, at the head of a coalition force of Liberals, Laborites, and Irish Nationalists, has carried to a successful conclusion the campaign for the curtailment of the veto power of the House of Lords, which was forced upon the Progressives by the action of the Lords two years ago in rejecting the Lloyd-George Budget

in a less violent but scarcely less significant crisis, have seemed very much to resemble that historic squire. They have gone about their business, have gambled in rubber and oil, have enjoyed the pageants and ceremonies of the Coronation, have flocked to see the Russian ballets, have played all their usual games and taken all their usual pleasures, and are now separating to the ends of the earth for the annual holiday, as though the struggle at Westminster were merely one of the normal party conflicts and did not, as it assuredly does, reach down to the very foundations of government. Always a difficult country to understand, England has never appeared more bewilderingly impassive and ambiguous than during the past year and a half; and the historian of her present upheaval will miss its most distinctive, curious, and perplexing feature if he does not bring out the contrast

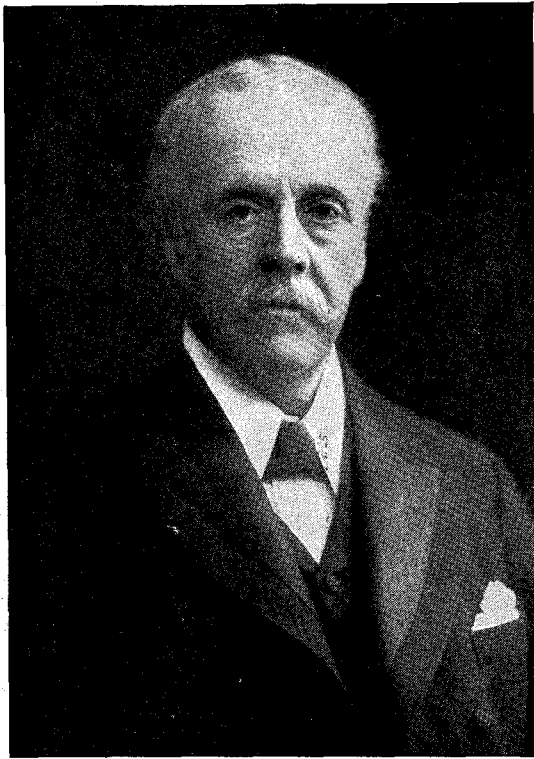
between the struggle and passion of the parties at Westminster and the outward composure of the people, between the furious partisanship of the advocates and the seemingly unruffled quietude of the judge, between the extreme gravity of the problems at issue and the apparent unconcern of those whose business, according to all the theories of a democratic state, it has been to solve them.

There are those who declare the apathy to be on the surface only, and who are confident that the country would be in a blaze if the Parliament Bill failed to reach the statute-book; and undoubtedly the stanchness of the Liberal rank and file and the heavy voting at the by-elections seem to belie the charge of indifference. There are those, too, who explain the popular unconcern by attributing it to a reasonable confidence that the contest can have but one issue, that "the will of the people" is bound to prevail, and that the

peers must inevitably give way in the end; and there are others who put it down to the sheer inability of the masses to comprehend the depth and breadth of the gigantic problems propounded for their solution. Rarely, very rarely, have we in Great Britain been called upon to bother our heads about the British Constitution. Two years ago, except as a mysterious something in the background, we were hardly even aware that it existed. We have never had the privilege of carrying our organic act of government in our pockets and of reading it through in twenty minutes. Until the Lords threw out Mr. Lloyd-George's Budget we were satisfied to take the Constitution for granted. The present is indeed the only time within living recollection when the British public, much to its bewilderment, has found itself compelled to examine the foundations of its constitutional system;

and the electorate as a whole cannot be said to have taken to the task with any real appetite. The popular apathy that has marked the stages of the British revolution may therefore be traceable in part to a lack of popular training and interest in the theories and fundamentals of government. But, whether real or illusory, and however it may be explained, the lack of excitement throughout the country has been unmistakable. France, said one of her statesmen, presents the remarkable spectacle of a tranquil people with agitated legislators. It is precisely that spectacle and no other that Great Britain has presented for the past eighteen months.

But the revolution is none the less a revolution, in spite of the absence of riots and broken heads, and the other aids to reflection that in England are the sign and proof of a healthy interest in politics. When the Parliament Bill becomes law, and so long as it remains unrepealed, almost every accepted maxim upon which the British scheme of government has hitherto been conducted will have to be revised; the familiar distribution of power between the different estates of the realm will have been profoundly changed, and every constitutional text-book will have to be rewritten. A measure entailing such consequences as these is essentially a measure of revolution. I am writing, it is true, before the bill has actually reached the statute-book, but at a moment when its ultimate passage seems fairly well, though by no means indisputably, assured. The present position of affairs is that Mr. Asquith has let it be known that if the Lords persist in their amendments to the bill, he has the King's promise that a sufficient number of peers will be created to carry it. The Lords, therefore, are faced with the alternative of either abandoning their amendments or of see-



THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION

Right Honorable A. J. Balfour, who has led the Conservative party in the House of Commons and in the nation with great adroitness and finesse as a Parliamentarian and debater, but, in the opinion of many on both sides, without the courage of judgment and steadfastness of purpose which are indispensable in a great leader

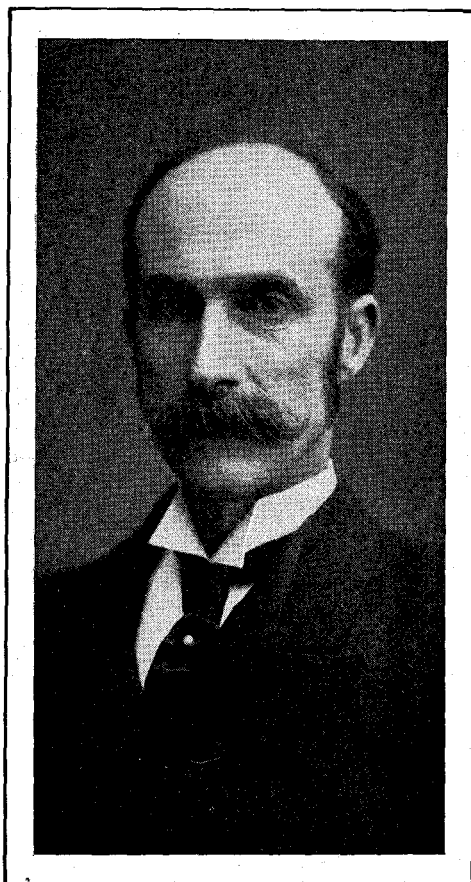
ing their House and order swamped by an inrush of some hundreds of "new men;" and the repugnance of a modern aristocracy to being overwhelmed by *novi homines* is at least as great as in ancient patrician Rome. The leaders of the Conservative party have therefore advised their followers not to insist upon the amendments that only a few weeks ago they declared to be "vital;" and the great majority of the Conservative peers will undoubtedly follow their advice. They cannot, in any case, prevent the passage of the bill. Since the Prime Minister has the royal permission to force a creation of peers, it must become law whether the Lords resist or not; the main question for them is whether they will have the bill with or without the new peers. But there is a minority among the Conservative peers who on this question have revolted against Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour. This

minority regard themselves as constrained by their consciences and their sense of public duty to vote against the iniquities of the Parliament Bill to the last, and they are ready and eager to reject it, even though its rejection involves the immediate swarming in of the new peers. Honor, principle, and the clearest dictates of party strategy, the minority declare, counsel this course; and, headed by Lord Halsbury, the veteran ex-Chancellor, still as full of fight in his eighty-sixth year as when he was the terror of the courts, they are apparently determined to go into the lobbies against the bill. The situation, therefore, possesses a sporting interest to which the English people are not indifferent. The number of these revolting peers is not known, but rumor places it as about equal to the number of Liberal peers who will vote for the bill. There is thus a possibility that the bill may be thrown out, assuming, that is, that the great majority of Conservative peers who remain faithful to Lord Lansdowne abstain from voting. It is, of course, in the hope of reconciling these warring factions in the Conservative party, and of doing something to placate the "No-surrender" men without running any risk of forcing the creation of peers, that Mr. Balfour has decided to move a vote of censure on the Government; but whether the maneuver will succeed seems, at the moment of writing, to be highly problematical.

Lord Lansdowne himself has announced that, though he will not vote against the bill, he cannot, under any circumstances, vote for it; but he has not laid any similar restriction upon the action of his followers. The probabilities are, therefore, that, if there is any serious danger of the Liberals being outvoted by the revolting Conservative peers, a sufficient number of Lord Lans-

downe's followers will go into the Government lobby and help to pass the bill which they detest, for the sake of avoiding the creation of peers, which they detest still more. One way or the other, the bill is thus certain to become law, and the precise manner and method of its final passage, while interesting and piquant, are of secondary consequence when compared with the fact that this momentous measure is at last about to receive the royal assent.

What is it that the Parliament Bill effects? First of all, it extinguishes the powers of the House of Lords in the matter of finance; it makes it impossible for the peers ever again to act as they acted in November, 1909, when they rejected



THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION
IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

The Marquess of Lansdowne, who, when it became clear that nothing could prevent the ultimate enactment of the Parliament Bill, advised his followers to abstain from voting upon it in order to save the House of Lords from being "swamped" by the creation of five hundred peers

the Budget, and, by rejecting it, brought the Government to a standstill and compelled a dissolution; it decrees that henceforward any money bill which is certified by the Speaker to be nothing but a money bill—that is, to contain no non-financial matter—shall be passed by the House of Lords without amendment and within a month after its introduction in the upper chamber, and,

failing such passage, shall be presented to his Majesty and become an act of Parliament on the royal assent being signified. Secondly, the bill provides that any measure ("other than a money bill") which has passed the House of Commons in three successive sessions and has been rejected by the House of Lords in each of those sessions shall become law on receiving the royal

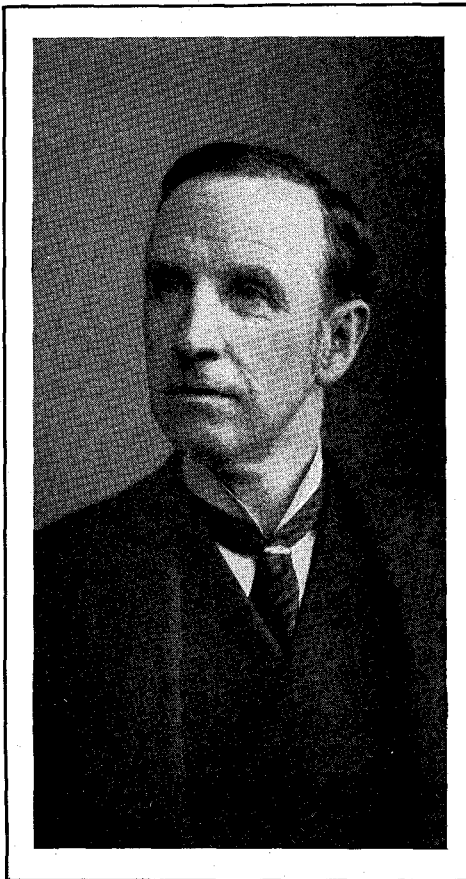
assent, provided that two years have elapsed between its second reading in the House of Commons and its third and final passage. In other words, the power of the House of Lords over ordinary legislation is henceforward limited to criticism, amendment, and delay. It may discuss a measure; it may propose alterations in its clauses, and the alterations may be accepted by the Government and embodied in the measure; it may postpone its passage for two years; but it cannot definitely throw it out or refer it to the judgment of the electorate; when the two years have gone by, it automatically becomes law. Thirdly, the bill reduces the duration of Parliament from seven years to five. But,

besides all this, the bill contains a preamble, and the preamble refers to the intention of the Government to substitute for the House of Lords as it at present exists "a second chamber constituted on a popular instead of hereditary basis." Mr. Asquith has more than once reaffirmed this intention and has declared that his Government regards it as an obligation, "if time permits," to

propose a scheme for reconstituting the House of Lords within the lifetime of the present Parliament.

Such is the Ministerial programme, and obviously it invites discussion from many different standpoints. I do not propose to consider it part by part, to argue the pros and the cons of the severe restrictions placed on the Lords' veto over ordinary legislation,

or to state the case for and against depriving them of any voice in finance, but rather to view the Parliament Bill and its consequences as a whole. The first thing to be said about it, from this general standpoint, is that it marks the end of the old Constitution. Instead of a fluid, largely unwritten, and extremely flexible system of government, it inaugurates the beginnings of a written, strictly defined, and rigid Constitution. That in itself is a tremendous revolution, for when you once begin reducing to set terms what hitherto has been regulated by instinct, tradition, and commonsense, there is no telling where the process will end. The Parliament Bill sets down in writing



THE GOVERNMENT LEADER
IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

Viscount Morley of Blackburn, who delivered the Government's ultimatum to the Lords, when he declared before the final division on the Parliament Bill, "Every vote given against my motion . . . is a vote given in favor of a large and prompt creation of peers"

what one branch of the Legislature may do and may not do. Will it be possible to stop there, or will Great Britain find herself irresistibly driven to circumscribing with the same precision the rights and prerogatives of the Crown, the Cabinet, and the House of Commons? No one can answer that question with any confidence, but no one can be blind to the immensity of the



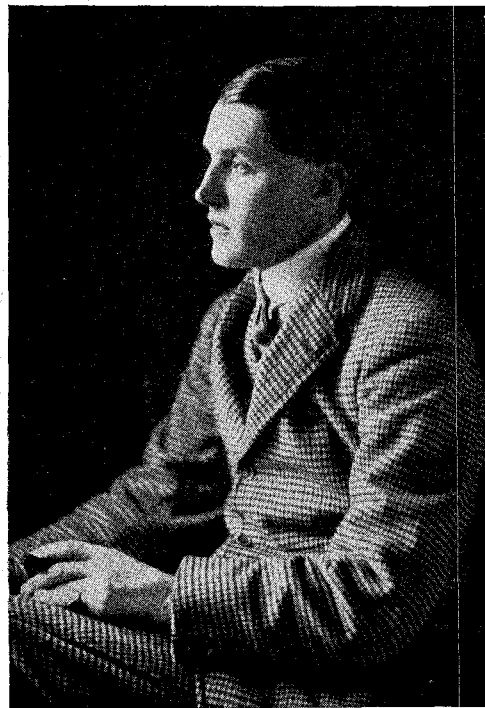
LORD HUGH CECIL

The ringleader in the riotous proceedings in the House of Commons, when the Prime Minister tried in vain for three-quarters of an hour to address the House

British people had evolved the most fecund, adaptable, and convenient system of government that has ever, I suppose, existed. But it could be worked only by good sense and moderation, by an instinctive observance of its silent accommodations and understandings, by a firm avoidance on the part of each estate in the realm of the temptation to assert its full legal prerogatives. The Lords violated this essential condition of the old Constitution when they rejected Mr. Lloyd-George's Budget; and not only they, but the whole country, and every part of the machinery of British government, are now paying the penalty. Custom and common sense are henceforward to give way before specific statutes; what formerly was usage from now onwards must be law; Great Britain is on the road that leads to a Constitution written and defined down to its smallest detail.

Another point that is worth noticing in connection with the Parliament Bill is that

change involved in the attempt to draw hard and fast lines around the action and rights of the upper chamber. For the very essence of the old British Constitution was that little or nothing in it lent itself to categorical exegesis and cast-iron definition. Conventions, usages, prescription, precedents, tradition, a few statutes like the Habeas Corpus Act and the Bill of Rights, a few judgments of the law courts, resolutions of the House of Commons, resolutions of the House of Lords, ancient forms that were still retained though their original intention had been abandoned, theories that were flouted by practice, names that answered not to realities, arrangements that were valid and operative though destitute of any formal sanction, a mass of customs, a series of understandings, compromises, and tacit adjustments—it was from this heterogeneous jumble that the supreme political good sense and the placid history of the



MR. F. E. SMITH

Another of the young firebrands of the Opposition in the House of Commons, who ably seconded the riotous efforts of Lord Hugh Cecil

it does, at any rate, achieve its fundamental object—that of putting Liberals and Conservatives on an equality of legislative opportunity. The Liberals hitherto have never been in power in the same sense and with the same freedom as the Conservatives. They have always had to reckon with a House of Lords permanently controlled by, and permanently biased in favor of, their political opponents. The Conservatives could feel absolutely confident that any bill of theirs which had once passed the House of Commons would become law. The Liberals felt no such assurance. They were conscious, on the contrary, that their troubles were only half over when their measures were through the lower house; that the dice were loaded against them, that it was always possible for the Conservatives to retrieve in the House of Lords the defeats sustained in the House of Commons and at the polls, and that, while the country was practically under a single chamber form of government when the Conservatives were in office, it shifted to the dual chamber system directly a Liberal Ministry came into being. This unfairness, this inequality of Parliamentary effectiveness, this static disability, the Liberals have now very largely redressed by means of the Parliament Bill. They have not wholly redressed it, because, while one of their measures may be hung up in the House of Lords for two years, a Conservative measure is still certain to pass the upper chamber in two weeks. For practical purposes, however, Liberals and Conservatives will henceforward enjoy almost the same chance of writing their programme on the statute-book. But it is to be noted that the Liberals have achieved this result only by giving legislative form to the very defect in the British Constitution against which, so long as it



THE LEADER OF THE "LAST DITCHERS"

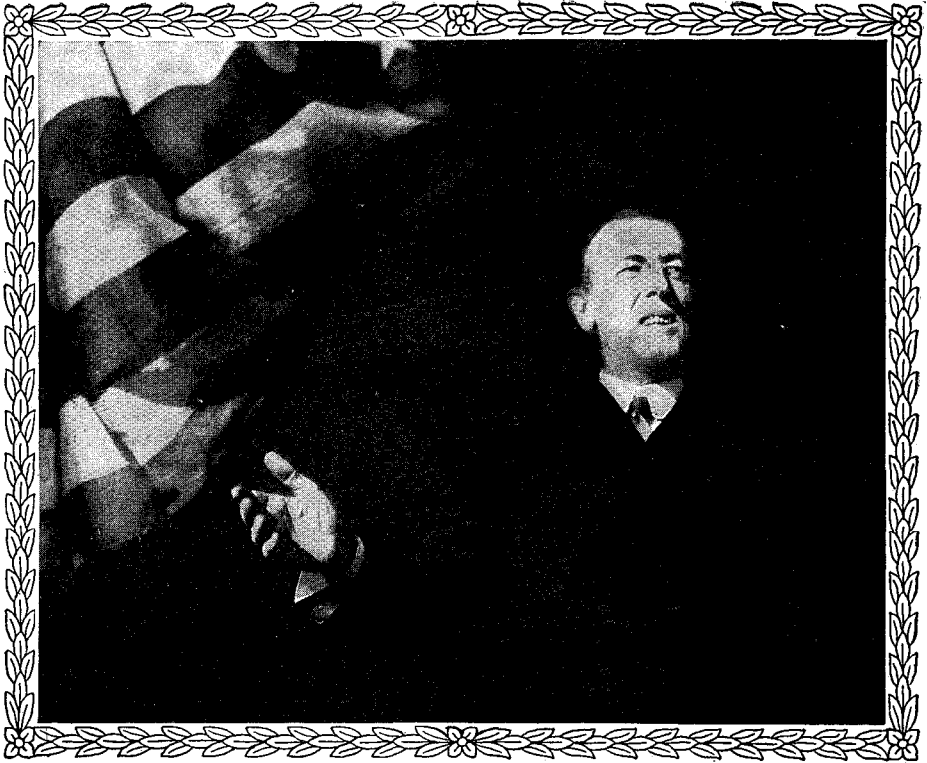
The Earl of Halsbury, Lord Chancellor in the last Conservative Government, who, in spite of his eighty-five years, had led with vigor and vehemence the little band of peers who persisted in fighting the Parliament Bill to the last ditch, whatever the outcome

operated exclusively in favor of the Conservatives, they were wont to inveigh most loudly. They used to complain with truth and bitterness that the House of Lords never rejected Conservative bills; they have now made it impossible for the House of Lords to reject Liberal bills. They used to denounce the House of Lords as a sham for all the proper and effective purposes of a second chamber when the Conservatives were in power; they have now made it a sham whatever party is in power. Their policy amounts to placing Great Britain under the unchecked control of the Government of the day; and Great Britain is a country woefully deficient in constitutional safeguards, a country in which Parliament is omnipotent, in which legislation is already far too

apt to proceed not by discussion but by executive decree, in which the Cabinet is more and more gathering to itself the functions that used to belong to the House of Commons, and in which, therefore, every argument in favor of a strong second chamber acquires a double force. In other words, the Liberals have made the House of Lords impartial by making it impotent. They have deprived it of the power of rejecting or referring to the people any measure, however important, which has passed the House of Commons in three successive sessions in not less than two years. They have thus deprived the British people of the right to decide at the polls whether a bill involving, it may be, a profound constitutional upheaval meets with their approval; and that is a development which most moderate Englishmen regard with dismay. Nor are they less scandalized by the methods employed to force the Parliament Bill through the House of Lords. To advise the Crown to create peers is a thoroughly constitutional proceeding, but a desperate one. It is a weapon that ought never to be used except in the direst national emergency, to stave off a revolution or when all other methods known to statesmanship have been exhausted. To resort to it when the crisis is not national but factional, to employ the reserve powers of the Crown as instruments of party coercion, is to set a most sinister precedent; and the reason why so many peers have desisted from further opposition is because they wished to save the Crown from being dragged into the political arena and forced to such odious extremes.

But, it may be asked, was the Parliament Bill the only means by which the Liberals could achieve that equality of legislative opportunity to which they were justly entitled? The answer is that, so far from being the only way, it was not even the best way. The best way would unquestionably have been a reform of the House of Lords so drastic as to give Liberals as good a chance as Conservatives of finding themselves in a majority in the upper chamber. But the Government's plan leaves the composition of the House of Lords unaffected and unconsidered. The Liberals are solely concerned with truncating the powers of the upper chamber; for a variety of reasons into which it

would be tedious to enter, reasons of tactics and of party exigencies, they have relegated the reform of the House of Lords to the preamble of their bill, from which it is extremely doubtful whether it will ever emerge. Their scheme, therefore, suffers from the defect that it leaves untouched every shortcoming that moderate men admit in the composition of the upper house. The Conservatives have been quick to see their opening. To the policy of abridging the prerogatives of the House of Lords they have opposed the policy of reforming it from within; and they have embodied their proposals in a bill which is not only more revolutionary than the Government's bill, but also more democratic. It deprived the British peerage of those legislative rights which hitherto have marked it out among all the aristocracies of Europe; it limited the creation of new hereditary peerages to five in any one year; it made peers, if not elected to the House of Lords, eligible for election to the House of Commons; above all, the Conservative programme included the introduction of the referendum to determine disputes between the two houses of Parliament. There is, of course, no chance of the Conservative policy being adopted by the Government; but its formulation is none the less a very important development in British politics. It marks the definite emergence of the Conservative party from behind the ramparts of privilege and property, and its definite subscription to the gospel of democracy. Though the Liberal policy is destined to an immediate triumph, that triumph may prove to be more ephemeral than its advocates at present expect; and the ultimate solution of the constitutional issue may take the form of a compromise which, while destroying the Lords' veto on finance, will leave its other powers unaffected and will reconstitute the upper house in such a way that both Liberals and Conservatives will stand an equal chance of winning a majority in it. The Conservatives, at any rate, will never rest until they have repealed the Parliament Bill; there can be no final and satisfactory settlement of the whole question that does not command the assent of all parties; the British revolution, so far from being at an end, has only just begun.



Woodrow Wilson's Views

An Interview by
Henry Beach Needham

LORD ROSEBERRY confessed that he wrote his monograph on Napoleon in order "to lay a literary ghost." So with the reporter. When the opportunity offered to interview Woodrow Wilson, my first desire was to lay the ghost of a prejudice.

"Governor, I became prejudiced against you the first time I heard you speak."

Mr. Wilson, sitting in the chair-car on his return from Harrisburg, where he had arraigned the bi-partisan machine of Pennsylvania, looked the reporter in the eye, sizing him up, as it were, and waited unconcerned for what was to come.

"You were speaking at the University Club banquet in Washington, several years ago. It was Washington's Birthday."

Mr. Wilson nodded. "I remember the occasion very well," he said.

"In your speech you referred to Washington's Farewell Address, and interposed this parenthetical remark: 'Which *he* did not *write*.' You did not explain who did write Washington's Farewell Address, nor did you indicate what authority you had for your statement. And it struck me at the time," I continued, "that the remark was pedantic, a gratuitous slap at the Father of our Country—and on his birthday, too."

The Governor of New Jersey smiled. "I remember how I kicked myself after I had made that statement," he said. "I can only account for it in this way—that most men, on some occasion or other, cannot resist the temptation to play the Smart Aleck."

Mr. Wilson might have resented what a type of public man would have called my "reportorial nerve." Or he might have lugged in Alexander Hamilton, ascribing to him the genius of Washington's great address. But it is worth our while, in seeking an estimate of the man, to consider that Mr. Wilson did neither. He was not resentful; he did not try to square himself. He made fun at his own expense, which mighty few statesmen have the good sense to do. From this it is fair to assume that, while he takes his work seriously, he does not take himself in deadly seriousness. And he meets every question, every issue, fairly and frankly—as this interview will show.

"Of all men in public life," he said, "the people hate worst the side-stepper."

THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS

Introducing Governor Wilson at the Harrisburg rally of "new" Democratic clubs, Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer said that for inspiration "we turn to the East, where 'the scholar in politics' has lighted up the whole horizon."

Mr. Wilson "got" his audience in this manner: "Mr. Palmer has given me a great lighting contract, and, knowing the men who undertake lighting contracts in New Jersey as I do, I don't know that I want to be associated in the work."

This was more than a witty beginning; it was a diversion. The audience forgot that he was an ex-professor, and thought only that he had been taming the public utility corporations of his State. Mr. Wilson's handicap, in the minds of many men, is the tag which he bears—"the scholar in politics." Probably he realizes this "deficiency" in his career.

"I don't want you to suppose," he said to me, "that when I was nominated for Governor of New Jersey I emerged from academic seclusion, where nothing was known of the problems of politics. Politics had been seething in Princeton ever since I had had any connection

with the University. Who constitute the trustees of our universities? For the most part, the men of large wealth and of important corporate connections; and although most of them are very well disposed toward the progress of education, nevertheless they have a particular point of view with regard to American life that is not the proper point of view for young men in America to be brought up under.

"I'll confide in you," he added with a smile—"as I have already confided to others—that, as compared with the college politician, the real article seems like an amateur."

Perhaps that is one of the reasons why the college Governor of New Jersey has made the "real" politicians of the State look like six plugged nickels.

At times Mr. Wilson talks as the doctrinaire. But the Governor has a surprising way of acting like a practical man of affairs. Withal, he has shown himself a finished politician—and politicians are needed in the reform movement. But the prejudice against "the scholar in politics" can only be laid by a little history.

Dr. Wilson was nominated for Governor because he was regarded as a highly respectable and widely respected citizen, who would make a pleasing stool-pigeon for the Democratic machine and its big business beneficiaries. What he had tried to do at Princeton the bosses did not know, nor did they care. They pinned their faith to such of his public statements as these:

"The great body of public opinion is opposed to the regulation of big corporations by commissions. . . .

"Of course such a scheme [regulation by commissions] is Socialistic."

Inasmuch as the machine did not want effective regulation of public utilities, it seemed reasonable to suppose that a man who harbored such sentiments would prove to be a "safe and sane" Governor. Many of the Progressives of the State thought so, too, and they opposed the nomination. Woodrow Wilson did not sweep the Convention. Indeed, it took a speech of James Smith, Jr., ex-United States Senator and proprietor of the Democratic organization, to make Wilson the party candidate. Nominated, candidate Wilson went campaigning with James R. Nugent—remember the name—the



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"THE GOVERNOR HAS A SURPRISING WAY OF
ACTING LIKE A PRACTICAL MAN OF AFFAIRS"

Democratic State Chairman; and the Wilson speeches were "dignified" and "scholarly." So far he "listened well" to the machine.

Then came George L. Record, a leader of the Progressive Republicans, with a clever scheme to insure Wilson's defeat. Record addressed an open letter to the Democratic gubernatorial candidate, in which he defined the machine system of Jersey politics; named the men and interests in control of the Republican organization that the Republican Progressives were fighting; named Smith, Nugent, *et al.*, representatives of the same interests, as the men who dominated the Democratic organization, and asked Wilson pointedly if he would recognize these Democratic bosses in the event he were elected Governor. Record also set down a list of questions, which included all of the reforms for which the Republican Progressives of New Jersey were contending; and Wilson was asked to state his position in regard to the several planks in the Progressive platform.

To Record's surprise, Wilson publicly approved of every radical proposition. To Record's amazement, the "Democratic machine candidate" concluded his reply in these words:

"If I am elected, I shall consider that I am chosen leader of my party and the direct representative of the whole people in the conduct of the government. I regard myself as pledged to the regeneration of the Democratic party. I should deem myself forever disgraced should I, in even the slightest degree, co-operate in any such system or any such transactions as you describe in your characterization of the boss system."

Speaking politics, Wilson had stolen the thunder of the Progressive Republicans. They say in Jersey that Wilson's reply to Record settled the election.

Wilson has been referred to as "the college professor who woke up." But his friends claim that he was never asleep—merely dozing with his head resting on an alarm clock set for the hour of his inauguration as Governor of New Jersey. Certainly his inaugural was revolutionary, for Jersey—a Trenton alarm. This "safe and sane" executive had the audacity—

To urge "the imperative obligation of public policy and of public honesty . . . to prevent the abuse of the privilege of incorporation which has in recent years brought so much discredit upon our State;"

To demand an "efficient Public Utilities Commission, . . . a beginning towards a system of taxation as well as towards a system of corporate control;"

To propose a "Workman's Compensation Act which will not put upon him the burden of fighting powerful composite employers, . . . but which will give him his rights . . . by automatic operation of law;"

To insist upon "systematic ballot reform and thorough and stringent provisions of law against corrupt practices in connection alike with primaries and with elections."

There were other recommendations—one other of major importance, namely, direct primaries; and, coupled with this proposal, the Governor had the effrontery to say to the legislators (to wit, to the Democratic and Republican machines), "I earnestly commend to your careful consideration in this connection the laws in recent years adopted in the State of Oregon." Of all States in the Union, Governor Wilson said, "Oregon may be our guide"!

And this "Anarchistic," "confiscatory" legislative programme the Governor referred to as "the journey of duty," adding: "I look forward with genuine pleasure to the prospect of being your comrade upon it."

But the reformer proposes and the boss disposes. So the machine continued to smile.

The smile came off when a United States Senator was elected by the Legislature. James E. Martine, "the farmer orator," had carried the Senatorial primary vote, perhaps because the Democratic organization had ignored the primary. But when it was certain that the Democrats controlled the Legislature, James Smith, Jr., the boss who had nominated Wilson, announced himself as a candidate. Now Smith had promised Wilson that he would not seek another election to the Senate. Quite naturally, therefore, Wilson reminded the boss of his promise. Quite casually, Smith explained:

"I've changed my mind."

"But I haven't," replied the Governor.

And the war was on, with the "chosen leader" of the Democratic party and the "direct representative of the whole people" opposing single-handed the Smith-Nugent machine. Speaking before the Trenton Chamber of Commerce, and referring to the machine, the Governor said:

"They told us that the Senatorial primary had not been taken seriously. I said: 'If nobody else has taken it seriously, we will.' Take my word for it, there will never be another Senatorial primary that is not taken seriously." And then the serious, dignified Dr. Wilson, remembering that God had given him a funny-bone, quieted the uneasiness of the party voters of the State with this observation:

"Some people seem to fear that we are going to ruin the Democratic party. There's nothing to fear. We're only going to remove a wart, and that is not necessarily a serious operation."

Throughout New Jersey a loud laugh of Democratic proportions was heard. It silenced Smith. He did not "come back" to give aid and comfort to the Bailey Democrats of the United States Senate, who now shake their heads sadly at the fervid flights of the "farmer orator" of Jersey.

Governor Wilson obtained from the Legislature a Workingman's Compensation Act which is right in principle but inadequate in the pitifully small compensation that it gives to the injured worker. Without serious opposition, the Governor also obtained a Corrupt Practices Act which will send men to jail if only the juries will convict. After a long and bitter fight, Governor Wilson forced through the Legislature a Public Utilities Bill which, as he fairly claims, "has teeth in it." But the prettiest fight of all was over the Direct Elections Bill.

Nugent, the Governor's campaign manager, negotiated an alliance with Dalrymple, the Republican Boss. Together they lobbied against the bill. The Governor sent for Nugent and insisted that the bill be passed, to redeem the party pledges. Nugent expressed his determination to fight the bill in order to "preserve the party organization," and he

accused the Governor of "base ingratitude."

"The organization elected you," snarled Nugent.

"The organization nominated me, but the people elected me," corrected Wilson.

Thereupon Nugent charged the Governor with the misuse of patronage to "buy" votes for his pet measure. Whereupon the Governor ordered Nugent out of his office. Nugent went, but before he reached the door he expressed the opinion that the Governor was not a gentleman, if he was a judge of gentlemen; and the Governor was moved to remark that Mr. Nugent was not a "good judge."

This internecine struggle was merely incidental to the real battle, in which the Governor, truly representing the people of the State, successfully routed the combined party machines that represented only big business. With the enactment of the Direct Elections Law Governor Wilson restored, in large measure, representative government to the people of New Jersey. And he has work yet to do. When discussing popular government, his great hobby, he says that "Oregon may be our guide" in effecting further reforms. He believes in the initiative and the referendum—as a means to an end. He believes in the recall of administrative officers—as a "war measure" to achieve a necessary end. He does *not* believe in the recall of judges; he said so in California, and he voiced his opposition even more emphatically in Oregon.

A writer marred his excellent sketch of the Governor by saying that Wilson "doesn't believe judges should, as a rule, be subject to it [the recall]—unless in a State where conditions are like those in Arizona." This was so obviously a bid for certain Democratic support on Mr. Wilson's part, or a misrepresentation on the writer's part to gain votes for him, that I questioned the Governor about it.

"Oh, that is wrong," he said, with the first concern he had shown in the interview. "I do *not* believe in the recall of judges. They are not lawmakers, neither are they administrators. Their duty is not to determine what the law shall be, but to determine what the law is. I regard it as of the first consequence that the

independence of judges, their sense of dignity and of freedom, should be unhampered and preserved.

"Isn't it sufficient that the people should have the power to change the law when they will? It is not necessary that the people should directly influence by threat of recall those who merely interpret the law already established. Desirability of the recall as a means of administrative control should not be confounded with the unwisdom of applying the recall to this other and very different field."

"But consider two cases," I argued; "one in the Democratic party, and the other in the Republican party. Governor Dix, of New York, appointed Boss Murphy's counselor and adviser a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State. Judge Pettit, of Chicago, tied the hands of the Helm Investigating Committee to save his friend Senator Lorimer. Now, if judges are to be appointed solely to placate a political boss, should not the people have the power to remove them from the bench? And if a judge misuses his office to serve a man like Lorimer, should not the people have the means to recall him?"

"While I sympathize with the people," said Governor Wilson, "I cannot bring myself to further dangerous impatience. It is only a matter of patience, of waiting. The recall is only proposed in regard to elective judges. The remedy comes at the end of their term of office, at which time the people can pass upon the qualifications of judges, both at the primaries and at the polls. But to apply to judges the principle of the recall is to set up the idea that determinations of what the law *is* must respond to popular impulse and to popular judgment."

GOVERNOR WILSON—AN ADAPTER OF LAW

There is nothing new in any of this! No. In his public career Woodrow Wilson has not shown initiative! No—and yes. If we mean the discovery of cures for the ills of the body politic, if we mean the origination of devices to restore representative government, Wilson has not shown initiative. He is not a lawgiver. But a lawgiver is a particular type of man—like U'Ren, of Oregon. How many have

heard of U'Ren? And yet he is the author of the body of laws which Governor Wilson recommended to the New Jersey Legislature as "our guide." How many have heard of Governor Larrabee, of Iowa? And yet he is sometimes called "the father of railroad rate regulation."

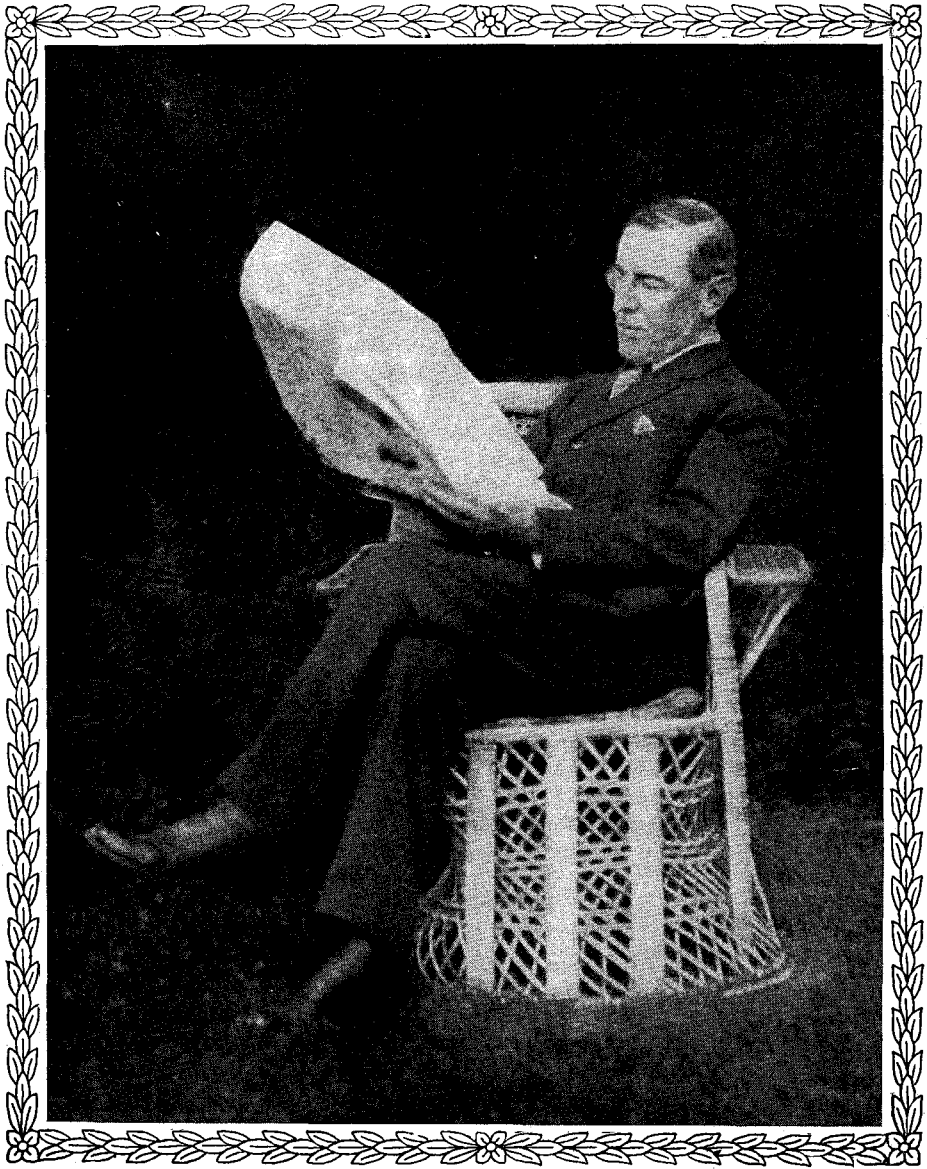
Woodrow Wilson is an adapter of proved laws. He decided that he preferred the Oregon fashion; he selected certain statutes of one of the most progressive States of the Union and fitted them to the needs of the backward State of New Jersey. And he isn't through with his job of legislative tailoring.

Governor Wilson is the public man with a programme. He believes that a party should have a programme, and he holds that the programme must be carried out. In his speech at Harrisburg he insisted that the National Democratic party have a definite programme. This he outlined, not in such detail as many would like to see, but nevertheless without equivocation. He advocated a wide establishment of postal savings banks and a general parcels post as a protection "against monopoly," expressing "chagrin that we have lagged behind the other free nations of the world in establishing these manifestly useful and necessary instruments of our common life."

He emphasized the need of tariff revision, "because it is in the tariff schedules that half of the monopolies of the country have found covert and protection and opportunity."

"If you go through the tariff schedules," he continued, "you will find some nigger in every woodpile, some little word put into almost every clause of the act which is lining somebody's pockets with money. I am on a hunt, and I've got a gun."

To the surprise of some folk, Governor Wilson attacked the "money power." These were his words: "The great monopoly in this country is the money monopoly. So long as that exists our old variety and freedom and individual energy of development are out of the question. A great industrial nation is controlled by its system of credit. Our system of credit is concentrated. The growth of the Nation, therefore, and all our activities are in the hands of a few men who, even if their acts be honest and intended for the



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"HE MEETS EVERY QUESTION, EVERY ISSUE, FAIRLY AND FRANKLY"

public interest, are necessarily concentrated upon the great undertakings in which their own money is involved, and who necessarily, by very reason of their own limitations, chill and destroy genuine economic freedom. This is the greatest question of all, and to this statesmen must address themselves with an earnest determination to serve the long future and the true liberties of men."

I referred to this part of the Governor's

speech, and asked him if he would go more into detail regarding this reform. "I have not given sufficient study to the question," he replied. "As it is the greatest question before the country to-day, it requires a great deal of consideration and involves wise and sound economic planning."

"But Mr. Aldrich and the lame ducks of the Monetary Commission have presented a brand of currency reform—"

"I am afraid that any measure of that character bearing Mr. Aldrich's name," replied Mr. Wilson, "must have been drawn in the offices of the few men who, through the present system of concentrated capital, control the banking and industrial activities of the country."

A FEDERALIST OR A STATES' RIGHTS MAN?

In Washington I was talking with a Progressive Republican. He told me that, in certain events, he believed he would have to support Woodrow Wilson for President in 1912—"provided," he said, "I can be sure just where Wilson stands in regard to Federal regulation." This I repeated to Mr. Wilson in the course of our interview, with the idea—I confess it—that it might draw him out on the subject of Federal power. It didn't. If he was pleased at the thought that certain Progressive Republicans were casting eyes in his direction, he did not show it. He nodded in a polite but somewhat perfunctory manner, and said nothing. Then this cross-questioning:

"Before you entered public life, rightly or wrongly, you were regarded as a steadfast adherent of the antiquated doctrine of States' rights."

"I do not like the expression States' rights now," said the Governor. (He did not emphasize the "now," but he did not slur it.) "It implies a feeling of jealousy between State and Federal administration. I prefer the expression States' *functions*."

"The State and Federal Governments are in the same case, but not in the same boat. They must seek the same course under different captains and with different crews. They should act together, in harmony, to safeguard the people's rights. But it is inevitable that co-operation is more difficult than action under a common authority. Let me illustrate."

"There is a public utility corporation in New Jersey which has a monopoly of the water in the northern part of the State. This company determined to extend its mains to Staten Island and supply water to the residents of another State. Now it is necessary for us to conserve our water supply; some day the northern part of the State will be even more thickly populated, and the question

of pure drinking-water may come to be serious. On the other hand, from the Government reports we know that there is an adequate supply of water on Staten Island itself. Therefore we are opposed to the plan of a private corporation to take the water out of New Jersey and divert it to the use of the people of New York State. And so we stepped in and forbade the water company to extend its mains to Staten Island."

"Certain men—I can only conjecture who they were—brought influence to bear on the War Department to have the Federal Government insist that the mains be laid in order to provide water for the Government's forts on Staten Island, and the activity of the War Department in that matter will bear looking into. This was only a ruse, for it was expected that the Jersey corporation was to have the War Department's permission to sell water to private individuals throughout Staten Island. We have fought, and we will continue to fight, what I may call Federal interference with State functions. There is no jealousy involved between New Jersey and the authorities at Washington. Of course the Federal Government may have all of our water it needs and desires *for its own purposes*, but we contend that its authority shall not be invoked merely for the purpose of aiding and abetting a private corporation to circumvent the law of the State, and thereby place in jeopardy the interests of a large number of the people of New Jersey."

"And the corollary of that proposition, Governor—suppose the rights of the people are not safeguarded by the State, suppose corporate regulation can be secured only by the Federal Government—what then?"

"I have no quarrel with that. Federal regulation is all right, indeed it is essential, in regard to those matters which belong within the Federal jurisdiction. But I object to anything that weakens the essential Government units. The States have their jurisdiction, and it is not going to further representative government to weaken State functions by loading on the Federal Government powers which do not properly belong to it. Nor is that necessary, in my opinion."

"Think how far we have progressed in a very short time. Think of the awakening in a State like California, where the Government, it was said, was completely dominated by the Southern Pacific Railway. Think of the awakening in New Jersey—the State known as 'the mother of trusts.' And, while it may seem like absurd optimism, I am willing to stake my reputation that Pennsylvania will soon follow the example of New Jersey and California, and take back its Government from boss domination and from the control of big business. One State after another will restore popular government and will resume its State functions. The people, who have been the excluded partner, are taking part in the business of running the Government. We are actually taking the liberty of assuming the direction of our own business."

The way Mr. Wilson said this, the enthusiasm with which he allied himself in the fight against what he calls "government of, by, and for the trusts," clearly indicated that he was in the fight to stay. Yet it seemed that something more might be said on the subject of State and Federal regulation, and so the point was pressed.

"When we discuss the powers of the States in our day," continued the Governor, "we are not reviving the old academic question of States' rights. We are beginning to look upon the rights of the States as we look upon the rights of individuals—not so much emphasizing the selfish and independent powers involved as the duties which are correlative to the rights. We now think of the right of the individual as an obligation to be just rather than as an opportunity to be selfish. Likewise, we now think of the rights of the States, not as their prerogative to serve their own interests without regard to the interests of the country as a whole, but rather as their opportunity to render service in the general development—in the readjustment of those relations, already unsatisfactory, which threaten to become dangerous both in the field of industry and in the field of politics.

"The Federal Government can go no further than the broad outlines of regulation. It can only sketch in broad outline the economic and political regulation which

is necessary for the life of the country. The States must fill in the detail, providing the regulation which adjusts commercial enterprise to the daily life of the community. It is for the States to see to it that there is no essential antagonism between the use of wealth and the development of a wholesome life, that the gates of opportunity are not closed, that men are everywhere free to work, that communities are protected against disease, particular classes against the crushing burdens of certain kinds of labor, that the streams are utilized as the sources of power and refreshment, that the forests are conserved within their borders—"

"By 'their borders' you mean the borders of the State?"

The Governor nodded—"that the forests are conserved within their borders, that the resources which ought to be common are not monopolized and used exclusively for private benefit and profit.

"Of necessity, the States are the chief battle-ground of economic reform. It is the States which incorporate the great business undertakings that threaten to bulk larger than the States themselves in the power which they exercise. The whole problem of the regulation of public service corporations, for example, is a State problem except in so far as the arteries of inter-State commerce are directly concerned. For the daily convenience and freedom of our people, the control of trolley lines, gas companies, electric light and power companies is even more important than the control of great railways. And as the States act wisely or unwisely, courageously or hesitatingly, in this control, so will the life of the people of the States be clogged or cleared, assisted or impeded, and so will political and economic conditions be improved or rendered worse."

It was the Governor of New Jersey who was speaking, and it was natural that he should emphasize the governmental problems which are essentially the problems of the States. And perhaps Mr. Wilson is right in asserting that the proper regulation of the public utilities of a State mean more to the "daily convenience and freedom" of its people than does Federal regulation in the fields which are inter-State. But

many people throughout the country seem inclined to draft Woodrow Wilson from the public service of his State and set him to work solving our pressing National problems. So it may be rather important to form some idea as to how he would advise Congress were he President of the United States. A few things about President Van Buren are still remembered, notably that a State cannot be "coerced." Again the point of Federal regulation was pressed, with a specific question:

"Take the question of Conservation, Governor—is that a State or a National question?"

"It is both," answered Governor Wilson, promptly. "But it is more a question for the State than for the Federal Government. The Federal Government can act in the matter only in so far as it still controls lands and forests and mines and watercourses. The great bulk of the land of the continent and of America's resources passed out of Federal control long ago. It is the States which must determine by their policy whether the natural resources of the country are to be exhausted or renewed, wasted or conserved, and the matter will require all the more careful statesmanship and planning because it will touch life very intimately at many points."

Still Mr. Wilson was not specific enough to satisfy the inquisitive reporter; so more questions:

"Suppose a river had its source in New Jersey, flowed into New York, and double-tracked into Pennsylvania, how about the regulation of its water powers?"

"Assuming that it is a navigable stream," replied the Governor, "regulation rests with the Federal Government; is within the authority of the War Department. But if it is not navigable, New Jersey would have to conserve the water powers within its own borders, likewise New York and Pennsylvania."

Mr. Wilson practiced law before he became a college professor. He is an excellent lawyer to-day.

"Take the Government forests; they lie within the borders of different States. Do you favor turning these forests over to State administration—practically to State control?"

"As the land lies within the borders of the State, I favor co-operation between

State and Federal authority. The details of the regulation of our National forests I have not sufficiently studied to determine the problem of practical administration."

"You referred to the 'great business undertakings that threaten to bulk larger than the States themselves.' What then? Mr. Gary, of the Steel Trust, says that he favors Federal regulation, and would have the Government fix prices."

"Federal license, or Federal incorporation"—said Governor Wilson in a disparaging tone, and then he shook his head. "The big corporations owe their existence to the laws of the States."

"And their license?"

"To the inadequacy of State laws or their non-enforcement," replied the Governor; "and the States ought to provide regulation and control."

"But if the States fail?"

"The States, many of them, are doing so much now that I don't believe they will fail. I could not believe that and believe so intensely as I do in the restoration of popular government. I am opposed to the addition of greater scope to the Central Government at the expense of the atrophy of the parts of the body politic."

"This is one of the reasons, the main reason, why I have so heartily advocated the so-called commission form of municipal government—another of our New Jersey reforms. What the people demand is a businesslike, non-partisan, economical, efficient government. Government is, of necessity, in many of its parts a technical and complicated thing. We shall not be safe merely by having experts. We shall be safe only when we have experts who are also capable of being leaders."

NOT AFRAID TO CHANGE HIS MIND

A Federalist or a States' rights man? Woodrow Wilson is neither. He does not fear Federal regulation, but he believes that Federal control and regulation of great corporations other than railways is "not sufficient." The States must lend a hand. However, this does not mean that he may not come to believe in National incorporation or Federal licensing of industrial corporations. He is not afraid of changing his mind, and the fact that his position regarding a governmental policy to-day is diametrically opposed to

his position when he was merely a political writer does not cause him a particle of uneasiness. He smiles, and meets the charge of inconsistency squarely.

"You have certainly shown that you are not afraid to change your mind, Governor."

"I hope I have grown," he replied. "For fifteen years I taught my classes that the initiative and referendum wouldn't work. I can prove it now—but the trouble is *they do!*"

If one gives the Governor his head, he pulls you right back to a consideration of representative government, iterating and reiterating with varying phrase his favorite diagnosis of the case and the cure:

"Back of all reform lies the means of getting it. Back of the question, What do we want? is the question, *How are we going to get it?* . . . The immediate thing we have got to do is to resume popular government."

Woodrow Wilson is *progressive*—one in whom the confidence of the radicals would not be misplaced, one in whom the fear of the conservatives would not be realized. He would not go as far as many reformers would wish if he were in the White House. But, if elected by Progressive votes, he would not turn to the reactionaries for counsel and advice; neither would he "stand pat." His administration at Princeton and his career as Governor of New Jersey both have spelled progress. And his public utterances since he entered public life—

"Public sentiment is a dynamic force that can lift this country to any height we may choose to lift it."

"What we need in our politics is an instant alignment of all men free and willing to think and act without fear upon their thought."

"We are cleaning house, and in order to clean house the one thing we need is a good broom. The initiative and the referendum are good brooms. I dare say that the recall is a most wholesome reminder that if you try to work a game you will suddenly find that 'time is called' on you and you cannot finish the game; that everything that leads to suspicion leads to weakness, and you cannot afford to be suspected."

"Do you find people believing that the Republican party has a sacred trust to preserve the country? Do you find any-

body believing that the Democratic party has any monopoly of the devices of liberty? Don't you know that what every one of you is looking for is, not for some opportunity to advance the interests of a party, but some opportunity to advance the progress of reform? I do not care a peppercorn whether a man's label is Republican or Democrat."

"I am, for that matter, glad there are standpatters, though I am not a standpatter myself. I think it a good thing that there are those heavy, logy, and unprogressive people. I want to carry a good deal of sail, and, if they prefer as ballast to ride in the hold next to the keel and bilge-water, it simply enables us to carry that much more sail, and make that much more progress safely."

"I have no objection to the ordinary automobile properly handled by a man of conscience who is also a gentleman. I am interested, however, in the size and conscience of the men who handle them; and what I object to is that some of these corporation men are taking joy rides in their corporation."

"Our jails are used to a great advantage, but the philanthropy might be extended. The moralizing effect of the jail ought not to be withheld from certain classes of the community."

But perhaps the reporter is unfair to Governor Wilson. He never makes a radical suggestion without coupling with it a conservative warning. Yet one never hears in his public addresses or in his private conversation that feeble phrase, "on the other hand," etc. He is not a trimmer. But he is a cautious fighter, brave from the time that he attacked snobbery at Princeton, but never foolhardy. His epigram about an "automobile properly handled by a man of conscience who is also a gentleman" would serve as an excellent characterization of Mr. Wilson himself; for he is a man of conscience and a gentleman—born in Virginia about fifty-five years ago. When a radical hears Wilson speak, the listener is carried along, as it were, in a six-cylinder, ninety-horsepower motor car, throttled down to the lowest possible speed. Occasionally there is a burst of speed, and then the clutch is thrown out. Exasperated, the radical, realizing the potentiality of Wilson's

vehicle of speech, mutters to himself, "Why the deuce doesn't he let her out?"

Well, why doesn't he? It is expected of reformers—to paint with a big brush in primary colors—as Governor Wilson knows.

"The temptation is great at times," he said to me—"to present the picture as it is—to tell the things I have learned—to use fire to arouse men." Then, shaking his head:

"But the fire must be used only under the boiler—to get up steam."

PLEADS GUILTY TO "EXECUTIVE INTERFERENCE"

"But he talks generalities," insists the radical. "He isn't specific enough."

Let us see. The out-and-out conservative is always applauding the fathers for their wise division of the Government into its three branches—legislative, executive, and judicial; always railing against "executive interference."

"You brought pressure to bear on the Legislature of New Jersey, Governor, to force through your reform measures, did you not?"

"The pressure of public opinion—yes."

"But you regarded yourself as the exponent of public opinion, didn't you?"

"That was part—an important part—of my commission from the people of the State," he replied.

"And you are willing to plead guilty to the charge of 'executive interference'?"

"If one wants to call it that—yes," said the Governor. "But those who voted for me knew what to expect. My opponent in the fight for the Governorship said that he was going to be a constitutional Governor—he would send messages and advise the enactment of certain laws, but would not insist on the Legislature paying attention. So I said that if that was the definition of a constitutional Governor, I was going to be an unconstitutional Governor. I meant to make life miserable for the members of the Legislature if they refused to pay attention to me."

"Well, you made good; according to all accounts, you made life miserable for them—"

"By acting as the spokesman of the people who elected me," the Governor interrupted.

"But you herded the Democratic members of the Legislature in one room,

locked the door, and gave them a curtain lecture, didn't you, Governor?"

"No; they wanted to confer with me. You see, I was in the habit of conferring with certain members of the Legislature, and other members thought that these conferences should be more general. So I said that I would meet the Democrats if they cared to come together for that purpose. We had it out—it was over the Direct Elections Bill. I was on my feet three hours, explaining the provisions of the bill and answering questions. Finally, one member accused me of 'butting in,' of interfering with the particular business of the legislators."

"What did you do then?"

"I read them a section of the Constitution of New Jersey—it is almost identical with the corresponding section of the Federal Constitution—and interpreted it. I told them that I had the constitutional right to have my own bills introduced in the Legislature if I cared to do so and then press for their passage. I was right, and I had the popular side of the argument. The people of the whole country are discontented unless the President and their Governors assume the rôle of leadership."

"And the necessity of keeping the 'three co-ordinate branches' separate and free from interference?"

"There's a great deal of nonsense about the contention of non-interference," declared the Governor. "There is no such necessity. The pretense that the three branches are distinct is responsible for more corruption than any other feature of our system. A government should be an entity, and to debar the executive from aiding the Legislature in framing bills is nothing short of silly."

"When there is a strong executive, isn't the charge invariably brought of 'interference'?"

"Invariably," the Governor replied. "I remember meeting a certain United States Senator on the train when Mr. Roosevelt was President. He was grumbling about the situation at the Capitol, and he said, 'I wish the Constitution had not given the President the right to send messages to Congress.'"

"It isn't that the President can send messages to Congress," I said to him.

'The trouble, from your point of view, is that the messages are made public—that the President's recommendations always reach the people.' It is a tremendous power," the Governor continued, "and a power that a Chief Executive should be very careful about using. No one, not even members of Congress, have any 'come back.'"

From his words and manner, it is fair to assume that Mr. Wilson, were he the head of the Nation, would be prudent about the use of that power. But that he would use it from necessity—use it with all the "punch" he could command—is reasonably certain. And my guess is that he would not escape the charge of "executive usurpation"—nor greatly mind it.

We were now perilously near the big question—the Presidency.

"The correspondents are saying in Washington, 'Wilson could be elected—but he can't be nominated.'"

"That is pretty near right," said the Governor, unwittingly. "I refer, of course, to the difficulty of nominating Wilson," he hastened to reply by way of correction. And he was thinking only of that.

"I certainly have not the audacity to seek the nomination," he continued, "but no man is big enough to refuse it. And to seek the nomination would be a waste of energy. The machine organizations of both parties are opposed to Progressive candidates. Public opinion alone can force the selection of a Progressive. If the organizations are determined to nominate a man of their own kidney, why, one is dished. And, if public opinion doesn't grow and develop, one is dished, anyway."

Governor Wilson aspires to the Presidency. Whether or not he is seeking the nomination in the practical way—forming alliances in this State and that, and scheming through his friends and supporters to corral delegates to the National Democratic Convention—I do not know. I didn't ask him. But he is surely seeking the nomination in the right way—in the twentieth-century, "back to the people" method. Wilson is the "1911 model" candidate. Here is part of the proof:

After the speechmaking in Harrisburg a vigorous white-haired man was talking with a friend. "I wish my boy could have heard Woodrow Wilson," he said.

"I come of Abolition stock. My father was one of the founders of the Republican party. I'm an old man now. I never heard anything in my life that stirred me more than Wilson's address. Why, I was stirred in the same way as when I shouldered my gun and went to the front in '61. And the generosity and the spirit of justice that underlay it—that was wonderful."

"What did you think of Champ Clark?" asked his friend. (Mr. Clark also spoke.)

"Oh, he is a big man—Speaker of the House of Representatives—but he hasn't the power of analysis that Wilson has; he can't go to the bottom of a subject, and expound it as a statesman should. Clark—Clark is a politician."

Woodrow Wilson's democracy did not begin with the Governorship of New Jersey, nor with his campaign for that office. It dates back at least to his administration as President of Princeton, to the time when he sought to democratize the university by establishing a quadrangle system aimed against snobbish social distinctions. He found that the university was dominated by an aristocracy of wealth; that a majority of the trustees, a large part of the alumni, the self-seekers among the professors, and an influential body of the students were a part of this control. The votes were against him, and he finally ceased to argue for his cherished reform. In a gathering of friends, one time, he was asked if he had abandoned his scheme of democratization. He replied with this story:

"There was a bitter quarrel between two factions of the Federation of Miners of West Virginia at one time, and the rival factions finally agreed to settle the controversy in public debate. The debate was accordingly held in a fair-sized hall, in which the members of one faction greatly outnumbered the other. Against these odds the debater for the opposite faction was valiantly striving to present his argument. He was making no progress, was merely sticking to it, when a friend of his called out from the back of the hall:

"'Y'uv lost on de argamunt, Bill. Make it a foit!'"

When the logic of Dr. Wilson fails, occasion has proved that Woodrow Wilson is perfectly capable of making it "a foit."

An American Myth

By Henry Cabot Lodge

With Drawings by Thomas Fogarty

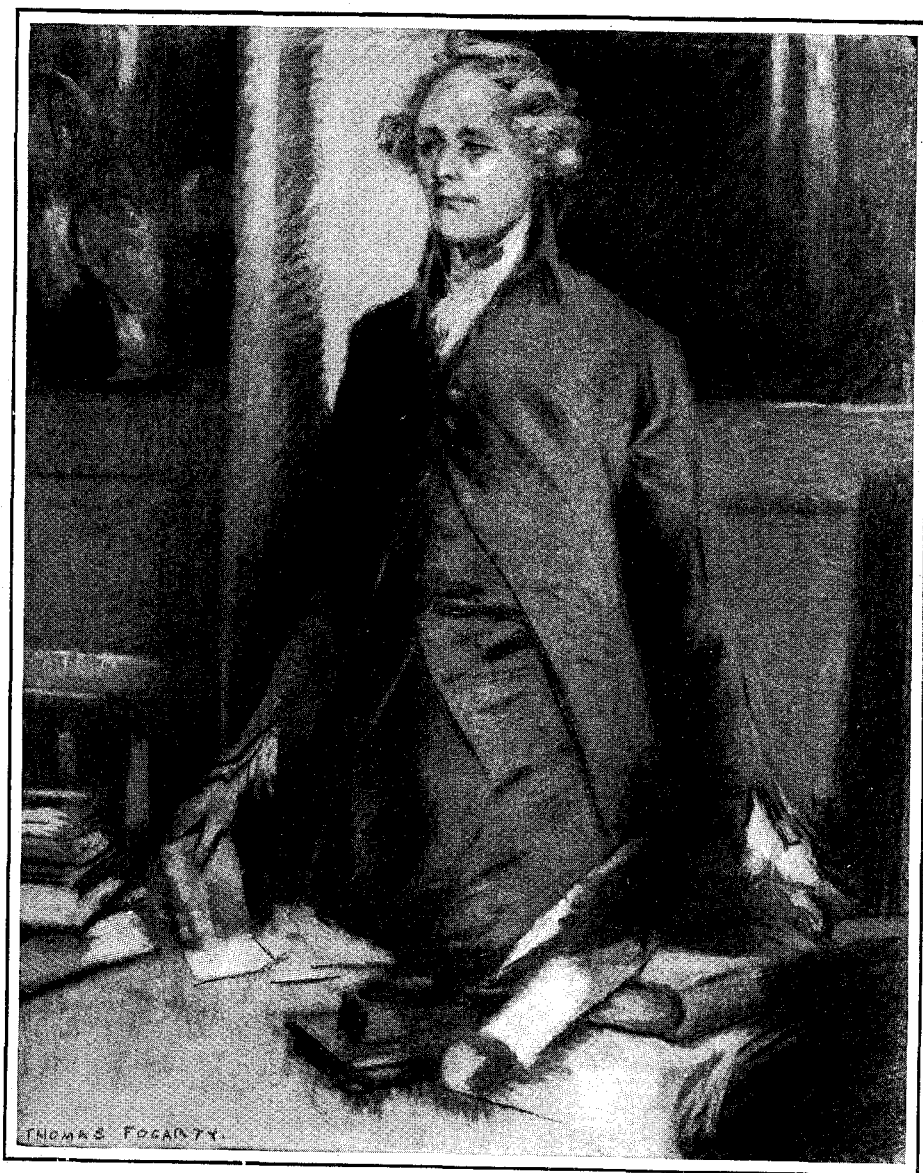
EVERY one who has studied history is familiar with the myths which crowd its pages. I do not mean by this the frankly mythical tales which tell of gods and goddesses, of the divine founders of nations, tribes, and families, or those in which the Middle Ages delighted and which were replete with angels and devils, with witches and sorcerers, with magic and miracles. The myths to which I refer are those which masquerade as history, which are modern as well as ancient, which make no pretense to the supernatural, but which, being either pure invention or a huge growth from some little seed of fact, possess all the characteristics of their great namesakes which have rejoiced the world for centuries, awakened almost every emotion of which the human heart is capable, and from which the historian and the man of science have been able to learn innumerable lessons as to the thoughts and beliefs, the hopes and fears, of primitive man. These historical myths grow up silently. Some of them reign unquestioned for centuries. Modern research has exposed many of ancient lineage and long acceptance, has torn away the mask and revealed them in their true character. Yet the historical myth rarely dies for us. No exposure seems able to kill it. Expelled from every book of authority, from every dictionary and encyclopædia, it will still live on among the great mass of humanity. The reason for this tenacity of life is not far to seek. The myth, or the tradition, as it is sometimes called, has necessarily a touch of imagination, and imagination is almost always more fascinating than truth. The historical myth, indeed, would not exist at all if it did not profess to tell something which people, for one reason or another, like to believe, and which appeals strongly to some emotion or passion, and so to human nature itself. Thus the historical myth not only defies its enemies who are interested in the truth about the past, but it springs up and comes to maturity in

these present days even under the full and relentless glare of the searchlight of science or beneath the microscope of the antiquary. It is so hardy that it withstands the examination of the scientific historian and of the student and writer of history.

Sometimes the historical myth is mischievous, perverting or inventing important facts on which history turns and by which judgments are made up and conclusions drawn. In such cases too much pains cannot be expended in its destruction. But in most cases the historical myth is harmless except upon the general consideration that all historical falsehoods are bad, both great and small, and that truth ought to prevail, for, mighty as truth is, the assertion of the motto that it will prevail, however agreeable in theory, is open to some doubt in practice.

To illustrate the ordinary variety of historical myths we need not go further than the life of Washington. The youthful conversations of our first President with his father, the undiluted invention of the veracious Weems, have been shattered again and again, but they live on in the popular mind, and nothing can extirpate them. The masterly statesmanship which by the Jay Treaty sacrificed the French alliance in order that the British posts which arrested our advance and threatened our independence might be removed is little known and less appreciated. But every child has heard of the flat and fatuous moralities which Weems stole from Beattie and with his own improvements foisted upon the great leader of the Revolution. Washington was never a Marshal of France, and there is no evidence that he was ever given a sword by Frederick the Great. Yet both stories have been widely believed; both crop up from time to time, are roundly defended, and then sink down, only to rise again, as smiling and as false as they were in the beginning.

The little myth with which I propose to deal here is even more unimportant than



ALEXANDER HAMILTON

A leading lawyer of the New York bar, general in the army, Secretary of the Treasury, and the leader of the Federalist party.

those I have just cited as examples of the tribe. But the process of its growth can be traced with singular exactness (which is seldom the case), and the processes of development are just as characteristic in a small myth as in a large and important one, and therefore equally instructive and equally serviceable in teaching us how to recognize the falsehood in history, how to weigh historical evidence, and how to reach the truth, as nearly at least as is possible to mere finite understandings.

The historical myth whose growth and fortunes I am about to trace has one distinct advantage. It is not only connected with a great man and his notorious opponent, but it is also involved with an unsolved murder case, and, as Marjorie Fleming wisely said, "the history of all the criminals as ever was hanged is amusing." The case also gives some glimpses of society a hundred years ago which afford queer contrasts with the manners and habits of the present time.

Moreover, I have a personal interest in the tale, for, confession being good for the soul, I must admit that I am in this case one of that numerous class who accept a myth without sufficient investigation, add to it the weight of their acceptance, be it much or little, and then pass it on, as I did in this instance.

On December 22, 1799, a young woman named Gulielma Elmore Sands, familiarly known as Elma Sands, left her home in Greenwich Street near Franklin Street in the city of New York, and did not return. Two days later, on the 24th of December,¹ a muff which she carried was found by a boy in or near the Manhattan Well, which was situated in Lispenard's Meadow at a point now reached by an alley running from Greene Street and not far from Spring Street. Curiously enough, this clue was not followed with any energy until a week later, when the body was recovered, on January 2, 1800. There were marks indicating that the unfortunate girl might have received rough treatment, but the tears in the dress and the bruises and abrasions were not of a conclusive character. The body was taken from the well to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Ring, distant relatives with whom Elma Sands had lived, and was there laid out for some three days, and on one day was exposed to public view in the street, when crowds came for the purpose of looking at it.²

To exhibit the body of a murdered person in the street seems strange to us, especially as there was no question of identification, and is an instance of the contrasts between the manners of a century ago and the present day. Whether this was a common occurrence it is not possible to say with complete assurance, but it is certain that neither the witnesses nor anybody else spoke of it as strange or shocking. Dr. Hosack, a leading physician of New York, seems to have gone to look at the body out of mere curiosity and quite as a matter of course. Such an exposure now in a public street is unimaginable.

In this particular case the custom may have been seized upon with especial avidity, for the disappearance of the girl had

produced a great deal of excitement, which rose to fever heat after the finding of the body. Here, again, we come upon some odd differences between that time and this. The newspapers gave little space and no headlines to the crime, an ample proof of their utter inferiority to those with which we are blessed to-day, which give columns and pictures and staring capitals even to the vulgarest and most uninteresting of criminals and crimes. In another way the conduct of the newspapers in New York in the year 1800 was even more pitiful. Not only did they refrain from efforts to influence and mislead the people, but they actually deprecated attempts to prejudice the case, and intimated in a poor-spirited way that an accused man of good character was entitled to a fair trial. For by this time there was an accused. On January 6 the Grand Jury brought in a verdict of "Murder by a person or persons unknown," and four days later indicted Levi Weeks, a young builder and carpenter of excellent character and standing, as the murderer. Weeks was the popular selection, and suspicion had turned toward him with some reason. He had been the girl's lover, very intimate with her, as appeared by the testimony, where it was also in evidence that he was not the only fortunate person in this respect. The public promptly determined that he was guilty, although the newspapers, with singular indifference to their duty, did nothing in this direction, and therefore other means were employed to influence public feeling against the prisoner. Handbills were circulated attacking the accused and casting suspicion upon him, and, what was still more singular, these handbills told of the appearance of ghosts and goblins and dancing devils at the well and in the prison. This appeal to the supernatural is another glimpse of the queer differences between that time and this, one of those great contrasts in feelings and beliefs among the people which history rarely records and which are revealed only by a study of some contemporary document full of petty details like this once notorious but now forgotten trial for murder.¹

¹ See testimony of Andrew Blanck in Coleman's Report, p. 53, also p. 29.

² See testimony of Dr. Hosack, and also that of Joseph Watkins, p. 74, Coleman's Report.

¹ For handbills see testimony in the case. The best account of them is in the Introduction to Hardie's report of the trial, p. v.

Yet, however strange goblins and ghosts may appear to us as means of directing popular anger against a man accused of murder, they had, so far as we can judge, an immense effect in New York in the year 1800. So far as the people were concerned, Levi Weeks was tried and found guilty. Fortunately for him, there was no referendum for a case like his, although that improvement in the criminal law may yet be bestowed upon us. If there had been, his shrift would have been short, because in that simpler time there was no opposition to capital punishment and no sentimentality about criminals. Indeed, with an odd perversity which may well seem remarkable to us, popular sympathy then went out to the murdered and not to the murderers.

Thus it came about, despite the public clamor and excitement, that Levi Weeks, in due course, was brought to trial on March 31, 1800. The Court, which sat in the building at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, where the Sub-Treasury now stands, was composed of Chief Justice Lansing, Richard Varick, the Mayor, and Richard Harrison, the Recorder. The prosecuting officer was Cadwallader Colden, Assistant Attorney-General. The counsel for the defense (and their names explain the appearance of this trial in history) were Alexander Hamilton, Brockholst Livingston, and Aaron Burr. They were all leading lawyers at the bar; one of them had been Secretary of the Treasury, was a general in the army, and the leader of the Federalist party; another was a leader in the Democratic or (as it was then called) Republican party, and was on the eve of becoming Vice-President of the United States.

It would be interesting to follow the trial in detail, for the crime was an interesting one, and the examination of the witnesses, as always, presents many pictures of life, and is full of the interest which abides in the revelations of the motives, passions, and weaknesses incident to human nature. But an analysis of the trial is not my purpose, and space forbids that I should do more than sum up the result. The trial lasted two days and practically two nights. The newspapers comment on its length, and Hardie in his preface speaks of it as the most

lengthy trial ever known. When one thinks of the interminable criminal trials which now disgrace our courts with their vast expenditure of money and frequently with a defeat of the ends of justice, one cannot but feel that we have, in one respect at least, sadly degenerated from the standards of our ancestors one hundred years ago.

At the close of this "most lengthy" trial Levi Weeks was acquitted, the Chief Justice charging in his favor and the jury remaining out only four minutes. To any one who reads the report it is obvious that no other verdict was possible. The prosecution failed to show that Weeks had gone out with Elma Sands on the 22d of December, and the defense proved an alibi for Weeks on that evening so complete as to put any participation in the murder on his part practically beyond the bounds of possibility.

This brings us to the story connected with the trial which has carried it into history and which has assumed the dimensions of a well-established myth. In 1858 Mr. James Parton published his life of Aaron Burr, and on page 148 he gave the following account of an incident which occurred, as he states, in the course of the Weeks trial:

"He [Colonel Burr] used to say that he had once saved a man from being hanged by a certain arrangement of the candles in a court-room. He referred to a trial for murder in which both Hamilton and himself defended the prisoner, and which excited intense interest at the time. At first the evidence against the prisoner seemed conclusive, and I think Burr himself thought him guilty. But as the trial proceeded, suspicions arose against the principal witness. Colonel Burr subjected him to a relentless cross-examination, and he became convinced that the guilt lay between the witness and the prisoner, with the balance of probability against the witness.

"The man's appearance and bearing were most unprepossessing. Besides being remarkably ugly, he had the mean, down look which is associated with the timidity of guilt. Hamilton had addressed the jury with his usual fluent eloquence, confining his remarks to the vindication of the prisoner, without alluding to the

probable guilt of the witness. The prosecuting attorney replied, and it was now Burr's province to say the last word for the prisoner. But the day had worn away, and the Court took a recess till candle-light. This was extremely annoying to Colonel Burr, as he meditated enacting a little scene, to the success of which a strong light was indispensable. He was not to be balked, however. Through one of his satellites, of whom he always had several revolving around him, he caused an extra number of candles to be brought into the court-room, and to be so arranged as to throw a strong light upon a certain pillar, in full view of the jury, against which the suspected witness had leaned throughout the trial. The Court assembled, the man resumed his accustomed place, and Colonel Burr rose. With the clear conciseness of which he was master, he set forth the facts which bore against the man, and then, seizing two candelabras from the table, he held them up toward him, throwing a glare of light upon his face, and exclaimed:

"Behold the murderer, gentlemen!"

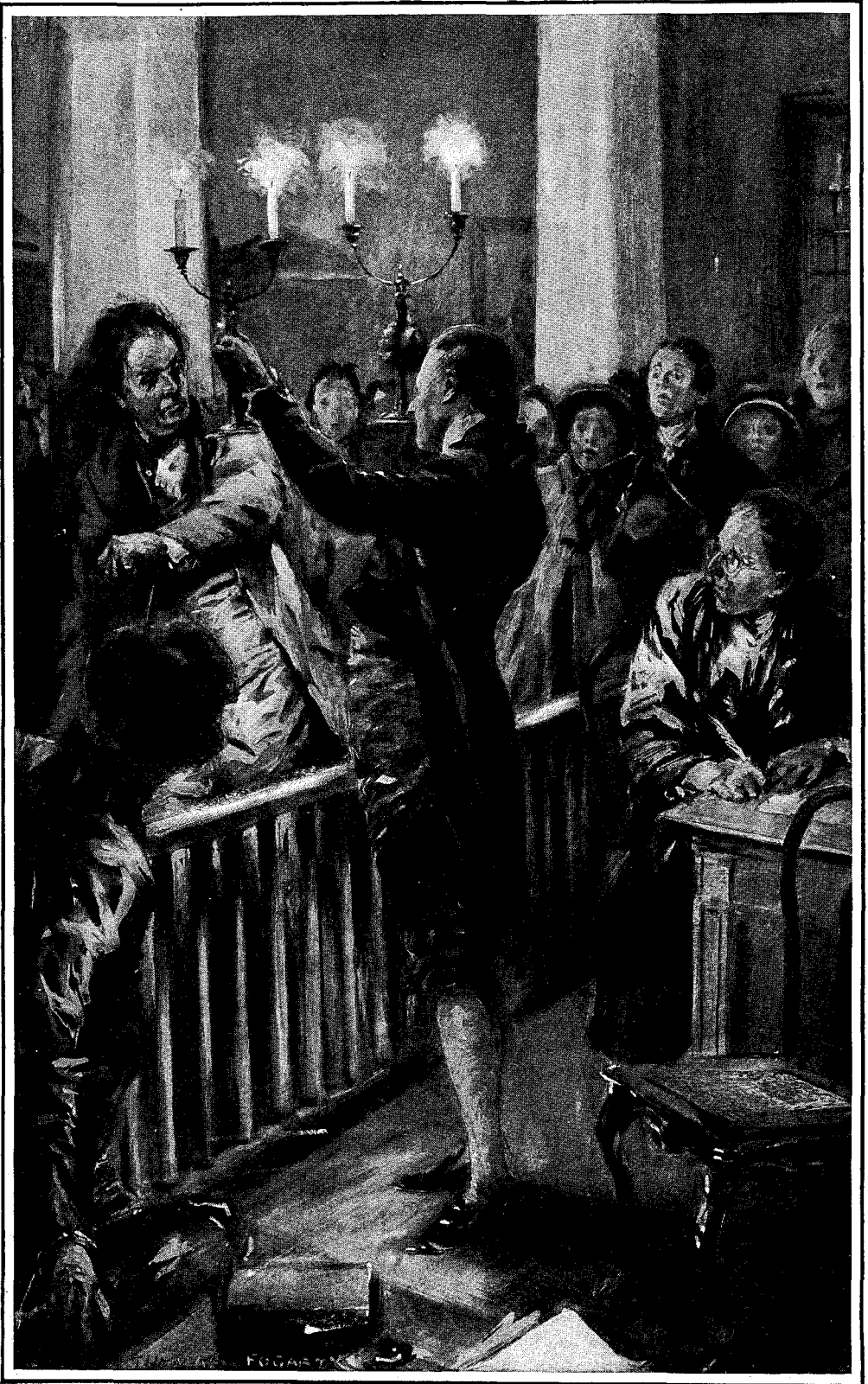
"Every eye was turned on the wretch's ghastly countenance, which, to the excited multitude, seemed to wear the very expression of a convicted murderer. The man reeled, as though he had been struck; then shrunk away behind the crowd, and rushed from the room. The effect of this incident was decisive. Colonel Burr concluded his speech, the judge charged, the jury gave a verdict of acquittal, and the prisoner was free."

It will be observed that Mr. Parton gives no authority whatever for any of the statements in the passage just quoted. When I wrote my biography of Hamilton, more than twenty-five years ago, I rejected the Parton account of the supposed incident because on the very face of his statement the whole tale appeared so utterly improbable. For example, he says that he arranged the candles so as to throw a strong light upon a certain pillar where the witness was standing. The witness, Croucher, being no longer on the stand, had nothing to do but to step to one side and get out of the light. Again, Burr was a good lawyer, and he never would have made such a speech as Parton described, and would have been stopped

by the Court if he had tried to do so. These are but two of the points which a casual reading discloses, but when we put Mr. Parton's account beside the shorthand report of the trial the result is really startling. He says that Croucher was the principal witness; he was not. Mrs. Ring was the principal witness, and there were others much more important than Croucher. He says that Colonel Burr subjected Croucher to a relentless cross-examination. The cross-examination of Croucher as reported in shorthand was neither long nor very serious, and there is no evidence that Burr conducted it. He says, "Hamilton had addressed the jury with his usual fluent eloquence." Hamilton never addressed the jury at all. He says, "It was now Burr's province to say the last word for the prisoner." This statement that Burr spoke in closing after the prosecuting officer was one of the assertions that made Mr. Parton's account unbelievable even without examination, but, as a matter of fact, there were no closing speeches. Burr, as the junior counsel, opened the case for the defense. It was a very good speech, in which he made some legal points and insinuated in a very guarded manner that the real culprit must be found among the witnesses, but there is not a word in that speech in the least resembling those which Parton attributes to Burr. After the evidence was all in, Burr read to the jury an extract from Hale's "Pleas of the Crown," and that was all he did. The fact is that Parton's account was pure invention, and there is no indication that he ever read a report of the trial, for, if he had, then what he said would have been, of course, a simple falsification of the record.

Three years later, in 1861, Mr. John C. Hamilton published his life of his father, which he called a "History of the Republic of the United States." On pages 745 to 747 in Volume VII he gave his account of the alleged incident in the Weeks trial. It is as follows:

"An occurrence had taken place which greatly excited the sympathies of the inhabitants of the city of New York. The body of a female was found in a public well, and a young mechanic of reputable character, who had been her suitor, was suspected of and indicted for the murder.



"BEHOLD THE MURDERER, GENTLEMEN!"

Hamilton was engaged to defend him. A careful investigation left no doubt in his mind of the innocence of the accused, and his suspicions fell upon a principal witness for the prosecution. But the public feeling had been artfully directed against his client, and to overcome its passionate prejudices was a herculean task. The office of defending him was rendered invidious, and, fearing that his talents would rescue the destined victim from their grasp, Hamilton, when he appeared in the court of justice, was regarded by the multitude, in this, the only time of his life, with a dark and sullen animosity. He resolved not merely to secure the acquittal of his client but to place his character beyond all just suspicion.

"It would, in this view, be a great victory so to operate on the jury in the progress of the evidence as to supersede the necessity of summing up the case. To this object he bent all his efforts. The evidence was circumstantial with the exception of that of the witness who, Hamilton felt convinced, was the criminal. After an exertion of all his logical powers in disentangling the web which had been wound around the accused, and in showing that the crime must have been perpetrated by another hand, the suspected witness was called to the stand. On his evidence the verdict would turn. The prolonged trial had extended far into the night; and when Croucher was sworn Hamilton advanced, placed a candle on each side of his face, and fixed on him a piercing eye. This was objected to; but the Court declared the extraordinary case warranted this procedure. Hamilton then remarked, in the deepest tones of his voice: 'I have special reasons, deep reasons, reasons that I dare not express—reasons that, when the real culprit is detected and placed before the Court, will then be understood.' The audience bent forward in a breathless anxiety, every eye turning from the prisoner to the witness, when Hamilton exclaimed: 'The jury will mark every muscle of his face, every motion of his eye. I conjure you to look through that man's countenance to his conscience.' Having thus fixed the impression, he pressed in a close examination the conscience-stricken culprit, who plunged on from one admission to another, from con-

tradiction to contradiction. The evidence closed. As Croucher withdrew from the stand the spectators turned away from him with horror; and the jury acquitted the young mechanic without rising from their seats. Doubts still hung over the accused, but the subsequent conviction of this witness of an execrable crime left little question of the justice of Hamilton's suspicions."

I accepted the Hamilton story in my biography, as did Mr. John T. Morse in his life of Hamilton, published some years before mine. The Hamilton version on its face, unlike the Parton version, had nothing obviously absurd or contradictory. Hamilton is there represented as placing the candles on each side of the witness while he was on the stand and could not move, and the absurdity of winding up the case with a Government witness on the stand could be set down to the fervor of the narration and to the writer's habitual inaccuracy. But when we put the Hamilton account beside the shorthand report, it does not fare very much better than the inventions of Mr. Parton. In the first place, Mr. John C. Hamilton omits entirely to say that Hamilton had with him as associate counsel Livingston and Burr. In the second place, there is no evidence that Hamilton conducted the cross-examination of Croucher. One of the three counsel for the prisoner cross-examined him, but the report of the trial does not tell us which one it was. As I have already said, the cross-examination as reported was sufficient but not serious, and there is not a trace of anybody's putting candles near him at that time, nor is there a word resembling those which Mr. John C. Hamilton attributes to his father. As the shorthand report carefully mentions the occasion when the candles were used, it is fair to suppose that no such incident as that described by John C. Hamilton occurred when Croucher was cross-examined. The account of the cross-examination is imaginary, and so, of course, is the part about Croucher withdrawing from the stand and the spectators turning away from him with horror.

In 1872 Mr. William Stone, in his "History of New York City," adopted the Parton story, with certain modifications

to make it less impossible of belief, but gave no authorities for his version of the incident. In the same year Mr. Edward S. Gould published an article in the May number of "Harper's Magazine" entitled "The Manhattan Well Murder." The article was devoted to the murder and to the trial, which Mr. Gould considered a miscarriage of justice, and he refers only in passing to the incident of the candles. Mr. Gould says that he had before him a manuscript report of the trial in Hamilton's handwriting, and on this he based his own account. That Hamilton should have made a shorthand report of the trial covering fifty-four pages seems, on the face of it, improbable. The extract which Mr. Gould gave in facsimile is obviously not in Hamilton's handwriting, as a most superficial comparison shows. Moreover, the extract in the facsimile is a verbatim reproduction of Coleman's shorthand report. All Mr. Gould's other extracts are either condensed versions or exact reproductions of the Coleman report. What he had in his possession was undoubtedly a draft of the Coleman report taken from the original shorthand reports, but, although it was not by Hamilton, Mr. Gould's material was authentic and accurate. The same may be said of the account in Dr. Hamilton's book about his grandfather, published in 1910. He had before him the Coleman report, and therefore knew what really happened.

There were three reports of the Weeks trial. One was a longhand report prepared by a man named Longworth, and put out the very day after the verdict to meet the popular demand and snatch the benefit of the first excitement. Coleman speaks of it as an entirely worthless report, which is probably true, although I have not been able to find a copy of it. The second report was by James Hardie. This was also a longhand report, and seems to have been carefully prepared and to be as accurate as such a report could be. The third was the shorthand report by William Coleman, which is both full and accurate. On page 82 there is given the evidence of William Dustan, which is as follows:

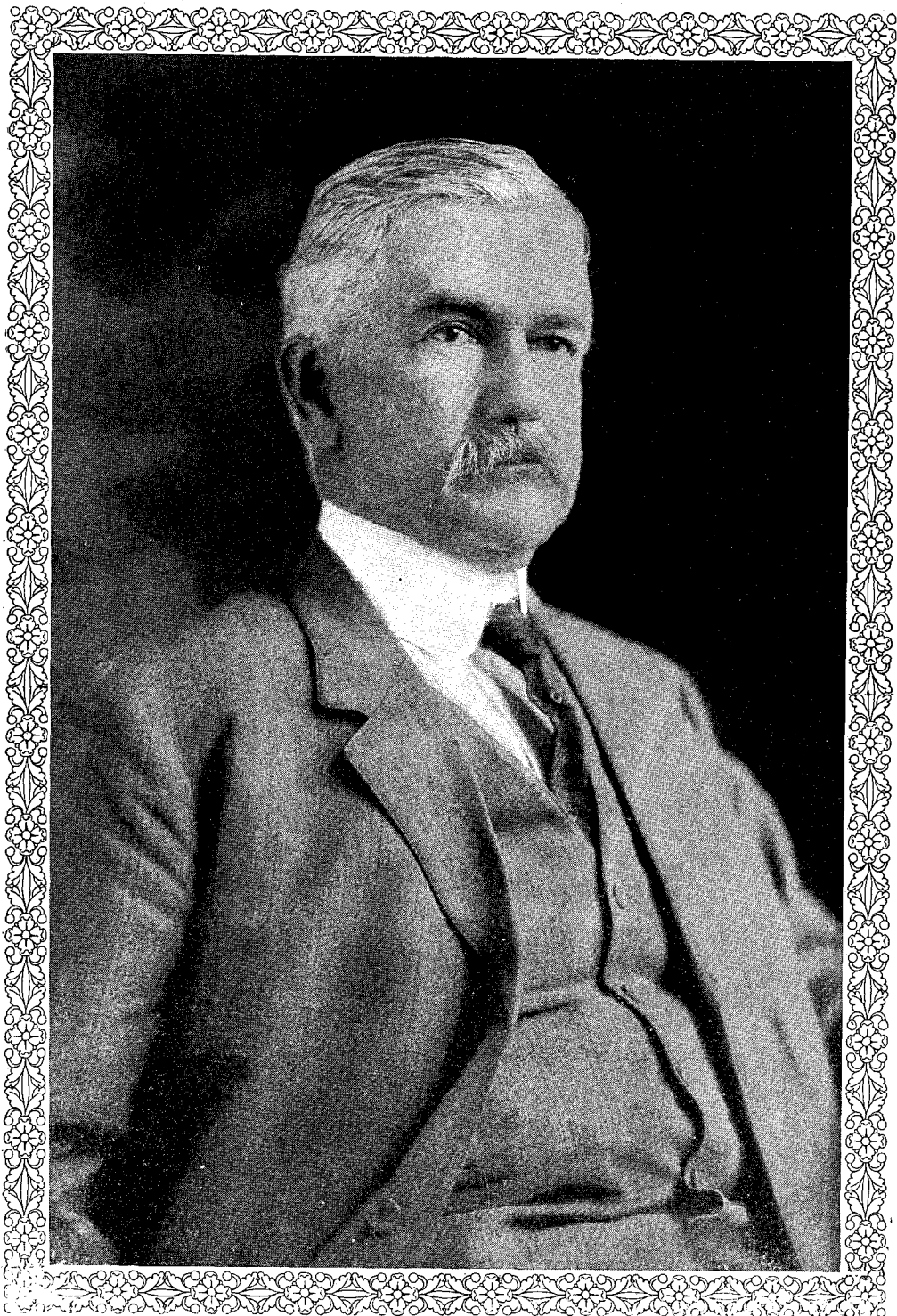
"Last Friday morning a man, I don't know his name, came into my store.

(Here one of the prisoner's counsel held a candle close to Croucher's face, who stood among the crowd, and asked the witness if it was he. And he said it was.) He said, 'Good-morning, gentlemen, Levi Weeks is taken up by the High Sheriff, and there is fresh evidence against him from Hackensack.' He then went away, and as he went out he said, 'My name is Croucher;' and this was all the business he had with me."

There we have the entire foundation for the dramatic scene conjured up by Parton and John C. Hamilton. The report does not show which of the prisoner's counsel held a candle to Croucher's face, but Mrs. Hamilton, according to Mr. Gould, always said that it was her husband who did it, and, in the absence of any other evidence, this may be accepted as the truth. It was a very natural thing to do. There was nothing remarkable about it. It might well have occurred to anybody in that ill-lighted court-room when a question of identification was raised. A little later in the trial a witness named Matthew Mustee was on the stand, and he was asked by counsel for the prisoner: "Do you know Levi Weeks? Should you know the person you speak of if you saw him? A. I don't know as I should. Q. (by the Assistant Attorney-General). Take the candle and look round and see if you can pick him out. (He went nearer the prisoner, and pointing to him said): That was he."¹

That is the whole story of what actually happened. It was a perfectly commonplace incident, and it is interesting to see how it has been developed by two biographers, relying on hearsay and wandering traditions, into a picturesque and dramatic scene. It is a quite perfect example of historical myth-making—one little natural incident developing two full-grown myths—but it is to be feared that the stories of Parton and John C. Hamilton will continue to be repeated, for the unvarnished facts make no appeal to the imagination. The trial itself was dramatic enough and full of human interest, but that will all be passed over and forgotten in favor of an unsupported legend which it is pleasant to have attached to the memory of an eminent man.

¹ Coleman's Report, p. 90.

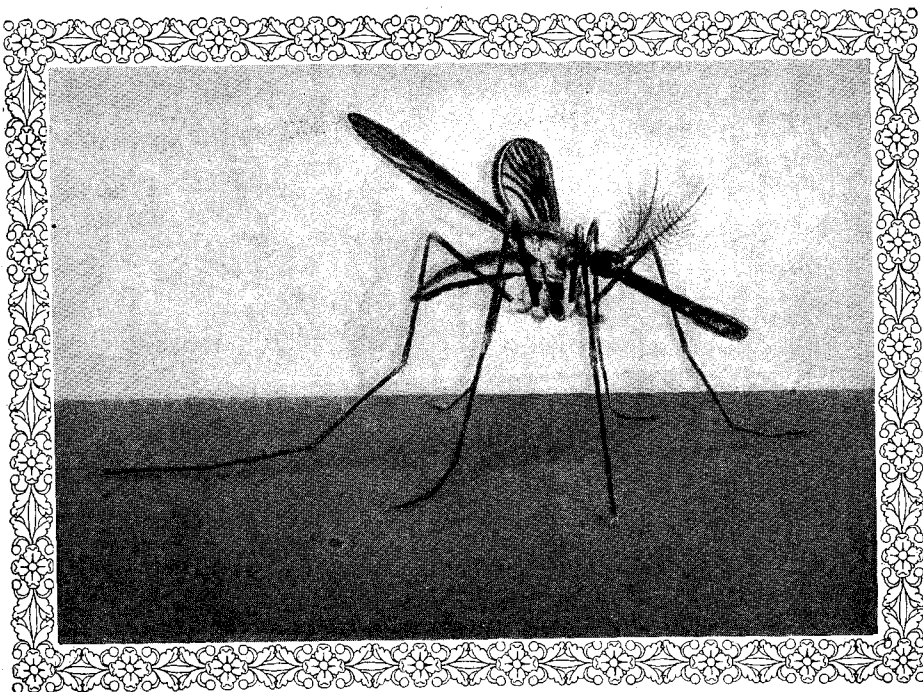


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COLONEL WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS

Chief Sanitary Officer of the Canal Zone

"Gorgas is imaginative and enthusiastic. He would like to kill every mosquito on our continent and then begin on the rest of the world."



THE MALARIAL MOSQUITO
From the model at the American Museum of Natural History

How We Pulled the Teeth of the Tropics

By Albert Edwards

The Third of Four Articles on the Panama Canal

OF all the sights on the Canal Zone there is none more worthy of note than a dilapidated galvanized iron ash-can in the hills back of Paraiso.

Half an hour's stiff climb from the village will bring you to where it stands in a little hollow in the side of the mountain. If you look up hill, you see a dense wall of tropical jungle. It is a tangle of unbelievable vegetation—a felt-like fabric of green; palms, mahogany, cocobolo, and lignum-vitæ for the woof, and countless varieties of vines and creepers, great ferns, and many-branched grasses for the web. It is embroidered with bizarre patterns in scarlet and yellow blossoms and ghostly orchids. It takes a sharp *machete*

and a strong arm to penetrate it. It stands there untouched by civilization—primeval—just as it stood when Balboa tore his way through it to fame four centuries ago. The life which spawns within its dense shade is not only vegetable. Strange beasts are there—tapirs, sloths, iguanas (giant lizards), and snakes. It is the home of the boa, and many lesser but more venomous breeds. More innumerable even than the varieties of plants are the species of insects. With acute ears you will hear the faint murmur of their life—the never-ceasing rustle of myriad microscopic feet on the rotting leaves, of myriad minute and filmy wings beating the dead, sodden air. The trop-

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ical jungle has a sinister aspect, an evident menace, which is unknown in the north.

Turn about, and you will look down into and across the valley of the Rio Grande. In the bottom is a haze of murky smoke, shot through with flashes of white steam. Through rifts in those man-made clouds you get glimpses of rushing dirt trains, of straining monsters of steam and steel, of an army of active, hurrying men. The clang of iron on iron, the shriek of steam-whistles, perhaps the roar of a dynamite blast, beats up against your ears. On the sides of the hills you see villages—clusters of homes, well-kept lawns where all that is beautiful in the jungle has been separated from what is noxious and brought

to cultivation: noble groups of palms, and green shrubbery, and a few hibiscus; you see white dresses playing and, if it chances to be a fine day, you will see a rout of youngsters as you could see, tumble out of the

at your feet. Two or three of water trickle down the hollow in the hill where they would join forces in a little stream of man is as evident in the bottom of the valley. All the houses are dropped on either side of the river.

has been pushed back from the banks of the river.

covered with houses were when they were there thirty years ago. It started a cold and bar-

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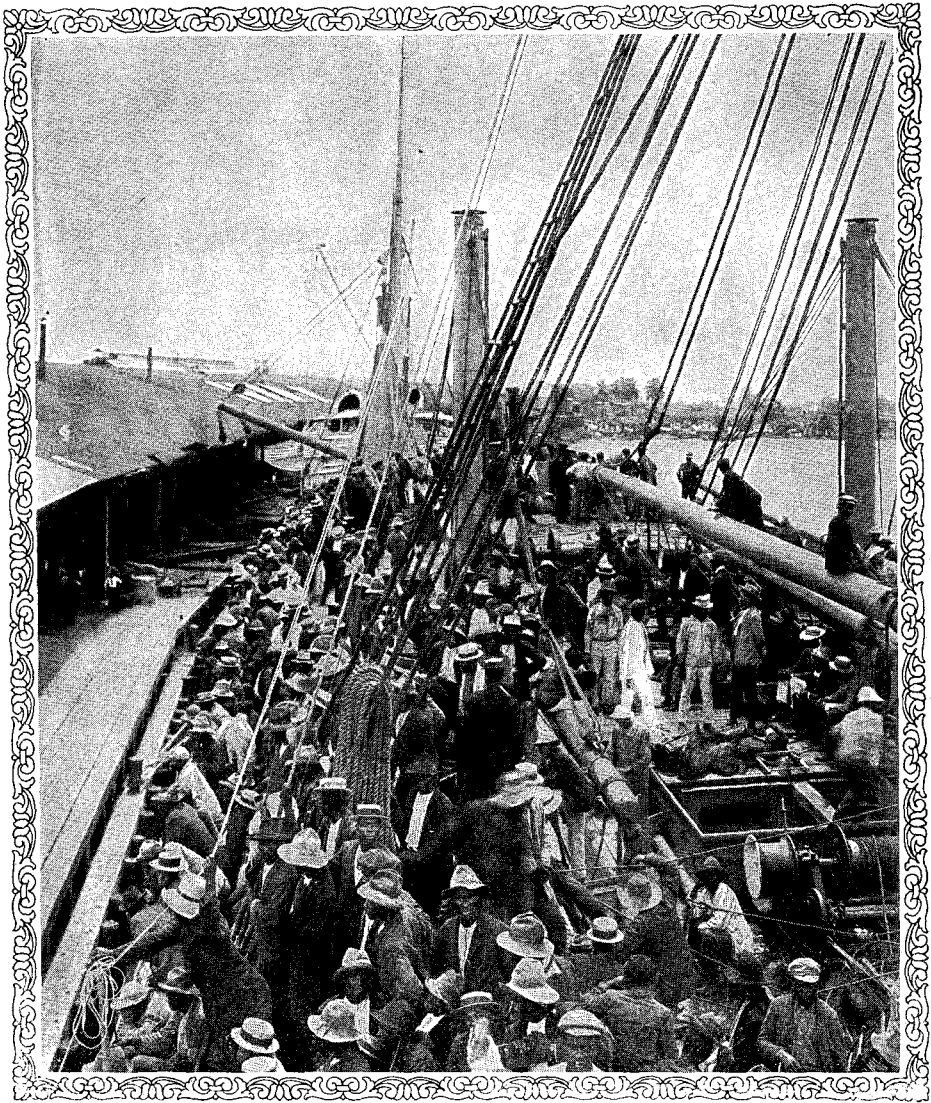
looks like

stuff they use for oiling automobile roads. It is a compound of crude carbolic acid, resin, and caustic soda, called larvacide. These disreputable-looking ash-cans—there are many of them all through the hills at the head-waters of each stream—have a very intimate connection with the mighty work down in the valley and with the healthy bloom on the cheeks of those village children. They are outposts—frontier stations—in the war against the mosquito.

As is the case in most great discoveries, there are several claimants to the honor of having propounded the mosquito theory. Our doctors give the credit to Dr. Ronald Ross, a Scotchman in the Indian Civil Service. Thirteen or fourteen years ago he carried on his very valuable experiments. However, some Italians were close on his heels. And once the theory was published, investigators sprang up on all sides who claimed to have been working on the idea these many years.

Reduced to its simplest terms, this theory is that certain diseases are transmitted by, and only by, the bite of mosquitoes. Ross worked this out for malaria, demonstrating it first on birds, then on man. This fever is caused by the presence of bacteria in the blood. These minute organisms go through the ordinary cycle of birth, mating, and death. If a female of certain species of mosquitoes (*Anopheline*) bites a human being at the period when the malarial germs are mating in his blood, she sucks in some of them along with the blood. After they have developed within for nine days, she becomes infectious, and, if she bites another human being, inoculates him with malaria.

The demonstration of these facts gave a new impetus to the study of entomology. It was soon discovered that other diseases are spread in much the same way. The story of how our army commission in Cuba worked out the connection of another brand of mosquitoes (the *Stegomyia*) with yellow fever, and how some of them voluntarily had themselves infected and died to prove the theory, has been so often told that it needs no repeating here. It soon developed that mosquitoes were not the only offenders: the sleeping sickness of Africa was traced to a biting fly,



THE STEAMSHIP ANCON ARRIVING AT CRISTOBAL WITH 1,500 LABORERS FROM BARBADOS

and the bubonic plague is now known to be spread by fleas that have gathered the virus from infected rats.

It would be invidious to try to determine what nation has contributed most to this new knowledge—a so vital part of modern sanitation. All over the world observers have gathered data, until to-day the credit of it, as well as its value, is truly international. But certainly we in the Canal Zone have gone the furthest in the practical application of that knowledge. Our men have been especially prepared for this job by their own experience and

that of their colleagues in Cuba and the Philippines.

At first relatively little was known about the varieties and habits of mosquitoes; an immense amount of information is now at hand. Our men have collected and studied over fifty varieties on the Canal Zone. And Mr. A. H. Jennings, the entomologist of the Commission, can give you interesting gossip about all of them—how they court, and how they are born, and what they eat at three days old, and what dessert they prefer after two weeks, how and where the mother lays her eggs, and so

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forth. Of these fifty-odd varieties eleven species are *Anophele*—all of which are under suspicion as malaria-bearers. The three commonest species are the *Anopheles albimanus*, *A. pseudopunctipennis*, and *A. malefactor*. The white-handed variety is known to be the most active in spreading disease. There is no direct evidence against the *A. malefactor*, despite his ill-sounding name.

Of the *albimanus*, the most dangerous, as is true of other species, the female alone bites. She does it because a meal of blood facilitates the development of her eggs. It is doubtful if she can lay without having gorged herself. She seems to prefer red blood. But she has been caught in the act of biting reptiles, and even fish. This duty attended to, she begins a search for a suitable place to deposit her eggs. More study has been given to this phase of her life than any other, and Mr. Jennings can tell you just what she will do and just what she won't in this matter. She prefers stationary or slow-moving water, well screened from the sun, where there is plenty of green scum for the youngsters to feed on. The swampy pools, such as the jungle abounds in, seem to be her ideal. The eggs in due course of time hatch out into tiny tadpolish larvæ. They spend their time feeding and breathing. Every two minutes they have to come up to the surface to get fresh air. This, as we shall see later, is the fatal weakness—the Achilles heel—in their scheme of life. Having passed safely through their larval stage, they hatch out into full-fledged mosquitoes. They mate, the female starts out after blood, and the cycle has recommenced.

An adult mosquito is a lively proposition to deal with—almost as elusive as a flea. So our sanitary men try to get them before they mature.

The fight against malaria falls into three divisions. First of all, our men try to reduce the number of places where the female can lay her eggs. In a dry northern climate it might be possible to eliminate such places. But nine months out of the twelve it rains down here nearly every day. And if a cow leaves a deep footprint in the soggy ground, a couple of inches of water will ooze into it, and, behold! a very fine place for *Anophele* to

breed. The main work of this division is in draining and filling swampy ground. Also they cut the underbrush and grass in the neighborhood of settlements, partly to destroy the shade and help the sun to dry up small puddles, and partly that they may see the ground and more easily find the breeding-places. In the annual report for 1907 is given this account of their work: "Brush cut, 16,000,000 square yards; swamp lands filled and drained, 1,000,000 square yards; grass burned, 30,000,000 square yards; ditches dug, 217,000 linear feet; tile ditches laid, 50,000 feet, and cemented 50,000 feet." The same year they also cleaned and graded 2,000,000 feet of old ditching. If all the swamps could be eliminated, mosquitoes could only breed along water-courses. If you follow down the stream from that larvacide can back of Paraiso, or any of the streams running into the prism of the Canal, you will find a gang of laborers at work with pickax and hoe, straightening its course, and picking out rocks, which, if left, would form little islands with eddies and backwater. They try to keep the flow steady and too swift for the mosquitoes.

But it is hard to imagine a system of drainage, however elaborate or expensive, which would keep this immemorial swamp dry. Things are further complicated by the actual construction work of the Canal. The engineers and excavators are constantly changing the lay of the land. A necessary railway embankment, for instance, may upset the drainage of a whole valley. The great lake at Gatun will gradually rise during the next few years to eighty-five feet above sea-level. Its constantly changing, constantly lengthening shore-line will be always creating new breeding-holes.

In the face of all these handicaps our sanitary corps has done wonders. Of course the matter cannot be reduced to exact figures. But it seems conservative to say that the breeding-places within the entire controlled area have been reduced more than one-half, and that in proximity to the Commission villages there is not one to-day where there used to be ten.

A certain number of mosquitoes will lay eggs in spite of all this first division can do. Our second attack is on the larvæ.

Every stagnant pool, every backwater in a brook, is swarming with them. The larvacide in that ash-can—as its name implies—is aimed in their direction. And there is a whole troop of Jamaican Negroes—allies of the ash-can—who carry the same prescription in tanks on their backs and shoot it with a hand spray into every puddle and body of standing water they can find. As I said before, the larvæ have to breathe. Every two minutes they must wriggle up to the surface for fresh air. This makes thirty times an hour, or 8,640 times in the twelve days of their larval life. If at any one of those times they get a lung full of larvacide, they never come up again.

Even without our interference a large number of the larvæ perish. Some are eaten by fish, some die from lack of proper food. Sometimes a freshet washes them down into the sea, or an extra high tide floods them with salt water. And sometimes the sun dries them out. But our larvacide corps immensely increases “infant mortality” among the mosquitoes.

But some of the *Anophele* break through these two lines of attack and reach maturity—a very small number compared to the old days, but enough to make trouble. The Mosquito Brigade is held in reserve to deal with them. This division of the sanitary army might be compared to the coast artillery, for they fight behind fortifications—very elaborate fortifications of fine-meshed copper screens.

“Mosquito netting” sounds simple. But just as in every other detail of this campaign, so here an immense amount of careful experimenting and expert knowledge has been utilized. Various brands of mosquitoes were captured and put into cages made of netting of different material and different sized meshes until the very best kind for this climate and work was discovered. A skillful architect worked out the problem of house planning so as to combine the most effective protection with the greatest economy of netting. Only copper wire will stand this climate. Even a few feet of waste on each house would mount up rapidly in cost. Such little details as the best springs and latches for the door and how to guard the screens from the toes and

elbows of romping children have been given searching study.

Nine days must elapse after an *Anophele* female has bitten a malarious person before she becomes infectious. Every morning the Mosquito Brigade sallies out from headquarters on its murderous duty. If the enemy have been reported in any building, the brigade make a careful reconnaissance, discover how they made an entry, block it up, and then commence the slaughter with the skill and implements perfected by long experience. Nine mosquitoes out of ten go to sleep, after a meal of blood, somewhere on the wall, between nine and five feet above the floor. They seek out a dark place. Sometimes they hide in a closet or in the folds of hanging garments. But our men have nine days to get the mosquito in before she gets dangerous—and they generally do.

There is one feat of which the mosquito-killers boast. It was necessary at one time for some construction men to occupy one of the old French houses. The work in that vicinity would not last long enough to warrant the expense of screening, so the mosquitoes had free access by doors and windows. So deadly was the work of the Mosquito Brigade that the malaria rate in this temporary camp did not rise above the normal.

In the permanent quarters the screening is so thorough that the buzz of a mosquito is a rarity. If a person's sleep is disturbed, he notifies the Sanitary Department, just as you would call up police headquarters if you heard a burglar in your house.

There is one more important point in the plan of this campaign against malaria. No mosquito is dangerous that has not previously fed on a malarious person. And the minute a man is infected he is rushed to the hospital, where extraordinary care is taken to prevent any mosquitoes getting access to him.

First of all, they try to prevent the mosquitoes from laying their eggs, then they try to prevent the larvæ from hatching, then they screen all living-places and attack the adults, and, finally, they isolate all infected persons.

This elaborate campaign, from draining swamps to trained nursing in the hospitals, has resulted, not only in greatly reducing

the number afflicted with malaria, but, what is more marvelous, it has also greatly reduced its virulence. The explanation of this change in the type of the disease goes too deep into the theory of bacteriology for me. But the unexplained fact is striking enough. Probably more of the Frenchmen died from malaria than from yellow fever. At first our men died of it. To-day a fatal case is a rarity. What they used to call "black-water fever," a form of malaria which attacks the kidneys, and which is still common in the other lowlands of Central America, is almost unknown on the Canal Zone. Nowadays malaria means a couple of weeks of discomfort in the hospital and a week more of lazy convalescence.

And this anti-malaria campaign, of which I have spoken at length, is only part of the many-sided work of the Sanitary Department.

The war on the *Stegomyia* mosquito, the yellow-fever bearer, has been even more successful. This mosquito differs from the *Anophele*, and is more easily exterminated, in that it is a domesticated animal. It lives and breeds only in or near human habitations. The water systems and sewers which we have built in Panama City and Colon did away with most of the rain-barrels and small artificial water-containers in which the eggs are laid, and wholesale fumigation of dwelling-houses destroyed most of the adults. No cases of yellow fever have originated in either city or among our employees since May, 1906. Vaccination has wiped out smallpox, and the Rat and Flea Brigade has practically exterminated the carriers of the bubonic plague.

The Isthmus used to have the name—and deserved it—of being the worst pest-hole in the Americas. Here is an excerpt from the report of the Chief Sanitary Officer issued in November, 1906. It deals with the preceding month. "Of our six thousand Americans, including women and children, none died from disease. It is rather a remarkable fact that among these six thousand Americans a death from disease has not occurred in the past three months. Take six thousand people in New York City, selected at random, and estimating their death rate on what occurred in New York City last

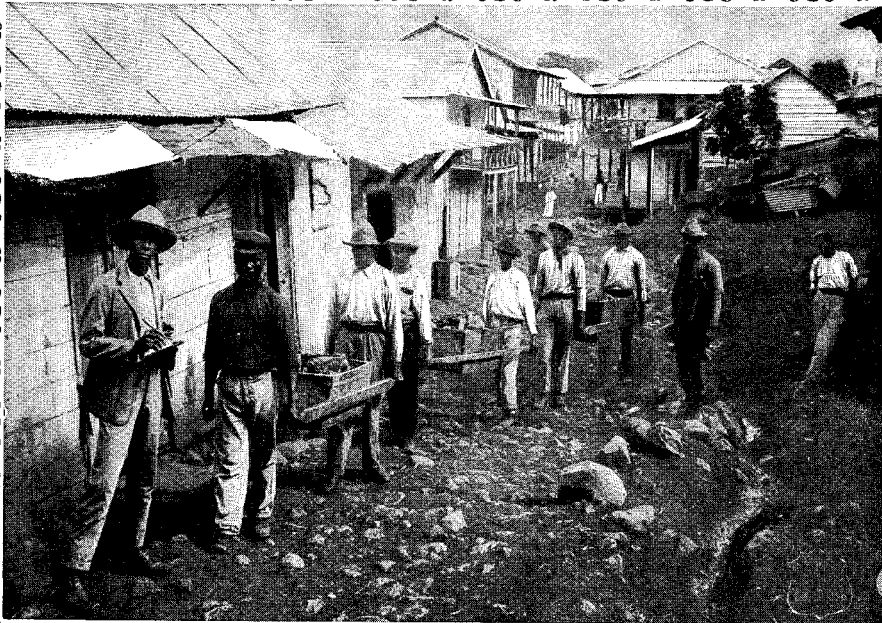
year, they would have had about thirty deaths from disease. . . . I do not argue that in the Rio Grande reservoir we have found Ponce de Leon's spring of perpetual life, but merely that Panama is not so bad a place from the health point of view as is generally believed."

In the annual report dated August 23, 1907, he says: "During the year the working ability of the force was kept at its maximum. We averaged only twenty-nine per thousand absent from duty on account of sickness. This shows a very high state of efficiency as compared with any body of men of which I am able to get any record." And there has been no slump in the health conditions on the Zone since these reports were written, five and four years ago.

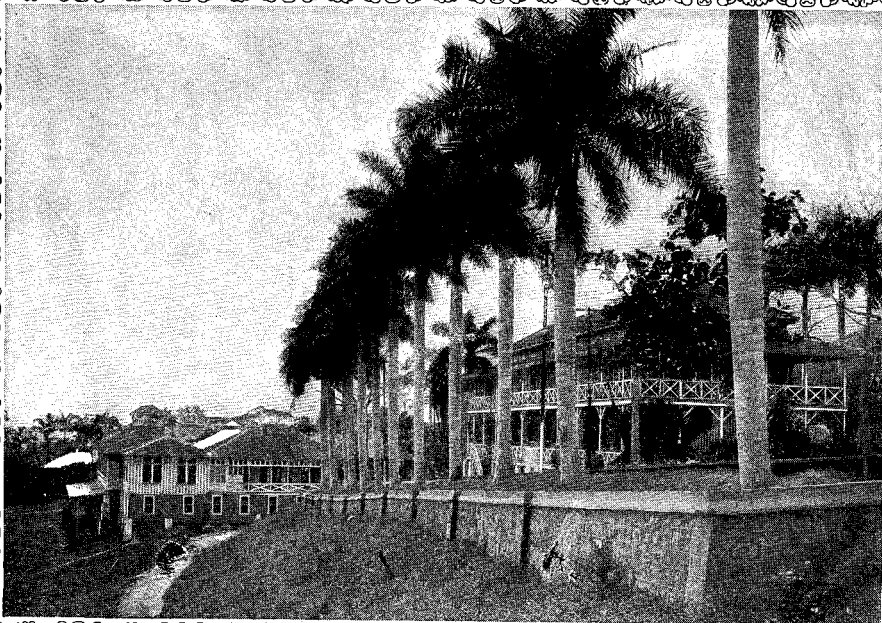
The diseases which our doctors are fighting down here are the same that the profession faces in New York or London. The ailments which we think of as distinctively tropical have been practically eliminated. Indeed, this process has gone so far that the doctors who are specializing in this field begin to find this a poor place to study. Samuel T. Darling, M.D., the Chief of the Board of Health Laboratory, has probably done as much as any other American in tropical diseases. I have here on my desk a handful of brochures he has written on the outlandish afflictions of man and beast which he has found on the Isthmus. "Sarcosporidiosis," "Equine Trypanosomiasis in the Canal Zone," "Autochthonous Oriental Sore in Panama," are a few of the titles—works which have caused his election to half the important medical societies of the world. But in his "Histoplasmosis: A Fatal Infectious Disease, Resembling Kola-Azar, Found among Natives of Tropical America," I find this paragraph. There is a note of pathos in it which will be appreciated by all those who collect rare objects and fear to have their hobby disturbed:

"In conclusion, it should be said that this disease, although no longer seen in Panama, is probably to be found in unhygienic and less salubrious regions of tropical America not yet disturbed by the sanitarian."

And if you talk with these men who are fighting disease—the engineer who with transit and chain is laying out drainage ditches; the man who has the responsi-



THE SANITARY SQUAD IN 1906



THE HOSPITAL GROUNDS AT ANCON

bility of guarding the purity of the drinking-water; the rat-catcher who strolls about with a Flobert rifle and a pocket full of poison; the red-headed young doctor who vaccinates you at Colon; or even the bacteriologist who finds his interesting researches "disturbed"—they will speak of themselves as "ditch-diggers." And no dynamite operator nor steam-shovel man will deny their right to say, "We've got sixty per cent of the dirt out of Culebra Cut," or "We beat the record laying concrete at Gatun this week."

One of the Larvacide Brigade pointed out to me a rusty mass of French machinery going to pieces in the jungle. "They didn't know the difference between a mosquito and a bumblebee," he said by way of explanation. And he had hit the nail on the head. As likely as not, our mighty modern engines would be going to scrap alongside of the old French ones except for the devoted, intelligent work of these sanitary men.

The responsible head of the men who have done this marvelous work—and no words at my command can express the wonder of it—is William Crawford Gorgas, Chief Sanitary Officer. As Colonel Goethals is, in a way, paterfamilias of the community, so Colonel Gorgas is the family physician. Goethals is rather aloof and authoritative. Gorgas is genial and sympathetic. They say "he can give you liquid quinine and jolly you into thinking you like it." That is just what he did to the people of Panama City and Colon during the early yellow-fever epidemic. Nobody likes to have his home fumigated. The Panamanians are immune to the fever. Most of them are too ignorant to understand the reason why they must be turned out of their homes for twenty-four hours. The more intelligent are easy-going, used to avoiding such inconveniences by bribing petty officials. All of them are, from a sanitary point of view, slipshod and careless. Gorgas succeeded in fumigating every house in Panama City within two weeks. He did it by jollyng the people—slapping the men on the shoulders, smiling at the women, and playing "One little pig went to market, one little pig stayed at home," on the toes of the babies. Even the Panamanians who are most unfriendly to Americans admit that Gorgas is a good fellow, and

every child that knows him wants to sit in his lap.

Before coming here he had had charge of cleaning up Havana, and he knew how it should be done. Doubtless there were other American army doctors who had had similar experience and understood the work as well. But beyond the technique of his profession Gorgas knew the Latin-American people, their manner of life and their prejudices. He knew how to make them swallow quinine and at least half believe they liked it. It was necessary to fumigate those houses, and we would have done it even if it had been necessary to call in the marines and proclaim martial law. But Gorgas, with his wonderful tact, did it without using force or in any way increasing the enmity to the Gringo. It was not only a remarkably effective sanitary accomplishment, but an exceedingly clever bit of diplomacy.

They tell a story about Gorgas in Cuba, and people who know him say that it sounds true.

In the early days there were many who made light of the mosquito work. Gorgas went to one of his superiors for some money to carry on his campaign.

"Is it worth while to spend all this money just to save the lives of a few niggers?" the Commandant protested.

"That's not the point, General," Gorgas shot back at him. "We're spending it to save *your* life. And that's worth while."

He got the money.

Before a visitor has been long on the Zone he is sure to discover that there is a conflict of ideals between Gorgas and Goethals. The whole controversy—for that is what it amounts to—is, I think, one of temperament. Goethals, the practical, scrupulous administrator, makes a fetish of economy. "Low costs" are his hobby. Gorgas is imaginative and enthusiastic. He would like to kill every mosquito on the Isthmus, and then begin on the rest of the world. He does not know, unless some one tells him, and even then does not care, whether each mosquito costs five cents or five dollars. *Delendum est.* Goethals does not want to grant a single cent to the Sanitary Department which cannot be traced to added labor efficiency. One of the Goethals

faction summed it up: "Why, if you let Gorgas have his way, he'd spend the whole appropriation in six months!" Very likely he would. In a moment of enthusiasm he might offer a ten-dollar reward for every mosquito scalp brought to his office; but no one suggests that he would put any of it in his pocket.

On the other hand, the Gorgas faction portrays Goethals as endangering the life of our men by withholding necessary appropriations. Their own statistics, showing that the Zone is at least as healthy a place as New York City, proves that this portrayal is an exaggeration.

This conflict of ideals, distressing as it at first seems, is very probably a good thing for our Canal. The Sanitary Department has been run with less strict economy than any other. If there had not been a strong hand in check, there might have been gross extravagance. And as long as the sanitary crowd is looking for a chance to yell "Murder!" there is little probability that any dangerous economy will be risked in the department of health.

The whole affair would not be worth mentioning—it has had no result down here beyond generating some personal ill feeling—if it were not for the fact that some steam has been blown off in the papers at home. And those who have rushed into print, as is generally the case

in such affairs, are not responsible heads of departments, but underling partisans, *plus royalist que le roi*, very much more bitter and extreme in their statements than their chiefs would dream of being. Neither the efficiency of the Sanitary Department nor the health of the men on the jobs has been disturbed.

A man with all Colonel Gorgas's remarkable fitnesses—his knowledge of sanitation, his familiarity with Latin people, his consummate diplomacy, his personal charm and magnetism, which inspire the men under him to their best efforts—who had also a cool, calculating, book-keeping head, might have accomplished the same results somewhat more economically. Very likely cheaper tile drains would have served in some places where concrete drains were laid. But, in spite of our recent ardor for economy and "business efficiency," if there is any one thing for which we, as a nation, are willing to stand a little extravagance, it is health. In this department we are more interested in results than methods. And of all the marvels of this immense Canal job of ours—the great engineering triumphs, the high ideal of financial honesty, the spirit of united, collective action—there is nothing which stands out more wonderful than the results accomplished by the men and ash-cans under Colonel Gorgas.

FOREST COUPLETS

BY CLARENCE URMY

Beneath a redwood let me lie
And all its harmonies untie:
Melodic sequences of spray
And bough and trunk in rich array;
Chromatic hue and tint and shade
Of beryl, emerald, and jade;
Cadenzas, day-dreams that enfold
The *padres*, argonauts, and gold;
Soft passing notes, the tones that tell
Of poppy-field and mission bell;
With sea-wind cadences that blow
In dominant arpeggio,
Resolving into chords full blent
Of solace, peace, and calm content.

The Romance of Mining—and the Reality

By Albert R. Ledoux

Past President of the American Institute of Mining Engineers



FROM the days when Hiram's ships brought gold from Ophir, and Phœnician galleys voyaged far to Spain for copper and farther yet to the island of Britain for tin, on down through the time when half-savage German miners offered incantations to the Kobolds of the Hartz Mountains, there has been, and continues to be, an element of romance inseparable from the wresting of metals out of the reluctant earth. And was there not much of romance in the spirit and in the adventures of the Argonauts of '49 when distant California lured them toward its Golden Gate?

This spirit of romance has had its expression throughout the literature of geology and mining. It arises like an intoxicating vapor even from the pages

of some governmental reports. The late Clarence King, United States Geologist, has voiced it, and his popular records of exploration show how the poetry and romance of the mining regions influenced his critical, technical observations. Here is an extract from his "Mountaineering in the Sierras," telling of his emotions when he made a great discovery:

"Ordinarily solitude is with me only a happy synonym for content; but throughout that ride I was preyed upon by self-reproach, and in an aggravated manner. The palæontologist of our survey, my senior in rank and experience, had just said of me, rather in sorrow than in unkindness, 'I believe that fellow had rather sit on a peak all day and stare at those snow mountains than find a fossil in the

metamorphic Sierra ;' and, in spite of me, all that weary ride his judgment rang in my ear. Can it be? I asked myself. Has a student of geology so far forgotten his devotion to science? . . . Later, when evening approached, and our wheels began to rumble over upturned edges of Sierra slate, every jolt seemed aimed at me, every thin, sharp outcrop appeared risen up to preach a sermon on my friend's text.

"I rededicated myself to geology, and was framing a resolution to delve for that greatly important but missing link of evidence, the fossil which should clear up an old, unsolved geological riddle of upheaval age, when over to eastward a fervid crimson light smote the vapor peaks. . . . Through this gateway of rolling, gold-red cloud the summits seemed infinitely high and far, their stone and snow hung in the sky with lucent delicacy of hue, brilliant as gems, yet soft as air—a mosaic of amethyst and opal transfigured with passionate light, as gloriously above words as beyond art. Obsolete shell-fishes in the metamorphic were promptly forgotten, and during those lingering moments, while peak after peak flushed and faded back into recesses of the heavens, I forgot what palæontological unworthiness was loading me down. . . . For many days thereafter I *did* search and hope, leaving no stone unturned. . . .

"Picking up my hammer to turn homeward after a fruitless quest, I noticed in the rock an object about the size and shape of a small cigar. It was the fossil,

the object for which science had searched and yearned and despaired! There he reclined comfortably upon his side, half-bedded in luxuriously fine-grained argillaceous material—a plump, pampered *belemnites* whom the terrible ordeal of metamorphism had spared. The age of the gold belt was discovered!

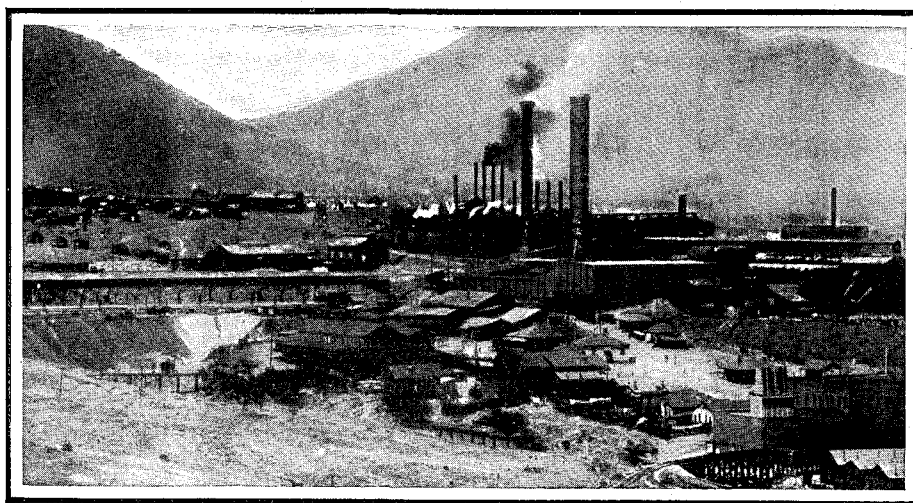
"In ten or fifteen minutes I judged it full time for my joy to begin. Down the perspective of years I could see before me spectacled wise men of some scientific society, and one who pronounced my obituary, ending thus: 'In summing up the character and labors of this fallen follower of science, let it never be forgotten that he discovered the *belemnites*.' . . . Once in after years I met an aged German palæontologist, fresh from his fatherland, where through threescore years and ten his soul had fattened on Solenhofen limestone and effete shells from many and widespread strata. We were introduced.

"*'Ach!'* he said, with a kindle of enthusiasm; 'I have pleasure you to meet, when it is you which the cephalopoda discovered has.' Then, turning to one who played the rôle of Ganymede, he remarked, '*Zwei lager.*'"

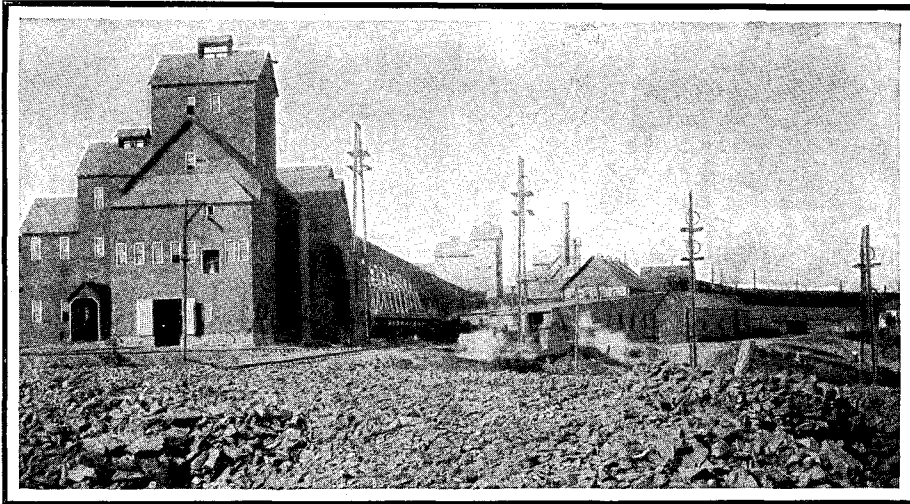
Another great mining geologist, Charles Howard Shinn, began his narrative of the history of the Comstock Mine with this introduction:¹

"There was an old silver freighter in

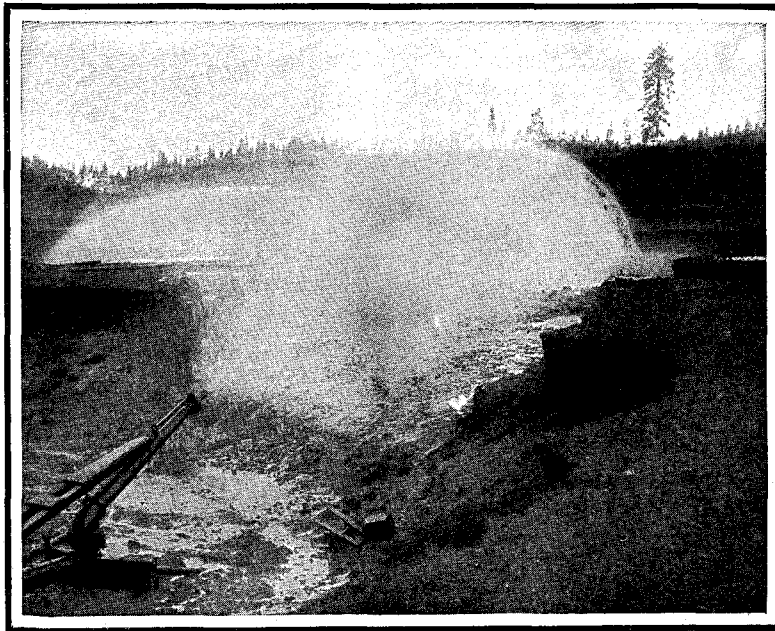
¹ "The Story of a Mine." D. Appleton & Co., New York.



MOST COPPER ORES REQUIRE, IN ADDITION TO THE MINING PLANT, GREAT CONCENTRATING MILLS, LARGE SMELTING FURNACES, AND RAILWAY CONNECTIONS



A COPPER MINE THAT MADE GOOD



PLACER MINING IN OREGON

Nevada—a man with a diploma if he chose to exhibit it—who walked all day long for months and years beside his high ore wagon across the Nevada desert. One night in camp he said: ‘I had an odd notion lately. I thought that perhaps when all the frontiersmen have been dead a hundred thousand years the stories that will be written and believed about them will be much like those of the demigods. Some fellow has got to stand right out

from the ruck . . . to represent all the pioneering that has been done by . . . thousands . . . for generations on this continent. It may be a fellow with buckskins and Kentucky rifle, or another with slouch hat and mule whip, or Dock Gally’s Big Jack Small, the bull-puncher. . . . It might turn out to be a plain freighter. But the freighter is simply packing around some one else’s ore. The miner is behind him, working even harder. Out

yonder, fifty miles in the desert, there is a man and his wife hammering the drill, opening their mine. Been there all by themselves for five or six years. Maybe their mine will peter out; maybe they will die there and some ore freighter will put them under the sand. Yes, and behind the miner there is another fellow of the same sort, only more primitive—the prospector. He is looking for ore, and keeps on looking until he dies. When their mine has been found, named, and worked; when the whole land is settled and has been fenced off into acre lots for ten thousand years, what kind of stories do you believe men will be telling their children about the nineteenth-century prospector? Then, as my old silver freighter leaned silent on his whipstock, lonely, toiling men and women of countless mining camps seemed to become but voices that mingle in one great chorus, as the separate parts of the ship in Kipling's story found . . . the voice of the whole. He will not be one trapper, or hunter, or mountain guide, or one of Remington's virile horsemen, . . . but what is more likely . . . than that the myth of the *miner* shall grow in consequence and find ultimate expression in art and song and literature? The hills will some day be empty of gold. The waters will reclaim the deserts, new and strange conditions of life will prevail over all the lands between Atlantic and Pacific, but the great myth story of the West will have to do with some miner of the Sierras or Rockies leaning upon his pick. . . . Strong and lonely as a grizzly, the prospector will 'stand right out,' in the words of the silver freighter, 'to represent all the pioneers.'"

In that wide Western land Toltec and Aztec once wandered, followed by the Spaniard, lured by old romantic traditions, weaving new fancies—all seeking a fabled El Dorado, until the sober page of history became romantic

when its compiler looked toward the peaks of the Sierras or Cordilleras.

The romance of mining is not born only in the West. It is often reincarnated in the pages of many a prospectus written in the East, and affects the judgment of some of our most staid business men.

Some years ago the head of one of the largest dry-goods houses in America handed me a report upon a mine in which he had invested \$20,000. The owner still clamored for money for development, and my friend wished my advice. A hasty glance through the report showed upon the very face of it that the enterprise could not possibly pay, and I asked him how



THE GREAT MYTH STORY OF THE WEST
WILL HAVE TO DO WITH SOME MINER

in the world he came to put his money into it. He said: "Well, a very honest-looking miner got into my office somehow with a blue shirt and a pocket full of nuggets and a tale that made my heart beat faster. He only wanted \$5,000, and I was hypnotized into advancing it. Ever since his reports have fascinated me." I said: "I was in your office once when a man came in to sell you a new kind of lace. For forty years you have been at the head of the dry-goods business in New York, and yet you sent for your lace expert, saying that you were not sufficiently familiar with laces to trust your own judgment. Why did you not send for some mining engineer before trusting your own judgment in regard to a mining investment?"

Not many years ago the president of a bank called upon me. His institution was one of the oldest and soundest in New England, and very conservative. He said: "My bank was obliged to take a copper property in Montana for debt. We are not miners, and want to sell it." I asked, "What have you for sale, and what is your price?" Looking at a memorandum, he replied: "There are ninety thousand tons of twelve-per-cent ore on the dump; there are so many feet of shafts and levels, and so many tons of twelve-per-cent ore in sight under ground. Furthermore, the gold and silver in the ore will pay for the mining expenses. Our price is one million dollars." I said at once: "I will take it. I never heard of such a copper mine, and, if you have it, I can borrow the million and double my money easily." Then the banker began to hedge. He said: "Of course I have not seen the property myself, and am not prepared to *guarantee* these statements. You had better go out and look at it." My reply gave this gentleman

a new view-point, I am sure. I said: "Mr. —, suppose it were a railway in Georgia that the bank wished to sell, and you went into Mr. Morgan's office, named your price, and stated that you had so many miles of track, so many engines, so many passenger cars, so many freight cars, etc., etc., and that the passenger traffic alone would pay all the running expenses. If Mr. Morgan said, 'I will take it,' would you begin to hedge and say, 'Of course, Mr. Morgan, I have not seen the railway myself; you had better investigate the truth of my statements'?" The bank president went away, as the saying is, "a sadder and a wiser man."

But there is some excuse for romancing in regard to mines, for the truth is sometimes quite as strange as fiction, and it is often not easy to controvert some of the statements of promoters. At the present town of Cobalt, Ontario, which is shipping millions of dollars' worth of silver a year, a blacksmith was sharpening drills for a



BEHIND THE MINER IS ANOTHER FELLOW
OF THE SAME SORT—THE PROSPECTOR

railway outfit in the wilderness. His name was La Rose. A fox poked its head out of the brush a few feet from his door, and he hurled at the animal the hammer in his hand. When he went to recover it, he found sticking out of the ground a heavy, metallic-looking specimen. He picked it up, and some months afterwards had it assayed. It turned out to be eighty-per-cent pure silver. The La Rose Mining Company paid \$1,300,000 in dividends in two years. In that camp fortunes have been made by men with little capital. One man, with only six companions to help him, blasted out from the surface three car-loads of ore, which he sold in New York. For these three car-loads, which could not have cost more than three thousand dollars to mine, he received nearly two hundred thousand dollars cash, and subsequently sold his mine for a million dollars.

At Cripple Creek, Colorado, a carpenter named Stratton took a contract to build a barn. In digging the foundation he came across a rock that was different from anything he had ever seen. He brought it down to Colorado Springs and showed it to all the mining experts. They told him it was "phonolite," which never contained anything of value. He took it to an assayer of his acquaintance, who tried to dissuade him from paying the expense of an assay. He persisted, and, to the astonishment of everybody, it was rich in gold. With a few men, he used to take out half a million dollars a year, and subsequently sold the property for several millions.

Many a tenderfoot has blundered upon a mine that experienced prospectors have missed. Many fortunes have been made by men led by blind chance or blundering luck, and pages could be filled with illustrations.

But the excuse for occupying space in The Outlook would be very poor indeed if I confined myself to this view alone of a great industry.

I have a far more serious purpose. I know the temptations to invest in mines or in mining shares; I am aware of the sorrowful experiences of many such investors who have lost their little all in trying to increase their incomes. I intend to try to show that mining may be a safe,

remunerative, and legitimate occupation or investment, if entered into with such reasonable preliminary investigation as should govern every conservative person in placing his money. The gambling spirit should be resisted absolutely. How prevalent it is and how disastrous in outcome should be evident to any one who ever heard of the "Kaffir," "Amalgamated," or other "booms" of the past decade. "Amalgamated" once sold at \$128 per share; to-day at \$60. These prices were in neither case influenced, favorably or unfavorably, by earnings. Another "copper" sells to-day at 23 (par 5), though it has not yet paid a dividend. The small *investor* can better place his money. It still seems almost as if an unscrupulous broker can sell any piece of paper at some price to *speculators* if it bears a high-sounding name or a sufficiently realistic picture of an alleged mine.

Recently the Boston "News Bureau" published the following, which is self-explanatory:

They are trying to foment a Porcupine boom in Wall Street to break the Street dullness. Porcupine has about ten thousand gold mining claims laid out, and perhaps one hundred of them have shown gold quartz, but already they are quoted for more by a hundred millions than all the gold that can be taken out in a generation. A curb broker wired a man in the West the other day, "Bank rate 4%," and he promptly responded by telegram, "Buy me 500 at not over 4¼." He thought it was a new Porcupine proposition.

First in the order of merit I would place gold-mining investments. In gold there can be no monopoly; no "corners" can put it up or artificially depress it; the market for this product is world-wide. Uncle Sam will buy all that is offered at the highest price, and there are no fluctuations in the market.

Some gold deposits are more certain in their yield than any crop. Take certain of the Rand mines as an illustration. The gold-bearing deposit is often a flat vein forming the bottom of a bowl. The dip below the surface is usually regular, so that the company owning an area of the surface can estimate in advance and confirm by drilling that at such a depth the area is underlaid by gold-bearing strata of such and such a thickness; that its assay value is so and so; that the cost

of mining and treatment will be so much; and the estimates of profits are safe, barring fires, accidents, and the ordinary risks of any business. Concerning the safety, reasonableness of Rand capitalization, and prospects of dividends in any case, there are many reputable bankers, brokers, and experts in London who can give reliable information to legitimate inquirers as to the Rand.

There are many mines in our own and other lands conservatively capitalized, economically administered, and safe from the investor's standpoint, paying dividends regularly. But mining is like drawing checks upon a bank in which no new deposits can be made. Every dollar drawn out is one dollar less of capital in hand. A safe and conservative mining investment should yield at least ten per cent on the purchase price. In ten years, then, the investor has his money back, and whatever more he receives is profit.

In copper-mining pre-eminently capitalization is necessarily greater. Gold is largely found in the "native" state, or easily extracted in comparatively cheap plants by reasonably simple processes. Most copper ores require, in addition to the mining plant, great concentrating mills, large smelting-furnaces, railway connections to bring in fuel and fluxes and to carry a bulky product to a distant market. It usually means an investment of several million dollars to operate a copper mine, even if the final refining is performed at special works located nearer the market and which refine on toll. The same facts apply to lead-mining.

The conservative investor in such enterprises should scrutinize the reports of the companies operating, noting particularly the statements of ore developed ahead for future requirements and the amount "written off" from values still in the ground for mineral removed and for depreciation in plant. He should be suspicious of any which fails to show reasonable business conservatism in these directions. Of course in some mines it is neither safe nor necessary actually to block out large masses of ore in advance of requirements, but nothing justifies a company for failing to write off a liberal amount for annual depreciation. The Rio Tinto mine in Spain has at least over

eighty years of ore "in sight," pays over forty per cent dividends, yet writes off yearly a fair percentage of its capital for amortization. One large American mining company reserved from profits enough, after paying reasonable dividends, to assure the return to investors of their original investment at par, long before the mine was entirely worked out. Many conservatively managed mining companies invest their surplus not in securities but in other mines, so that when the inevitable end comes to their original producer they may continue in business.

The metalliferous mines, excluding iron, are chiefly in our more Western States, but I think that a list of their shareholders would indicate that a majority in number are residents of the Eastern or Middle States. They are, as a rule, unable, even if fitted by experience, to judge of the prospective or present value of an ore deposit, and, if they were to visit the region in which they thought of investing, their own judgment would be of little value. Even experienced Western business men—yes, and some experts—find a decision difficult in many cases. Much enters into the question of success or failure that is often apparently disconnected from the main point, which is the grade and probable amount of ore. A placer ground may have abundant gold, yet, on account of sticky clay or large boulders below or heavy forests above, the costs of extraction may be beyond the margin for profit.

I remember once deciding a pretty close proposition in New Mexico by ascertaining whether grass grew on the forty-mile stretch between the mine and the railway. If there were grass, oxen could be employed to haul in supplies and fuel and take out the product. Oxen will support themselves by grazing eight months of the year in that particular section and thrive on hay in winter. If there were no grass, horses must be used and fed. Oats were two dollars a bushel.

Well, if the man of small capital in the East must depend on others for advice, how can he participate in the legitimate benefits arising from mine investments; how share in the larger returns that a good mine may yield? How can the man

of small means invest a few hundred dollars or a few thousand with relative safety?

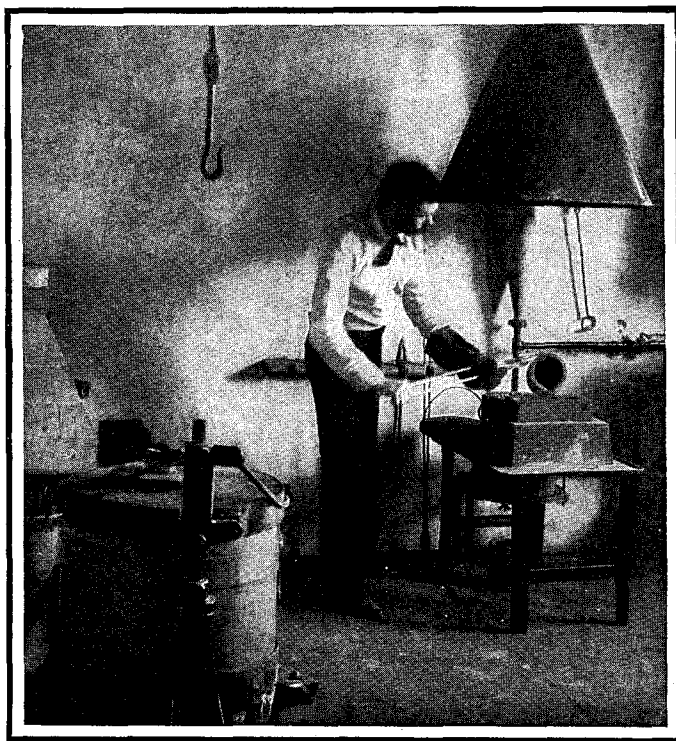
Let it be said right now that no one should risk in mining more than he can afford to lose.

One favorite way, often leading to very large returns, is by means of "exploration" syndicates, managed by an experienced engineer. Let me illustrate by an actual example.

Some years ago, ten men in New York City, most of them unfamiliar with min-

no "water;" no advertising; no high-sounding "reports."

Often reputable newspapers, bankers, or business houses in the West will inform correspondents what are the generally known facts and prospects concerning Western mines, and some of them handle funds and manage explorations for Eastern investors. Some responsible brokerage houses retain experts to inform them as to the merits of mining investments and prospects. One large bank keeps a list of all incorporated mining companies,



THE ASSAYER

Testing gold in Helena, Montana

ing, each agreed to place \$1,000 in the hands of a mining engineer as an exploration fund. He put a corps of prospectors in the field, and before the \$10,000 was expended they had secured an option on a promising gold prospect in Montana. A company was then formed of \$250,000 capital and enough treasury stock sold at par to purchase the mine and erect a mill. The second year of its existence the company paid 40 per cent, the third year 60 per cent, the fourth year 100 per cent. There was no stock speculation about this;

and this information is at the service of its patrons. At least one firm of mining engineers in New York keeps similar records and gives information for a moderate fee. Beware of the venders of "prospects" who haunt our Eastern hotel lobbies! Usually it may be set down as a fact that, if an owner cannot find capital to test his prospect in San Francisco, Denver, or Chicago, and comes to Boston or New York, there is something the matter either with the property or the price, although, when large capital is justified, it can be raised

more easily in the financial centers of the East.

As to investments in the shares of mining companies quoted in our newspapers, it may be said that those listed on regular exchanges have some assurance of stability, whatever may be the fluctuations of their market price due to speculation; but some friend experienced in the interpretation of company reports should tell the "tenderfoot" investor whether they show development reasonably to justify the capital issued; what is written off for depreciation; what are the history and probability of dividends; what reputable experts have reported favorably on the mine; what are the experience, standing, and business reputation of the people who are the officers and directors—in other words, do neither more nor less than one would do if an opportunity were offered to invest in a commercial enterprise or a manufacturing company or a railway promotion.

With such precautions, while losses may be entailed and some disappointments occur, the average man may look forward

confidently to larger returns from his investment in mining than usually come from other legitimate enterprises. He may sleep at night if he has stock, bought and paid for, for instance, in such well-managed mining companies as, say, Rio Tinto, Phelps Dodge, Calumet and Hecla,¹ and, if he has some money to risk, not on stock speculation, but in underwriting or "syndicating" development or exploration ventures, he may be rewarded by a very large yet legitimate profit; the risk being not appreciably greater than when the average citizen puts his money in a new railway or factory or mercantile venture. Yet let this be my final word: Every dollar *made* in mining probably represents two dollars lost by others in mining speculation or ill-advised mine investment. The man who *cannot afford to lose* a dollar should put it in a savings bank, not in a mine.

¹ The Rio Tinto is an English company operating in Spain. Its shares are not dealt in on American exchanges. The shares of the other two mining companies, used merely as illustrations of a class, are not speculated in, though listed on our exchanges.—A. R. L.



EVERY DOLLAR MADE IN MINING MEANS TWO
DOLLARS LOST BY OTHERS IN SPECULATION



THE HOOKED

A First-Hand Account of the Men Who Do the Hard Work in Mexico's Hot Country

By Arthur Ruhl



THE Spanish verb *enganchar* means to hook or entrap, and from this genial source are derived *enganchado* and *enganchador*, both of which stand for rather important things in Mexico to-day. The *enganchado* is a contract laborer who puts himself almost completely at his employer's disposal for a fixed period, generally six months, and the *enganchador* is the agent (not unlike the "crimp" of our own water-fronts) who catches and delivers him.

Contract labor is common on the sugar, tobacco, and rubber plantations of south-eastern Mexico—in the *tierra caliente*, or "hot country," as it is called, to distinguish it from the comparatively temperate plateau on which the capital and most of the Mexican cities are built. It was in the rubber country, southwest of Vera Cruz, that the young New England hero of Mr. Herman Whitaker's recent novel, "The Planter," fought his fight with the tropics, and, after saving himself, did what he could to help the poor *enganchados* who had been brought down from the highlands to be worked to death in the jungle. In the same neighborhood, farther west, are the tobacco plantations of the much-discussed Valle Nacional.

So much has been written about the cruelties of the *enganchado* system that when I started down for the hot country from Mexico City one frosty evening, it was with a curiosity not dissimilar probably to that an ante-bellum reporter from the New York "Evening Post" might have felt on, starting for a Mississippi

plantation immediately after the first appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The train climbed over the mountains, and all that night and the next day rolled downward toward the jungle. The pines and oaks and mountain chill, the moldering old cathedrals of the plateau, were left behind; we began to buy pineapples instead of oranges, in the genial Mexican fashion, from the car windows, and finally descended fairly into the *tierra caliente*—that still, opulent, sun-drenched land; a land of blazing fields, of little silver rivers where golden-brown women laugh and chatter as they pound their clothes on the rocks, of dark valleys down whose precipitous sides the rank vegetation pours itself in plumes and festoons, dark valleys with the trailing skirts of mists sweeping their tops, and little tunnel-like paths winding upward, worn by generations of bare feet; a land which envelops and subdues the beholder, where mere men seem to shrink before a nature splendid and a little terrible.

Forty kilometers down a branch line the second morning, a few miles up the river by horseback, another half-hour on the cowcatcher of one of the plantation's own locomotives, and then at noon we came out on a great open stretch of cane and the house of the manager. It was just such a comfortable two-story, dark-green bungalow, with screened porches, as a resident engineer might live in along the Canal at Panama or beside some big reservoir excavation at home. All about was the vivid green of the ripe cane—four



IN MEXICO'S HOT COUNTRY

square miles of it, twenty-six hundred acres—and thousands of acres more of jungle-covered black loam only waiting to be cleared. Across the cane, about half a mile away, was the big gray corrugated-iron mill, smoking and humming faintly, with the cane climbing steadily up an inclined chute from the cars. And to the left, separated by the railway track from the manager's house and inclosed in a high wire fence, were four long white-washed sheds, set on piles about four feet off the ground—the *galeras* in which the contract laborers were locked up for the night. And over everything flamed and quivered the tropical sunlight, and hung the warm, sweet, almost animal-like odor of boiling syrup and freshly cut cane.

This large plantation is owned by Americans, and its manager and his chief assistants were Americans. The manager was a graduate of one of our State universities—a typical, keen, sane, humor-loving Middle-Westerner, who seemed to have “succumbed” to his environment no more than if he had been running a newspaper or raising fancy apples in Idaho or Oregon. His wife, as practical and efficient in her own field as he; her brother, who sublet part of the acreage and sold his cane to the company mill; and another young American assistant, formed his immediate household. In the “hotel,” as it was called, nearer the mill, lived the chief sugar-maker, engineer, and clerks, and near them, ranged in regular rows, were the little white huts of the free laborers. There were about five hundred *enganchados*, and, all in all, the manager—whose duties varied from those of a horse-back overseer to an expert accountant, sending up to the owners daily typewritten analyses of every step of the complicated process of turning raw cane into white granulated sugar and its by-products—had under his almost military discipline something like a thousand souls.

It was strange to think, as one lounged in the comfortable shade of the upstairs living-room, that the country of “The Planter” lay just to the east and southward, that a little way over to the west lay the Valle Nacional, and that the rows of laborers hacking their way into the cane were *enganchados*. On the library table lay the current numbers of the American

magazines and many of the new books. There were big chairs and hammocks, and a cement bath-room with a cool shower. No one, I fancy, who has not had some little experience traveling in a remote tropical neighborhood can quite appreciate the reassuring and oasis-like quality of that first luncheon—the fresh linen and silver, the wholesome home food suddenly materializing, as it were, out of the treacherous jungle. And, at the risk of suggesting that the reporter's judicial calm was lost in the glamour of his personal surroundings, I must recall, too, a Sunday evening supper when we loafed about the table listening to stories of the careers in Mexico of some of our wholly disreputable buccaneering countrymen (and what an appalling lot of them there are down there!), while we devoured vast quantities of iced milk and some quintessential molasses cookies manufactured by the manager's wife.

In short, here, in curiously interesting juxtaposition, were *enganchados* on one hand, on the other Americans who apparently, so far as local conditions permitted, lived the same lives and thought the same thoughts as they would in Nebraska or Maine or California. One balanced there, as it were, between the industrial conditions of to-day and of centuries ago. I felt this with peculiar keenness that evening when, after watching the somber file of fagged, sodden laborers shuffle back to the *galeras* to be locked up for the night, I sat down in a comfortable library chair to read. Across the dark fields the arc lights of the mill twinkled brightly as the work went steadily on, and through the warm dusk from the dimly lit sheds across the way came a hacking cough now and then as these voluntary slaves sank into their mournful sleep.

I opened “Everybody's” to a story of James Oppenheim's—“The Cog”—about a steel mill laborer who worked twelve hours a day and forgot how to love his wife. I picked up “Hampton's,” and in the leading article, “After Navigation Closed,” Mr. William McHarg held up for the reader's sympathy the hardships and perils of the sailors who have to work summer steamers through ice-locked lakes. For a moment I was back in our atmosphere of self-analysis



THE CANE CLIMBING STEADILY UP
AN INCLINED CHUTE FROM THE CARS

and criticism and active sympathy for the oppressed, the unhappy, and unfit. Mass-meetings, parades, editorials, and headlines rumbled for an instant across a thousand miles of intervening space and then faded away before the hush of the tropic night and the fact that just across the road slept five hundred shabby humans—nameless, homeless, helpless—for six months, in the most literal sense, cogs in a machine.

And yet, suppose that adventure or the pioneering spirit should carry you to Mexico, and into the venture of making sugar on such a plantation as this. Here you are, hundreds of miles from anywhere, so to speak, with a mill that may represent, including the transportation and setting up of its machinery, half a million dollars gold. Here are a couple of thousand acres of ripe cane ready to be cut—that must be cut. Sugar-making is an elaborate process. Once steam is up, the huge crushers turning, the juice on its long journey—through sulphur, lime, vacuum pans, skimming, settling, to the final centrifugal hoppers, where the molasses fades magically out and the white granulated sugar comes tumbling down—it costs money to stop. There is cane enough to keep the big machine going steadily, night and day, for four or five months.

In short, you have a modern industrial enterprise which, to yield a profit, must be run according to the white man's industrial methods, and the only workmen in sight are childlike Indians or mixed breeds, who have no more notion of the white man's way of working than they have of his wireless telegraphy. They can pick their food and, so to speak, their houses off the wild jungle trees. A little patch of corn for their tortillas, a few days' work during the year to get money for a few yards of cotton cloth, and their wants and ambitions are satisfied. The standard of living in their neighborhood demands no more.

They will cut cane for a few days or for a part of a day, but the idea of introducing factory conditions into their simple Eden does not appeal to them. Why should it? On this particular plantation the experiment of using labor of the neighborhood was tried, and it was found that in the long run the people would not work more than about three days out of every fortnight.

There are the innumerable feast days,

rigorously observed so far as not working is concerned. Then, without warning, at some sudden dissatisfaction intelligible only to the native mind, a whole gang would stop and stroll away. There is no use arguing—they simply don't want to work any more. Such an undependable supply of labor is out of the question, or at least seems out of the question, to men operating an enterprise of this size. You must have "hands," literally, which you can depend on, not only for to-day and to-morrow, but for the whole four or five months of the cutting season. The *enganchado* is the solution of this problem. He is not a good nor a final solution, but the only one that the transition conditions of the hot country have yet worked out.

He is "hooked" anywhere, but more often up in the capital, the picturesque streets of which are full of derelicts likely to fall into the *enganchador's* net. Generally speaking, the men are the Mexican equivalent of our "hobo"—victims of drink, petty criminals, and, perhaps, the tragically unfortunate. I am speaking here, of course, of the ordinary contract laborer—not the deported Yaquis. In theory, of course, the laborers contract themselves voluntarily, and the contracting is under Government inspection. At the same time, with shanghaiing fairly common on our Pacific coast until a few years ago, and not unknown even in New York to-day, it is reasonable to assume that such a convenient method of making money would be occasionally used in a country where things happen as strangely as they often do in Mexico.

There are all sorts of people among the *enganchados*—carpenters, mechanics, and even occasional professional men just as all sorts of people are found in "bread lines" at home. On this plantation, for instance, they once even had a governor's son. The matter was reported to his father, who sent back word that the boy should work out his six months—he



THE MANAGER—A TYPICAL, KEEN, HUMOR-LOVING MIDDLE-WESTERNER

thought it would do him good. An expert tinsmith was among the gang at the time I visited the plantation. Drink had been his undoing. His skill had been discovered by the young doctor, who took a special interest in hearing the men's stories, and he was allowed to spend a good deal of his time working at his trade about the plantation. The things he had managed to hammer out of ordinary galvanized iron were astonishing.



ENGANCHADOS BEING SERVED WITH TWO HUGE TORTILLAS,
EACH AS BIG AS A NAPKIN, AND A PORRINGER OF BEANS

Undoubtedly the *enganchador* entraps many of his victims with promises of steady work and high pay. Undoubtedly, also, he gets them drunk and has them sign their contracts then, exactly as sailors are sometimes shipped in almost every port in the world. The *enganchador* is generally a pretty undesirable citizen. Sometimes, too, the men are merely down and out, and glad to get food at any price; they contract themselves just as people get themselves committed to the workhouse in New York when winter comes on.

The *enganchado* has his railway fare paid and he receives an advance loan exactly like that which the "crimp" pays to the sailors he ships, so that he starts out owing money to the company. He was paid on this plantation fifty centavos a day, Mexican—twenty-five cents in our money—and his board. It is not exactly munificent, but fifty centavos will go quite

as far in Mexico as fifty cents in the States. A slight fee is deducted for the cigarettes and *aguardiente* doled out to the laborers night and morning. No wages are paid until the six months are over, and on this plantation the *enganchados* finish their service about thirty dollars ahead of the game. Of course many go back to the capital, get drunk, and again are hooked. Some ask to be recontracted at once, or to return after a little blow down the river. On this plantation recontracting seemed to be about as frequent as reenlistment among soldiers in the regular army. There were men in the gang, and women, too, so I was told, who had drifted in and out of the plantation for years.

So far as human beings could live pleasantly and comfortably under such a system, they appeared to live on this plantation. Work animals they undoubtedly were; but they were well fed, well



THE CANE IS LIFTED INTO THE OX-CARTS WHICH CARRY IT TO THE CARS, THEN IT IS SENT TO THE MILL

housed, watched over carefully by a capable physician, and in general as well taken care of as his farm horses are by an intelligent American farmer.

"It doesn't pay to burn up your men," the manager succinctly put it, as we rode through the cane. "Of course the Spaniards are likely to do it, just as they use up their horses—that's their way. Even so, conditions have changed. The Mexican people themselves have changed them. As for the Valle Nacional being a sort of boggy, *enganchados* would just as soon go there now as anywhere else. I think you'll be surprised to know how carefully the Government watches over the whole system. Probably they have a spy here now among my men.

"Last year we got word from the Governor of the State that a *mandador* was mistreating the men in the field. The complaint was that he made them run

with their bundles of cane from where they picked them up to the pile, and, as each bundle weighs about a hundred pounds, you can see what that might be. We put a spy in, found out that it was true, and dismissed the *mandador*.

"It is the little bosses—'paper' bosses—who are most likely to be brutal. They are picked out from the ranks and put over a few of their own crowd. They are like the people who work in a sweat-shop until they can start a shop of their own—they're the hardest masters. It's not easy work, and the climate isn't perfect, especially during the rainy season, but it's a plain fact that those who do last through (the material's poor to begin with, naturally—run down with drink, and so on—and calentura and dysentery get some of them in spite of the doctor) go home in better shape than they came. They have better food, better quarters,

nothing to drink but their little nip of grog night and morning, and hard, regular work."

Everything that I saw bore out what the manager had said. The food was plentiful, well cooked, and cleanly served; the appearance of the men when they took their Sunday afternoon swim disposed of any notion that they were not properly nourished. For breakfast they had *etole*, a warm drink common in Mexico, made of ground corn boiled in water, and tortillas; at noon two huge tortillas, each as big as a napkin, and a porringer of beans; at night more tortillas and a sort of stew. All their drinking water was boiled. The food was cooked in a galley by the women *enganchados*. Down the middle of it was a long oven with a sheet-iron top dusted with flour, on which tortillas were almost always baking; to the side were kettles for the beans; and at night, with wood fires glowing, a score of husky women pat-pat-patting tortillas, and the warm, wholesome smell of the baking corn-meal in the air, it was cheerful enough. Morning and evening every man got his ration of *aguardiente* and cigarettes, and at night all were compelled to swallow a sort of cocktail constructed by the young doctor out of quinine and an acid. The acid took the place of the sailor's lime-juice and the quinine was to ward off malaria.

"We've only had two cases of sickness since last October," the doctor said, "when we began this quinine scheme. They didn't like it at first, but they soon got to take it like little men, and now when one of 'em doesn't feel quite up to snuff he comes in and asks for a second dose. It's a good tonic, anyhow, whether or not anything's wrong. I look 'em over every night and morning and see that they are fit to work. You've got to watch 'em—sores especially. A man will get a little *machete* cut on the foot or shin, the dirt gets in, and the first thing you know you've got a tropical ulcer. Did you ever see a tropical ulcer?"

I had not, and we went into the hospital, where the two sick men and a few others, nursing sores, lay on rude cots. The man with the ulcer was applying salt-water cloths to his leg. It was raw and suppurated from the knee down, but the

doctor said he would be out in the fields again within a month.

"Yes," he went on, "they have queer things down here. There's a little bug that climbs up your nose sometimes when you are sleeping on the ground and propagates up there, and finally eats through to your brain. I had a case once; tried everything—carbolic—everything I could think of. No use. Finally thought of tobacco, and I soaked some cigarettes in a cup of water and tried that. Cure him? Sure thing. Yes, the tropics are a great place. A man gets a chance to try things down here."

The doctor had his own clean little one-room house close by the *galera*, and his laboratory adjoining it full of bottles and pills. He almost lived with the *enganchados*. He knew most of their histories, and watched everything that affected them, down to the thoroughness with which the beans were cooked.

"You see," he said, picking one or two out and pulverizing them between his thumb and forefinger, "the food's got to be thoroughly cooked. If it weren't, they couldn't get along on so simple a diet."

The work hours during the cutting season are, roughly speaking, from dawn until dark, with an hour off at noon. In extremely hot weather this latter is increased, it was said, to two hours. The warm morning drink is served between three and four o'clock, and then the men go back to their bunks and loaf and smoke a while before going out to work. They prefer this, I was told, to sleeping longer and then beginning the day's work directly after eating—and, at any rate, their overseers prefer it, for it brings them out into the cane in top condition at daylight. One morning I awoke just as a big red moon was sinking in the west, to hear a confused shuffling and murmur and see the melancholy band marching out to the fields in single file, their cigarettes glowing in the dark.

The work in the fields consisted of cutting cane and piling it in windrows, whence it was lifted by a light, portable crane, worked from a wagon by a stationary engine, into the ox-carts which carried it to the cars. The men worked without haste, but of course they worked steadily and long. Here and there were *cabos*, or

little bosses, who carried a *machete* and howled at the men more or less consistently, after the manner of petty foremen everywhere, and over each large gang a *mandador* on horseback watched, with a rifle picturesquely resting across his saddle-horn.

The men marched back to the *galera* at noon or rode back in the empty cars, ate their dinner, returned to work until sundown, then back to the *galera* again for supper and, almost immediately, to sleep. The *galeras* were long whitewashed sheds, suggesting our Northern corn-cribs, with a double row of sleeping platforms running down each side like the berths in a sleeping-car. Each of these little compartments was the *enganchado's* home, so far as he had one, during his six months' stay. The women were housed in the same building, but their compartments had curtains. Those who read "The Planter" will recall that one of that young hero's reforms was a separate *galera* for the women. Such an arrangement is certainly more agreeable to our feelings, although it is doubtful if most of the *enganchados* think much about it one way or another. In the class from which the majority of them come, men, women, and children herd together in one room as comfortably as so many chickens.

The laborers are not permitted to leave the inclosure which contains the *galeras* except under guard, and they generally make pretty straight for their bunks. There they gossip and smoke, and sometimes sing in the dusky lamplight; but twelve hours of steady work under a tropical sun does not leave much excess vitality to be expended in repartee.

Sunday afternoons are half-holidays, and the whole outfit is marched down to the river for a bath. I stood on the bank and watched several squads come shuffling down under the command of their *cabo*—the latter very noticeable because of his clean clothes, his *machete*, and his general air of importance and concern. The clean mountain stream must have been welcome enough to these men, caked with the dirt and sweat of the week's work. They washed their clothes, then tumbled into the water, lathering themselves with soap from head to foot, and rolling over and over with the abandon of so many pack-mules rolling in the sand

of their corral. It was a comforting sight, and one could but feel that a similar chance ought to be given the men every day. I asked the doctor about it.

"It would be a good thing," he said, "if we could get it in. The only trouble is to find the time."

The unconscious humor of this remark reminded me of one that the manager himself had made. He was speaking of various things done for the men—*ponchos* for damp mornings, sending coffee out to the field, and so on.

"I had a moving-picture outfit over here a while ago," he said. "They liked it all right; the only trouble was that it was a little too long. About half of 'em went to sleep before it was through."

The only *enganchado* I saw punished was one who tried to escape that afternoon, and he was compelled to wear a gunny-sack with holes cut for his arms and head. The "guying" that this uniform drew forth from the rest of the gang was, according to the doctor, effective discipline in itself. I saw no one whipped, nor even whacked across the shoulders with the flat of a *machete*—a sort of encouragement which might be expected from a self-important *cabo* anxious to keep his men on the jump. In short, I saw nothing in the treatment of the men which differed essentially from the treatment they would have received if they had been Italians digging in an American street or working along a railway.

I report these observations less to contradict the more unfavorable pictures presented by others than to supplement them. There may be better plantations than this, and there certainly are many worse ones. It lay in typical *enganchado* country, however, and I give my personal experience for what it is worth. In the process of readjustment through which Mexico is now passing such apparent anachronisms deserve examination from various angles; it should be known, for instance, that the employers of *enganchados* are not necessarily Simon Legrees with long black mustachios, but may be quite ordinary Americans like the rest of us.

Even if the men were always fairly hired, worked, paid, and sent home, and the whole system a frank method of getting necessary work done by those who

otherwise might never serve the community at all, the system could scarcely be defended as anything but an expedient. To turn human beings into work animals for six months (especially this kind of human beings, for it might be a tonic experience for the over-civilized) cannot, to say the least, tend to encourage the qualities desired in the citizens of a democracy.

Until a new human body and a new human nature are developed, hard work in the tropics will always be done unwillingly. Yet the people of the temperate zone demand their sugar and rubber, tobacco and hemp, and, as they will not (in a comparative sense, cannot) do the manual labor required to produce these things, the hot countries everywhere present the same tragic paradox—brown and black men working at the white man's pace in order to feed the white man with what he will not grow himself.

It is possible that the force required to drive the tropical machine must always

come from the cooler climates, that a self-sustaining, progressive people, spontaneously doing its part of the world's work, will never develop there. Without going into this fascinating and difficult problem, it is not unreasonable to foresee a much more normal arrangement for such a neighborhood as this. It is not a bad place to live in, as the tropics go, nor is the growing of cane difficult. Colonization, some device of renting or selling the land and buying the cane, must in the end work out a community freer, happier, more a part of the soil. Even if a strong hand is needed to bridge the gap between the pastoral life of the plantation and the commerce of the outside world, one may at least imagine the men who do the work in the fields coming back to their own homes instead of to the crowded *galera*, tumbling into the river for a swim after the day's work, and taking their evening smoke in front of their own cabins without being locked up for the night.

THE LIGHTNING FLASH

BY JOEL BENTON

That sudden shower that hurried by
 Curtained the canopy of blue ;
 Its angry clouds transformed a sky
 That only genial sunshine knew.

I heard the rustle of a breeze
 That makes the human instinct sure—
 A warning noise among the trees,
 The downfall's certain overture.

The birds withheld their jocund strains,
 The cattle to their coverts crept,
 As on the drowning grass and grains
 The watery battalions leapt.

The caught pedestrian on the street,
 The vehicle that made delay,
 Each urged a "double-quick" retreat ;
 The farmer's men left grain and hay.

The dust that lately stifling rose,
 And came in clouds that signal drouth,
 Was stilled ; and where a small brook flows,
 Sharp lightning came from west and south.

It glimmered over field and hill,
 It wrote upon the thirsty sod
 (I see its startling outlines still)
 The blazing "Autograph of God" !

Business Men in the Making

By Frank Marshall White

SIX years ago Eli W. Weaver, Chairman of the Students' Aid Committee of the High School Teachers' Association of New York City, was called upon by a high school pupil, a bright Russian boy of eighteen, whose father was a tailor with a large family and had reached the conclusion that it was time for the son to earn his own living.

"He wants me to go into the shop and learn his trade," said the boy. "I don't want to be a tailor, however; so he says that if I can get a job that will pay me as much as I'd be worth to him—about eight or ten dollars a week—he'll let me take it, provided I give him the money."

"What kind of a job would you like to get?" asked Mr. Weaver.

The boy had no particular idea as to a vocation; he was ready for any employment except that of a tailor. Mr. Weaver asked the youth for his school report, and, finding that he stood higher in chemistry than any other of his studies, advised him to get Duncan's "Chemistry of Commerce" from the school library, to look it over that evening, and to come to see him again the next day.

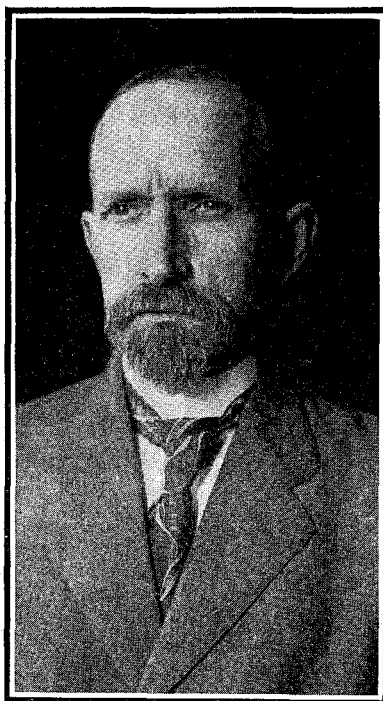
The young Russian returned the following morning, enthusiastic over the possibilities of the utilization of chemical knowledge, and Mr. Weaver found employment for him in a minor capacity in the laboratory of a big electrical company, and saw that he entered the evening class in chemical engineering at Cooper Institute. The boy began work on a salary of \$8 a week, which was raised to \$10 and then to \$12 during the next two years, when

the panic of 1907 threw him out of work temporarily, whereupon his father was inclined to censure him for having wasted his time, informing him that he might have become a cutter by that time if he had gone into the tailor shop. However, Mr. Weaver got the boy other employment until commercial conditions improved, and he then went back to the electrical company, having in the meantime kept up his evening studies at the Institute.

Less than three years after the boy had left school Mr. Weaver was asked by a manufacturer who was making experiments in wood-staining to recommend to him a young man with some knowledge of chemistry, and the Russian lad was sent to him. At twenty-four years of age this young man is at the head of a big manufacturing concern in New York, is a leading authority on stained woods, is pursuing independent studies in a most promising and attractive field, and is making more than four times as much

money per year as his father ever did.

Mr. Weaver, who is named by the City Superintendent of Schools as head of the proposed Vocation Bureau in connection with the Department of Education, relates the above instance to illustrate the value to a pupil of direction in his studies. The idea of a bureau whereby students in the high schools may be given special training and advice along lines that better fit them for employment—which is found for them through the agency of the schools themselves—is a new thing only in so far as the proposition is concerned to make it an



ELI W. WEAVER

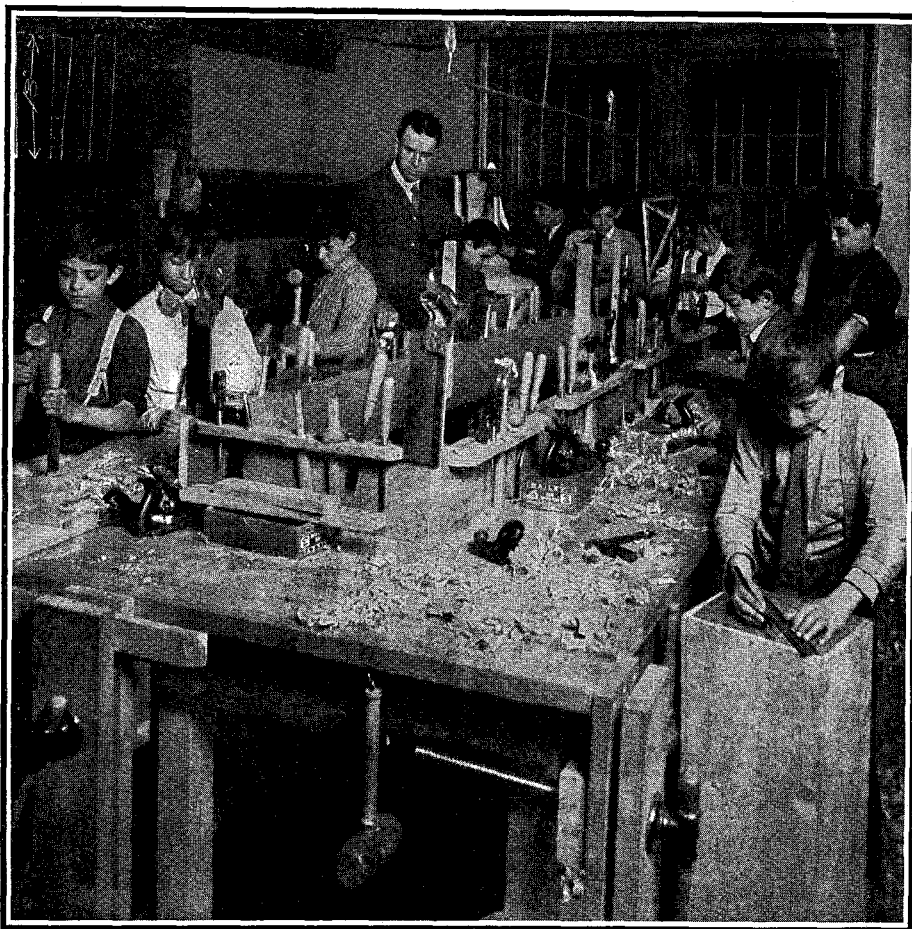
integral part of the school system to be maintained at public expense. The Bureau may be said actually to have been in existence for a decade, and it was originated in its earliest beginnings twelve years ago.

The work that would devolve on the Bureau is now being done by public-spirited school-teachers throughout the city, who not only give up their hours of leisure without pecuniary recompense, but themselves bear the not inconsiderable expense of carrying it on.

The result has been that for several years no high school boy in the city of New York who had so conducted himself as to deserve the approbation of his teachers has found it necessary to look for work on leaving school. Employment with responsible firms or corporations, with opportunity for advancement, and at a higher wage in almost every instance

than he would probably have obtained by personal application to an employer, has been possible on every occasion where it has become necessary for an intelligent and industrious boy beyond the age of compulsory attendance to leave school to assist his parents or earn his own living. It is a more difficult problem to secure remunerative and suitable employment for the girls of the schools, but it is one that is being earnestly studied, and already great improvements have been brought about over previous conditions.

While to scores of school-teachers in the five boroughs the highest praise is due for the philanthropic zeal with which they have performed a materially unrequited task, to Mr. Weaver alone belongs the credit for the origination of the idea out of which the present movement has grown, as well as for its present development. Mr.



PRACTICAL CARPENTRY TRAINING

Weaver thirteen years ago entered the Brooklyn Boys' High School as instructor in mathematics, and he has held that position—as well as that of instructor in the Men's Night High School—ever since, simultaneously carrying on his work for the welfare of the boys and girls leaving school, as one result of which hundreds of young men and women to-day acknowledge him as their benefactor. When the fact is mentioned that Mr. Weaver, who is still on the right side of fifty, is bringing up

a family of eight, four boys and as many girls, one son having just been graduated from college, another son and two daughters at present in colleges, and the four younger children attending the public schools, he may be said to deserve well of his country. In his mental and physical prime, with the additional opportunities of advising and assisting boys and girls in making their own careers which his position as head of the Vocation Bureau will afford him, his influence will more than ever make for good citizenship.

The work of Mr. Weaver and the Students' Aid Committee of the High School Teachers' Association of the city of New York, which he founded, has not been among the sons and daughters of the well-to-do, or those whose parents are able to give them the advantages of a course in college. Their efforts have been directed to the assistance of children who have been compelled to leave school by reason of poverty at home, or whose short-sighted parents have been unwilling, while perhaps able in some instances, to allow them to go on with their studies, because an age had been reached at which money might be earned. To induce these young people to continue their education



PRACTICAL BUSINESS TRAINING

at the night schools, in order to fit themselves for better positions than they were able to obtain on first leaving school, has been a part of the work done by the Students' Aid Committee that will be continued by the Vocation Bureau. The extent of Mr. Weaver's work, however, has not been in securing positions for school boys and girls and fitting them for advancement. He has kept track of the wages of his protégés, and when he has considered it time that those wages ought to be advanced, and the advance has not been forthcoming, he has always gone to the employer to learn the reason—almost invariably with good results. When it has occurred that an employer has refused to increase a wage in a case where Mr. Weaver believed the employee deserving of an increase, he has always obtained other and better-paid employment for him. This step has been taken only, however, when a boy has met actual injustice.

One feature of the work of the Students' Aid Committee has been the securing of employment for school boys and girls during the summer vacations. A few years ago Mr. Weaver happened to be, one August, in Dutchess County, where thousands of bushels of apples of the

kind that sell for from one to five cents apiece on the retail stands in New York were rotting on the ground because there was no labor available to market them, while hundreds of school-boys willing and anxious to work during their vacations were idling in the unwholesome streets of the city. The following summer, as a result of Mr. Weaver's activities, those hundreds of boys were harvesting apples and doing other light farm work in the country, and they and others have continued the practice ever since, earning their own "keep" for a couple of months and bringing back from \$30 to \$70 each, besides improved health and a knowledge of and sympathy with farm life that has led more than one to take up farming as a vocation. Other high school boys and girls are sent at vacation time to selected summer resorts at which they are not subjected to evil influences, where they earn a livelihood and something besides in various capacities. Still others, under the auspices of the Committee, are sent out as caretakers of from four to ten little children on day excursions to parks and points of interest in the city, receiving a fee from parents in proportion to the extent of the service rendered.

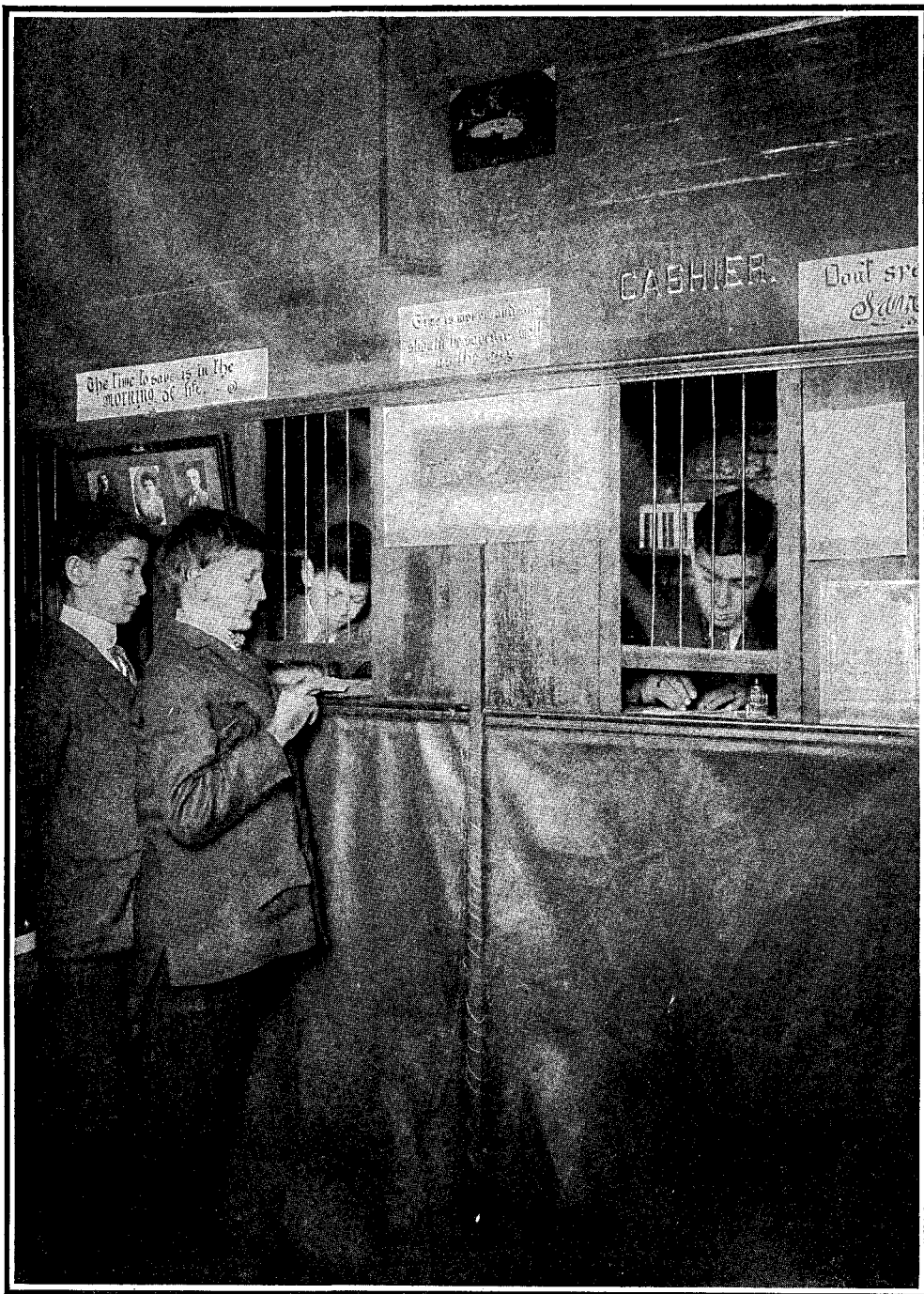
Although his twelve years of labor outside of school hours on behalf of the boys and girls of the schools has brought him no pecuniary recompense, Mr. Weaver is already reaping the reward that is found in the gratitude of men and women who have achieved success in life that might not have been theirs without his assistance. In October, for instance, a young electrical engineer on his way through the city on business ran over to call upon his former instructor at his home in Brooklyn. He was considerably under thirty years of age, and his last employment had been the electrification of an important branch of one of the great Western railways at a salary of \$5,000 a year—which he expected within the next few years would be doubled. He was the son of very poor parents, who had found it a real hardship to keep him in a high school, and it had been only by Mr. Weaver's urgent entreaties and constant representations to the father as to the son's promise that he was permitted to finish the course. On his leaving school Mr. Weaver secured

him a position with one of the big electrical companies, where he made the most of his opportunities.

Here is Mr. Weaver's own story of the achievements of two young men he has assisted along the road to success, though he does not make that feature prominent. "About eight years ago," he says, "I received permission from the owner of a considerable estate on the eastern slopes of the Alleghanies to pitch my summer camp on a hillside overlooking his valley. When I came to ask his permission I had my hand camera with me. He readily granted my request, but stipulated that I should make him a few photographs. A week or so thereafter, when he stopped at my camp to see about the photographs, a former student was visiting me. We three sat under a tree, chatting, for a considerable time. Before us, between two spurs of the mountains, a narrow valley stretched down to the little village at the railway station, while through the valley, tearing over from the hills, came a roaring brook.

"'How easy,' remarked my friend, 'it would be to build a reservoir beyond a little gap in the hills behind here, lead this brook along the mountain-side, train it upon a water-wheel, and make it generate enough electricity to run a farm—and also a railroad, for that matter!'

"The chance remark was the beginning of a transformation. The idle stream was harnessed, and the babbling brook was changed into a force that now heats the man's house, lights his estate, and in the village below turns the looms of a recently constructed silk mill, wherein the increasing population of the village makes a choice fabric that brings to them the tribute of the commercial world. The young man whose chance remark and whose hurriedly drawn plan became as law to the owner of the estate was, ten years before the day he sat before my summer camp, a leader of a street gang, and incidentally a butcher's delivery boy with a very limited education. While waiting in the study of one of his employer's customers for the payment of a bill his attention was attracted to a book on mechanical drawing which lay on a table. He was permitted to borrow the book; later he asked the same man where drawing instruments



FUTURE CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

could be purchased. The man's interest was aroused; the energy of the youngster was directed into a new channel; the leader of the noisy gang buried himself in the evening school; was lost for a time in

an engineering school, through which by some means or other he worked his way, and from which he emerged as a mechanical engineer.

"Through the mastery of one complete

body of knowledge the young butcher's boy was transformed into a trained scientist whose expert judgment recently determined the action of a great corporation in undertaking the manufacture of a most complex type of steam turbine. If he had been willing to accept any one of a number of tempting offers that have come to him, his available surplus earnings would be equal to those of a hundred ordinary men, but he prefers to occupy a modest place at the head of the engineering department of a small college, because he says it is worth more to the world to transform idle boys into efficient engineers than it is to build machines out of steel.

"This comparatively young man, on one of his annual visits to a friend who by accident had been his teacher, made the plans in accordance with which the valley was transformed. A younger graduate from the college in which this engineer teaches superintended the work of transformation. He was a youth of twenty-four, the son of a paper-hanger, who, but for the open door of the public schools, would never have been other than a follower in the irregular employment of his father's trade. However, he pleased the owner of the mountain estate, who recommended him to the head of the engineering forces of a coal syndicate. After less than a year's service with his new employers he worked out plans for utilizing the great piles of coal screenings which have for years been such an eyesore to travelers in the coal counties of Pennsylvania. The screenings are now being transformed into electric energy which lights the dingy towns of that section and furnishes the motive power for a mountain trolley system. This young man commands a salary of more than \$5,000 per year."

It will be observed that the prospective head of the Vocation Bureau does not advise the school-boys of New York to learn trades. "The demand for trade schools is in the atmosphere, and there are certainly many cities in this country where trade schools are needed," he says. "This does not prove that they are needed in a large commercial city like New York. The High School Committee has had no difficulty in finding places in excellent apprentice schools in this city for boys who

desire to learn trades. One of the best trades for young men is that of a machinist. An old and reliable concern in New York has an apprentice school in which young men may receive a most excellent training, have assurance of steady work after their trade is learned, and receive wages during the period of apprenticeship. No public trade school could give the children of the city the training this firm can give. The school selects its apprentices with care, pays them wages while learning, gives outings and entertainments, offers valuable prizes, and guarantees to faithful apprentices remunerative employment at the conclusion of the period of apprenticeship. If a trade education were as desirable as its advocates claim, the old employees of this firm would crowd their own children into the apprentice school of the firm. It is a surprising fact, however, that this ideal trade school graduates a smaller percentage of its enrolled apprentices than the high schools graduate from their enrolled students.

"It is largely the call of the market, the necessities of the family, and the shifting aims of the young people that accounts for a great part of this loss, but there are other reasons. It is generally believed that the mechanic is more prosperous than the office employee. In Bulletin 93 of the Census Department at Washington is given, as the result of a canvass of the factories of twenty-nine selected industries in New York, a table which shows that, according to the pay-rolls of about 10,583 factories employing 165,843 men over sixteen years of age, the average weekly wages were less than \$12. In 257 furniture factories employing 8,450 men the average weekly earnings were \$10.54, and in forty-four piano factories employing 2,533 men the average wages were \$12.96. A wide-awake school-boy who goes into an office earns at twenty-one years of age more than any one of the different classes of mechanics listed in the reports referred to; his position is more secure; he is more likely to make profitable business connections than his fellow in the shop, and he is less likely to wake up some morning to find that some new invention has made his skill useless.

"New York is a growing commercial city. The high living expenses make it

difficult for this city to compete with the factories of inland towns. The school-boys of the New York of to-day will not be able to do more than half of the work of the much larger New York of twenty years hence. Which half do we want them to do? Do we want them to become mechanics, who must compete with every new town that may spring up in the West, and permit the city to import its leaders from abroad? Or shall we train

poise and balance needed by leaders of men."

As an illustration of the practical work that a Vocation Bureau may accomplish in the schools, an "experiment in vocational adjustment," made by the Students' Aid Committee last winter in the Brooklyn Evening High School for Men, is illuminating. During the last week of school in December the thousand and more students were each given a card to fill out



MAKING MECHANICS OF SCHOOL-BOYS

our young people of to-day so that they may become the leaders of the New York of the future? The young people themselves are answering that question. It is their answer to that question that causes ten thousand of them after their day's work to crowd into the evening high schools, where they are toiling away at their commercial studies, familiarizing themselves with literature, making themselves acquainted with foreign languages, studying mathematics. And in doing all these things they are acquiring the

in order that the Committee might obtain information as to the kind of work, if any, each one was doing, what wage he was receiving, whether he was satisfied with his work and his pay, and as to other details.

"By an examination of these cards it was found that twenty-eight students were out of employment," the report on the experiment reads. "During the first week in January every one of this number who was found in his place at 7:30, the hour for opening, when he was sent for by the committee having the matter

in charge; was provided with employment.

"Lists were made of young persons who seemed to deserve better employment than that in which they were engaged. One boy, son of a widow, graduate of an elementary school, an attendant at the evening school for two terms with a good record, having ambitions to enter a publishing house, was employed at \$3.50 per week in a package delivery house. A place was secured for him with a stationer at \$5 per week, with assurances of an opportunity to learn a trade.

"A young man who had secured a certificate as a typewriter was employed as a packer at \$9 per week, where there seemed no prospect for advancement. A position as stenographer was secured for him at \$15 per week.

"A boy seventeen years old, who held a certificate in geometry and algebra, and who was engaged in a small real estate office at \$5 per week, was placed in an insurance office at \$7.50 per week, with promises of an increase of \$5 per month every six months.

"In one week's work the Committee was enabled to add to the earning power of the students of the school \$59 per week. It means more than \$3,000 per year, because the students who were aided were helped to places where they could use their best powers."

As chairman of the Committee on Incentives of the Students' Aid Committee, Mr. Weaver sometimes hands his pupils in the evening schools tracts like the following, which is headed "Does an Education Pay?" with problems to be solved in connection with them:

The father was a gray-haired mechanic. I first met him at a summer boarding-house. He was somewhat of a fisherman. So was I. For several days we sat together on the sunny bank of a quiet stream waiting for the fish that rarely came. We became well acquainted. He had landed in this country at the age of fifteen and began to work in a shop at two dollars a week. He learned to speak English and later he learned to write. He also learned a trade, and had fairly steady work with good pay. He could give his sons what advantages they desired, but he let them choose their own future. His wife was a careful housekeeper, and from her account books he made me a statement of the cost and earnings of his four boys. He estimated that it costs a father two thousand dollars to

support a boy and keep him in school until he is fourteen years of age.

William left school at the age of fourteen and secured a place in an office. He was promoted from time to time until he was at the head of one of the departments. His commercial training he received at the evening schools.

Maurice left school at fourteen and began work in an office; later he served an apprenticeship with a mechanic, and has now been working at his trade for seven years.

Fred entered the central grammar school and continued in school until he was seventeen, after which he received some special training in the evening classes of Cooper Institute. He went to work in the office of a contractor and builder, and later he became a superintendent of construction.

Albert prepared for college in the high school, entered a professional school, and began the practice of his profession at the age of twenty-two, first as an employee of a corporation, and four years later he started out as a private practitioner.

The following table gives the earnings of each up to the age of 30:

Age.	Earnings of a laborer.	Earnings of Win. of Maurice.	Earnings of Fred. of Albert	Earnings of Fred. of Albert	Earnings of Albert
15.....	\$200	\$260	\$208	\$166	\$-173
16.....	210	312	260	186	-180
17.....	234	338	312	205	-190
18.....	264	362	460	262	-368
19.....	300	416	600	416	-440
20.....	300	416	720	520	-410
21.....	300	468	960	624	-480
22.....	400	520	960	780	720
23.....	400	546	920	780	1,200
24.....	470	614	980	1,040	1,200
25.....	475	728	1,080	1,300	1,350
26.....	475	780	1,020	1,300	1,500
27.....	500	780	1,090	1,500	1,200
28.....	500	780	1,000	1,500	1,450
29.....	560	832	1,040	1,500	1,800
30.....	560	832	1,050	1,650	2,200

One can believe that the figuring out of the problems that follow would fix very definitely in a young man's mind the fact that an education does pay. These are the problems:

1. From the age of 26 to the age of 30 what was the average increase per annum for each of the four boys? At the same yearly rate of increase what would be the yearly income of each at 40 years of age?

2. Supposing at the age of 30 each man would spend 10% of his income for his summer vacation, write a composition on what kind of a trip each could have.

3. If each of the four brothers at the age of 30 would pay 20% of his income for rent, what kind of a home could each have? Describe a house in your neighborhood which each one could rent.

4. Supposing that their incomes would remain the same as at 30, how much would the total earnings of each be at 40 and at 50 years of age?

"There are in New York City to-day," says Mr. Weaver, "thousands of young

¹The sums with the minus sign indicate the cost of education in years before earnings began.

people who have been trained to high ideals in the homes of self-sacrificing parents, who have deserved and received considerate treatment in the schools, and who have enjoyed the respect and esteem of their youthful associates, who have afterward gone out to earn their own living in those occupations which are usually open to young people, the workers in which are for the most part unorganized and unprotected. Too frequently these young people have been compelled to wander around for days in an aimless search for employment; they have often been made to believe that they were worth nothing; they have been persuaded to accept places at pitiful wages with promises of advancement, in which they have afterward learned that there were never any prospects of advancement; they have outgrown places in which there was no special skill or knowledge to be acquired, from which they were turned out without faith either in themselves or in their fellow-men, or belief in the existence of a sense of fairness or justice in society.

"However well equipped the barks in which the youthful sailors launch out in the troublesome seas of commercial and industrial life may be, the chances are against them unless they are provided with sailing directions. Since society must in some way or other care for the disheartened, the broken-spirited, and the ruined, it might be well for society to provide the sailing directions. The schools should be prepared to give these necessary directions to those of their students who are ready to leave them and those who are compelled to leave. The managers of the schools have an intimate knowledge of the qualifications and capabilities of the young men who pass out from their care. This intimate knowledge is of value to the employer. It ought to be made available to him. If this knowledge is available to the employer, he will be able to save the time which is now required to reply to applicants for places and to interview those who respond to his advertisements for help. It will enable him to secure those who are most likely to possess the special training or aptitudes which his service demands.

"The employers of this rapidly growing city need all the young people who go out

from the schools. In working out a plan to enable deserving young people to make immediate connections with suitable, profitable, and promising employments, the schools will be able to save for education the maximum of the child's time, to minimize to the students the possibilities of vocational misfits, and to reduce to the employers the loss of time that results from the employment of incompetents for probationary periods.

"The general adoption of such a plan will bring about the organization of educational forces, the training shops of factories, the offices of the commercial houses of the city, into a vocational university of the highest type without materially increasing the present outlay for education. There should be in every day and evening high school, and in every college and fitting school, one specially well informed teacher with a proper allowance of time to attend to this work; to have accommodations for holding conferences with students and groups of students, and proper facilities for keeping systematic records of the industrial and commercial careers of those who go out from the school."

As tending to bring about mutually advantageous co-operation between the schools and commercial and industrial institutions, Mr. Weaver has already made a proposition to the bankers and the insurance companies. Many of the school-boys who enter employment as messengers and errand-boys, for instance, are not educationally fitted for higher positions, and not all of them are willing to continue their studies at the night schools, arguing that they are entitled to their evenings for amusement and recreation. Mr. Weaver's suggestion to the bankers and insurance men is that they allow these employees the time from three to five o'clock one or two days each week, in order that they may attend schools in convenient parts of the city, where they will receive instruction in the higher branches of banking and insurance from teachers of the High School of Commerce.

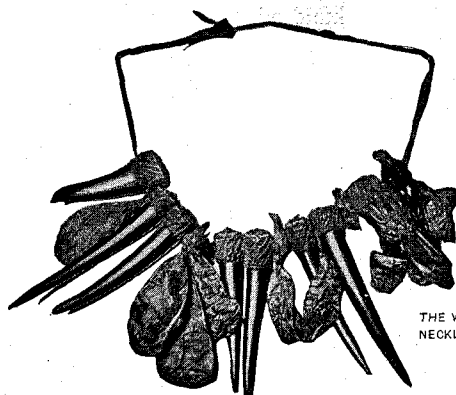
A vocation bureau in connection with the school is not an entirely novel proposition, although the one of which Mr. Weaver will be the head is the first to be established as an integral part of a public school system.



A CHRISTMAS EVE SUPERSTITION

In some districts in the British Isles it is reputed that cocks crow all the night before Christmas, and thus scare away evil spirits for future days

OUR SUPERSTITIONS



THE WITCH DOCTOR'S
NECKLACE

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

MOST people take it for granted that the question of superstitions is neither a "live issue" nor one that is open to discussion. They declare, in effect:

"What is there that can be said about superstitions except to condemn them? Is it not a universally acknowledged fact that superstition has been one of the greatest curses of mankind? Has it not been the means of sacrificing countless lives, parting husbands and wives, parents and children, and filling jails and madhouses with its victims? Think of the cruel wars, the merciless persecutions, the terrible delusions, it has engendered! Moreover, at this late day, in this twentieth century of knowledge and enlightenment, why bring up the subject of superstition at all? To-day only the uncivilized and the uneducated are superstitious."

This unquestionably represents a pretty general attitude, but an attitude based on two erroneous premises. The first is, that superstition always has been, and always will be, an unmixed evil. The second, that it cannot survive the progress of science and education. It may be a demonstrable fact that civilized communities no longer collectively stand in awe of the evil eye, hang witches, or tremble before practitioners of magic. It is equally demonstrable, however, that large numbers of individuals in such communities—

men and women who pass as people of education—retain a lively faith in even the most absurd among the superstitions of their ancestors; as shown, for instance, by the Christian Scientist's dread of malicious animal magnetism and by the golden harvest reaped in every American city by fashionable fortune-tellers. And, even where such extravagances are absent, distinct traces of superstition are to be found in persons of the highest culture and refinement. In truth, we are all of us—or almost all of us—more or less superstitious. As Mr. Owen Wister, putting the words into the mouth of one of the characters of his notable novel "The Virginian," has so aptly phrased it:

"I expect in every man you'd call sensible there's a little boy sleepin'—the little kid that onced was—that still keeps his fear of the dark."

Three or four years ago—to be exact, on July 15, 1907—there was issued by the University of California a document which, it is to be feared, has not enjoyed a wide circulation, but which makes exceedingly interesting and not unimportant reading. It is a report by Mr. Fletcher B. Dresslar detailing the results of what may be called a census of superstitions.

On the attitude described above helpful light is thrown by Mr. Dresslar's census of superstitions. His object was to gain an idea of how far education has really suc-

ceeded in stamping out superstitious beliefs and practices, and for this reason he limited his investigation to normal school students, as persons subjected to strong educational influences. Nearly nine hundred young men and women were examined by him, his plan being to ask them, when in the class-room, and without previous notification, to write on separate slips of paper all the superstitions they knew, and to indicate on the margin their belief or disbelief in each. They were told that, if they could not honestly deny belief in any given superstition, yet would be overstating the case if they declared full belief in it, they might indicate their position by the words "partial belief." In order to eliminate the influence of "suggestion," they were allowed no communication with one another while filling out the slips.

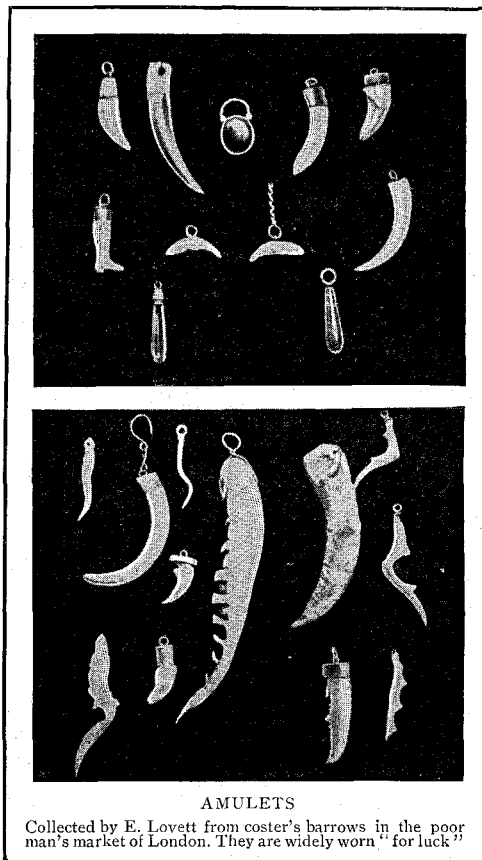
According to Mr. Dresslar, the students entered earnestly into the spirit of his inquiry, and tried to make their responses as truthful as possible. Altogether they handed to him 7,176 slips, each inscribed with a superstition and an opinion regarding it. Of these, 3,951 were expressions of disbelief, 2,132 of partial belief, and 1,093 of full belief. Now, as Mr. Dresslar points out in his report, "partial belief" means belief. "It is an indefinite and conditional belief, to be sure, but it may be as persistent and as thoroughly superstitious as 'full belief.'" Accordingly, out of the 7,176 expressions of opinion, 3,215, or 44.9 per cent, were expressions of belief in some superstition. These figures, of

course, do not give the exact proportion of superstitious persons among the students interrogated. But, to quote Mr. Dresslar's conclusion, with which as a result of personal investigation I wholly agree, "because of the almost universal tendency of the human mind to sparingly acknowledge its own weaknesses and shortcomings, it is safe to say that we have here an under-estimation, rather than an exaggeration, of belief in superstition."

Seemingly, among these educated young men and women there was no superstition too fantastic to find credence. No fewer than 138 believed wholly or partially in the Friday superstition, and 130 in the superstition associating misfortune with the number thirteen. The superstition which sees in the chance dropping of a dish-rag, knife, or fork notification that "company is coming" found 118 believers. There were 98 who believed that good or bad consequences would ensue

according as one picked up or neglected to pick up a pin lying on the ground, 81 who deemed it fortunate to "see the new moon over the right shoulder," and 81 who felt more or less certain that "bad luck" would follow the breaking of a mirror.

That it would "cut friendship" to make a present of a knife was accepted as fact by 65; the horseshoe superstition had 49 believers; the "When your ear burns somebody is talking about you" superstition was indorsed by 43; and 42 deemed it most important for any couple, walking together,



AMULETS
Collected by E. Lovett from coster's barrows in the poor man's market of London. They are widely worn "for luck"

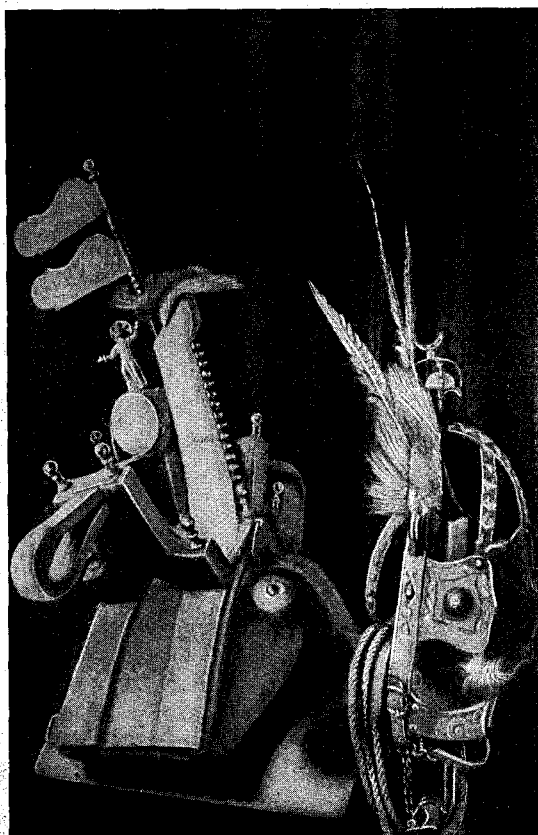
not to let a post or tree come between them. In the opinion of 39 a death may always be looked for if a dog howls at night or a bird flies in at one's window. Misfortune, 36 agreed, would follow the opening of an umbrella indoors, and 33 felt that the same would attend any one imprudent enough to turn back after starting on a journey.

These are only a few of the varieties of superstition listed, which ran far into the hundreds. And, bearing in mind that Mr. Dresslar's census was taken not among the illiterate but among persons who had received a good education—and many of whom are to-day teaching others—the result of his inquiry may well cause uneasiness in the minds of those who believe in the rationalizing power of education. There is, however, this possible objection to the validity of his findings: that, although the men and women he examined were people of education, they were still too young to be taken as proper standards for estimating education's corrective influence on superstitions. For, while many of them were twenty-six, twenty-seven, and twenty-eight years old, the average age was but nineteen.

To settle this point, I undertook a census of my own not long ago, limiting it strictly to a group of men of maturity and the highest education. In fact, I confined it to members of the teaching staff of Harvard University—professors, instructors, and assistants. Here, if anywhere, I felt that trustworthy data could be obtained, for the atmosphere of Harvard is admittedly not favorable to the maintenance of superstition. If, I theorized, any appreciable degree of superstitious belief is to be found among these university educators—men rigorously trained in the use of their reasoning powers—no doubt can remain as to the

universality of superstition in all ranks of society.

The result surprised, even startled me, and was abundantly confirmatory of Mr. Dresslar's census. I had expected to find perhaps ten or fifteen per cent of the men whom I questioned—mostly connected with the departments of history, philosophy, and psychology—acknowledging some measure of superstitious faith. Actually, only 26.6 per cent, after earnest introspection, could truthfully profess that, so far as they were aware, they were absolutely free from superstition. The remaining 73.4 per cent, while in no case admitting "full belief," confessed that in their daily life they had little habits and customs indicating that, whether consciously or subconsciously, they were under superstition's influence. Nor is it without significance that, of this 73.4 per cent, a large propor-



AMULETS FOR HORSES

From a collection made by F. T. Elworthy. One or more of these amulets are worn upon the backs of the cab horses of Naples, being affixed to the harness by their owners avowedly as a protection against the evil eye



A SYMBOLICAL FIGURE OF SUPERSTITION
 Drawn from a design made at the close of the Dark Ages

tion at first denied, sometimes with indignation, that they were in the slightest degree superstitious; their denials weakening only after close questioning had led them to look into the matter more carefully. One is reminded of Mr. Dresslar's remark about the tendency of the human mind to conceal its weaknesses and shortcomings. Here, in the respondents' own

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words, are some of the superstitions to which these men of Harvard made confession:

"I must say that I don't think I should feel very comfortable if seated thirteen at a meal, or living in a house numbered thirteen."

"I always pick up pins if I find them lying on the floor or sidewalk. It seems

to me that I do this automatically, but there may be a superstitious remnant in it."

"The number thirteen bothers me a great deal. I have a species of dread when I think of the year 1913, feeling that it will prove disastrous to me. Probably this irrational fear has grown out of the thirteen superstition."

"The only superstition I can think of that affects me at all is the old childish fear of the dark. Even to-day I dislike to be in the dark, especially after reading a ghost story. If walking along a dark road, I have a tendency to look around me, even though I know nothing is there."

"The thirteen superstition bulks largest in my mind, and, while I have no conscious belief in it, I feel that it must exercise some subconscious influence upon me."

"My one superstitious practice—if you can call it such—is to knock on wood after boasting of my health, good fortune, etc."

"I knock on wood, and I have a certain amount of faith in the truth of the old saying, 'Sing before breakfast and you will cry before night.'"

"I have a belief—how complete I cannot say—in the superstition that one should always knock on wood after speaking with undue confidence. As I say, I don't know how much of a belief I have in this. But I do know that I always knock on wood if I catch myself boasting."

"I have a dread—call it superstitious if you please—of boasting about anything."

"I always knock on wood if I happen to 'brag,' and I have an instinctive dislike to seeing the new moon over my left shoulder. So I always try to see it over my right."

With educated men confessing such eccentricities of conduct, the inference is irresistible that superstition plays a far more important part in the world to-day than is generally supposed. The question at once arises: Just what is there in superstition, or in the mental make-up of humanity, that has enabled it to withstand the rationalizing power of education? Or, to put it otherwise: Can it be that, for all its manifest evils, superstition serves in some degree a useful purpose?

Undoubtedly, among primitive peoples of the past, and, for that matter, among

primitive peoples of to-day, superstition has been distinctly useful, more especially as an aid in the foundation-laying of civilization. This was admirably brought out not long ago in a course of lectures delivered by that eminent English anthropologist Dr. J. G. Frazer, dealing with the contributions made by superstition to the development of four great institutions which, in Dr. Frazer's words, "people commonly imagine to be bottomed on nothing but hard common sense and the nature of things." The four institutions are government, private property, marriage, and respect for human life. All four, as Dr. Frazer had no difficulty in showing, owe a great deal to superstition.

Thus the origin of the salutary principle of respect for government can be traced, in part at all events, to the superstitious reverence with which primitive peoples have always regarded their chiefs, holding them in awe as persons possessed of supernatural powers. This attitude, still much in evidence among savage tribes, seems to have been shared by the ancestors of all the Aryan peoples from India to the British Isles, while in England a lingering relic of it remained until as late as the eighteenth century in the notion that scrofula could be healed by a touch of the King's hand. Similarly, respect for private property was vastly strengthened by that form of superstition known as "taboo," by which the supernatural power supposed to reside in the person of the chieftain was transmitted to his movable property: his clothes, tools, weapons, ornaments—in fact, to everything he touched.

Among many peoples respect for marriage was increased by superstitious fears that immorality would cause public calamities, more particularly failure of the crops—a belief entertained in ancient times by the Greeks and Romans, and still prevailing among primitive peoples, such as the Karens of Burma and various tribes in Borneo, Sumatra, and Africa. Finally, respect for human life has been promoted by a world-wide belief in the ability of the "ghost" of a murdered man to haunt his slayer. Anthropologists have found this superstition in such far-separated peoples as the Indians of Guiana, the Maoris of New Zealand, the Bantu tribes of the

Congo Free State, and the Eskimos of the Bering Strait.

But all of this, while important as emphasizing the need for caution in evaluating the influence of superstition upon the world's progress, does not account for the survival of superstition in civilized communities and among educated men and women. Quite evidently there are vast differences between the mental viewpoints of the man of the civilized world and the untutored savage. Lack of knowledge may sufficiently explain the superstitions of the latter; it cannot explain why a Harvard professor knocks on wood to avert misfortune or a California normal school student believes that there is some occult connection between "bad luck" and the breaking of a mirror.

It is, indeed, necessary to take several factors into the reckoning if we are to understand why superstition has thus far defied the efforts of education wholly to uproot it. One of these, and perhaps the most important, is the innate tendency of the human mind to lend credence to the uncanny and the marvelous. There is here a distinct race inheritance, reinforced by the dual influence of tradition and "suggestion." The great majority of superstitions, as everybody knows, are acquired in childhood, that plastic period when the mind is most receptive and the critical faculty most in abeyance. The folktales of the nursery and kitchen, the superstitious sayings of older members of the family circle, make a tremendous impression on the mind of the child. This would not matter so much were it not for the fact that impressions of childhood, especially when they appeal strongly to the emotional in man, are apt to persist throughout life, subconsciously if not consciously.

In extreme cases it has even been found that such impressions, when they involve experiences of a particularly startling or unpleasant nature, may in after years give rise to distressing nervous and mental disorders. The normal individual, fortunately, is not affected in this way. He manages to absorb, and eventually to forget, his childhood impressions as far as conscious recollection is concerned. Nevertheless, even in his case they may continue to lead an independent existence, so

to speak, in the depths of his subconsciousness, and, all unknown to him, exercise an influence on his feelings, thoughts, and actions.

Herein, to some extent at any rate, we have an explanation of the result of Mr. Dresslar's census and my own. The superstitions reported by the California normal school students and the Harvard professors may be regarded as representing in a considerable proportion, not an active, fully conscious belief, but the residue of opinions and emotions entertained in childhood with such intensity that they have never been completely suppressed. It does not follow, though, that the students and professors should be acquitted of the charge of being superstitious. Any man who habitually, however automatically, picks up pins, knocks on wood, throws salt over his shoulder, or performs any similar rite, thereby testifies to some degree of faith in its efficacy, some lurking desire "to be on the safe side" and "take no chances."

When the environment of childhood persists throughout life—when there is no breaking away from the influences through which the seeds of superstition have been sown—the factor of suggestion comes into play with increased force, and we have the phenomenon, so common in isolated rural districts, of whole communities steeped in superstition. Ordinarily, schooling, business training, and general intercourse with the outside world aid the individual in correcting and more or less successfully overcoming the faulty notions of childhood. When, however, he is kept constantly in touch with persons who retain a firm belief in the legends and superstitions of the countryside, he cannot well avoid becoming grossly superstitious himself. He is further impelled in the same direction because of an instinctive desire, characteristic of the human mind, to free himself from the strain of incomplete thinking. This important point is with reason emphasized by Mr. Dresslar in his census report.

"There can be," he notes, "no physiological or psychological equilibrium unless the mind comes to rest in a conclusion. It is both physically and mentally very tiring to hold in the mind a series of conditions and at the same time prevent them from shooting together into some sort of

dénouement. The untrained and instinctive mind reaches conclusions quickly, for this temporarily is the line of least resistance. Thus it may reach *quasi* generalizations for itself, or, what is more usually the case, it may accept the generalizations passed down to it by tradition, for it is easier to accept an explanation authoritatively given than to frame one."

From this point of view superstition becomes what the followers of the Austrian psychologist Sigmund Freud would call a "defense mechanism," giving the mind the satisfaction of resting in some positive conclusion. And, undoubtedly, we have here still another reason for the prevalence of superstition in modern times. To understand, however, how any mind, no matter how untrained, could accept and be content with such conclusions as are involved in superstitious beliefs it is necessary to stress an additional fact—namely, that underlying many superstitions there is a substantial basis of truth.

By this I do not mean to say that the interpretation put upon them by those who believe in them is correct, but merely that they represent, though in distorted and imperfect fashion, the working of natural laws. There can be no question, to cite a few illustrative instances, that there is a great deal of truth in the exceedingly common superstition, "Sing before breakfast and you will cry before night," and that many people who do sing early in the morning are in the reverse of a singing mood by nightfall. But this is susceptible of a simple psychological explanation. Such people feel unhappy, not because they have "sung before breakfast," but because, singing before breakfast, they have shown that they were in a state of emotional exaltation which would tend, if given free rein, to exhaust their nervous energy and be followed by a state of irritability and emotional depression.

So with the "knock on wood" superstition, and its affiliated superstitions regarding the "bad luck" likely to follow boasting. It is a fact of every-day observation that, if misfortune does come to a man at a time when he confidently expects nothing but good fortune, the blow falls upon him with particularly crushing force, and he is likely to rally

under it with far greater difficulty. The boasting superstitions are therefore serviceable as enforcing upon the mind the dangers of over-confidence; while the device of "knocking on wood" serves as a helpful reminder that if one relaxes his vigilance he may suffer in his health, his business, or whatever it may be that he has boasted about.

A large number of other superstitions connected with "luck" teach valuable lessons. Habits of carefulness, economy, and preparedness are inculcated by such superstitions as "To spill salt is unlucky," "If you break a looking-glass, you will have bad luck," "To find a pin and pick it up is good luck," "If you put your right shoe on your left foot, you will have bad luck," "If you mend a garment without first taking it off, you will surely have bad luck," "If you start on a journey and then turn back for something which was forgotten, it is sure to bring you bad luck." To the superstitiously inclined there is ample reason for being kind to animals when it is known that "If a black cat follows you, you will have good luck," "If you kill a cat, you will have seven years of bad luck," "If you kill a dog, you will have bad luck," "If your cow dies, you will have bad luck for seven years," "If you kill a frog, it will make the cows give bloody milk." Of course there are far better means of establishing standards of conduct, and in the long run training by the aid of such sayings as these must be harmful. But they are mentioned because they have been, and still are, thus used; and because their temporary effectiveness explains in part the survival of superstition.

Furthermore, many superstitions, particularly among those relating to the cure of disease, tend to come true through the fact that they develop in the believer a state of mind favorable to their realization. Hence the occasional efficacy of such superstitious practices as carrying a potato or horse-chestnut in one's pocket to relieve rheumatism; wearing a verbal charm as a remedy for toothache; or treating warts by some method similar to that by which, centuries ago, Lord Bacon, as he himself tells us, was freed of this disfiguring affliction:

"I had from my childhood a wart upon

one of my fingers. Afterwards, when I was about sixteen years old, being then at Paris, there grew upon both my hands a number of warts, at the least a hundred in a month's space. The English Ambassador's lady, who was a woman far from superstition [!], told me one day that she would help me away with my warts; whereupon she got a piece of lard with the skin on, and rubbed the warts all over with the fat side, and amongst the rest that which I had from my childhood; then she nailed the piece of lard, with the fat towards the sun, upon a post of her chamber-window, which was to the south. The success was that within five weeks' space all the warts were quite away, and that wart which I had so long endured as company. But at the rest I did little marvel, because they came in a short time, and might go away in a short time again; but the going away of that which had stayed so long doth yet stick with me."

One's first inclination would be to ascribe to the lard a curative property. But it would appear that warts may be "charmed away" by numerous devices. Only the other day I was assured by a neighbor, a gentleman well known in American literary circles, that, after many orthodox methods had been vainly tried in the effort to remove an unsightly array of warts from the hands of two of his children, he had, in desperation, taken them to a "healer," who achieved a complete cure by the delightfully simple

process of rubbing the warts with a penny. Other wart-curing formulæ of tested virtue are:

Rub a bean on the wart, and then throw the bean in a well.

Find an old bone, rub the wart with it, and lay the bone down exactly as you found it.

To cure a wart, grease it with stolen bacon, and hide the bacon.

Rub the wart with a stolen dish-rag, and then hide or bury the latter. As it decays the wart will disappear.

Count out secretly as many stones as you have warts, tie the stones in a bag, and throw them where they cannot be seen.

Tie a knot in a string, lay it away, and do not look for it, and the warts will disappear.

In the light of modern discovery regarding the influence of the mind on bodily states, it surely should be obvious that when cures are effected by such dissimilar charms it is not the particular charm but the faith it inspires that brings about the cure.

Emotional bias, the inherited tendency of mankind to credit the marvelous and to accept ready-made generalizations, the influences of a defective environment, the force of the "pragmatic sanction" attaching to so many superstitions because of their workability—such are the factors that give superstition its vitality, and that must be overcome before the world will be rid of it.



THE WITCH OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

The Unnecessary Fortune

By Martha Bensley Bruère

THE Old Gentleman had got his fortune back!

Martin Graves, senior member of Graves & Shortly, told the news at the Howarden Club, and certain gray men with crisp mustaches and sharply trimmed beards looked over their papers to listen.

"Decision given yesterday—Judge Hoyt. Quite a historic case. Twenty-five years since it came up! They never did have any case against him, but they kept on fighting. He never infringed their patents. Now he gets the whole business back from the receivers, and the profits for twenty-five years besides. Big thing!"

The Howarden Club was a quiet place which had grown elegantly old with its members. It prided itself on the old pictures on its walls, the old wine in its cellar, the old cook (no Frenchman, but a solid Englishman skilled in heavy, costly dishes), and, most of all, it prided itself on its membership. That was the cream of old New York. Not many new members were taken in—only enough to fill the vacancies left by death—and no one had ever been known to resign. Of course one or two had disappeared, as the Old Gentleman had done, but it had been managed unobtrusively. When the Old Gentleman had been a Young Gentleman, the Club itself was a different affair. If there was an air of dead wickedness about it now, then there had been an air of present pleasure. There were still some members who had been glad to be of the Old Gentleman's circle when he settled in the Club window. One was sure to pick up some *bon mot* which could be handed round without extra polishing.

"Do you remember how the women were always after him for dinner?" asked Martin Graves. "My wife used to start her dinner parties by asking him, and then, if he could come, she built up the rest of the party to fit him. He was as much a centerpiece as the silver epergne."

"Didn't he start that pirate-ship story that frightened Jim Van Alstyne into put-

ting his yacht back into dry-dock for the summer?" asked a little old man like a dried leaf.

"Yes," puffed a shaking leviathan; "told it at Anson's. I was there."

Old Martin Graves, before the window, took his cigar from his mouth and looked at it with disfavor.

"No such tobacco to be had now as he used to import," he said. "Simply cannot be had for money! And if he said a cigar was good, you were always safe in taking it. Now one gets all sorts of vile combinations of cabbage and chickweed. Knew how to order a dinner, too! I hope he'll get his old cook back."

When the news went round that he had his money back, many hostesses remembered the Old Gentleman. There had been no tiresome wife to ask, for he had been married young and promptly widowed, and now he would be a novelty besides.

There was a Mrs. Norton to whose thin cheek a little color flushed. She looked back to the years just before her marriage and remembered how he was the first caller to come up her mother's steps on New Year's Day. She wondered if Madeline Du Val knew. How jealous she had been of that actress—but then everybody said he was going to marry her! She remembered an evening at the theater when the Old Gentleman had sat in her box and Madeline Du Val was on the stage. There were quantities of red roses handed up to the actress after her great scene, as used to be the fashion, and she heard a laughing whispered accusation about them, which the Old Gentleman did not deny. And then she had decided to marry Frederick Norton. Madeline Du Val had retired from the stage and gone to her country-house up the Hudson. When she had starred for one night at a benefit performance the previous winter, she was still beautiful, or had looked so on the stage. It was not a pleasant memory to Mrs. Norton—now that the Old Gentleman had his money back.

Many people woke up their slight

knowledge of him. Old gems of his wit were repolished and handed about, and the sparkles which he had left on the surface of society when he sank from sight were remembered. It had been noticed after his money went that a certain greenness appeared on the edges of his evening clothes. His collars were no longer prophecies of future fashions, but reminiscent of the past. And how should his stories of the opera, his gossip of the stage, and his tales of travel be new? It was noticed that he grew lame, and soon that he walked with a cane.

"I am eating my horses now, instead of riding them," he said, by way of explanation. "Do you know that ready-made boots can be bought for two dollars?"

Some one remembered him to have said: "Socially, I have as many skins as an onion. By every dollar I lose I peel off an acquaintance, I wonder what will be left when I haven't a cent in the world?"

"Old man," he said to some one who saw him in a cheap restaurant, "I know the price of every dinner-table in New York. They correspond exactly to the price of the best restaurants. As long as you are *able* to dine at Delmonico's you don't *have* to do it. When you must consider how much you pay for food, you are not asked to dine."

Since then no one was known to have seen the Old Gentleman; he had gone down for the third time.

Now his old friends at the Club were waiting impatiently for him to come back. They wondered if the house on Fifth Avenue would be opened again, or if he preferred going farther uptown where so many of the new houses were built. Perhaps the modern fashion of a country home and an apartment in the city would suit him best. They kept a sly lookout at the sales of real estate—he might ask advice.

Madeline Du Val appeared in town. The papers announced that she was stopping at a fine hotel. She had brought her motor down, and could be seen riding about the parks, gorgeously gowned and with a complexion that did credit to somebody.

Mrs. Norton found herself watching the door furtively on her reception day. If he *should* come in!

But the Old Gentleman did not return.

Then Martin Graves said to himself that the Old Gentleman of course was ashamed. He was waiting. He must have proper clothes. Remember how he used to dress? He must have the proper setting. He was perhaps afraid of his welcome—and he had his money back!

Martin Graves had ability. He went to the Old Gentleman's lawyers and got his address—a place he knew vaguely, far on the edge of the East River. With some trouble he found a brand of cigars he remembered the Old Gentleman to have liked, and supplied himself.

"My dear," he said to his wife as he started, "if I bring him back to dinner, I will telephone you. Let us not have any other guests; he may feel a little strange, you know."

His motor took him to a part of town he had never seen. The streets were paved with children, the air was thick with noise, the crowding tenements leaned against each other, the fire-escape balconies dripped rags, little boys yelled, "Hi, there, get on to his lid!" and threw refuse at his silk hat.

"This is as near as I can get, sir," said his chauffeur, touching his cap.

Martin Graves got out of the car. A passage led through an inner court, and from this he climbed flights of stairs, directed by a small girl. He knocked at a door and entered.

There were four people in the room—three old men and a young girl. The men were wrinkled, drawn, and infinitely old. Martin Graves was conscious of looking young beside them. It was some time before he recognized the Old Gentleman, toothless, and clinging to the arms of his chair. And then he said what he had come to say: how glad he was that the suit had been decided favorably, how they were all waiting for him at the Howarden Club, and how everything would be the same.

"Exactly the same," said he. "Exactly the same as it always was."

The Old Gentleman burst into a silent shaking laugh. The young girl went back to her task of cleaning the room, and the other old men looked at him intently. The laugh disconcerted Martin Graves, but he went on:

"It is good to think of you now as

having all the comforts and luxuries you have been used to."

And still the Old Gentleman laughed silently.

Martin Graves half drew the cigars from his pocket.

"What's that you have there?" asked the Old Gentleman. "The kind of cigars I used to smoke?" And again he laughed. "Did you ever dream of tobacco, Martin Graves? Dream of it at night, dream of it at noon, and go out into the street so that you could smell the workmen's pipes when they rested and ate their lunch? Comfort and luxury! See this corn-cob pipe? I paid five cents for it yesterday."

The Old Gentleman rocked to and fro.

"Did you ever know what it was to wander back and forth before the public baths, watching the pavements in the hope that some one would drop a nickel so you could go in and wash? I had a bath this morning—to-morrow I'll have another. That's luxury! Did you ever pick up newspapers in the streets, the only things you had to read? Now I buy one every day."

Martin Graves broke in:

"But your friends are waiting to welcome you; exactly the same. My wife remembers the stories you used to tell. She asks you to dine with us to-night. All your friends want to see you again."

The Old Gentleman's toothless jaws moved up and down.

"Dine? Yes, yes, I shall dine," pointing to the table. "See a good ten-cent piece of meat, and butter for my bread. Did you ever go one month without butter, Martin Graves? And there will be potatoes and coffee, and Annie Jacobs to come in and cook them for me. Oh, yes, I shall dine. And stories? What do you know of stories? Jansen here can tell how he stoked the Critonia for four days when she met the cyclone in '78. And McHenery set the type that announced Lincoln's assassination. Friends!"

The Old Gentleman went to the window. The fish-seller at the corner grinned up at him; a girl waved her hand from the next fire-escape; an old-clothes man below nodded his head.

"Friends?" he said, "Yes, friends for twenty-five years!"

Martin Graves pushed the cigars back into his pocket and went quietly away. At the Howarden Club he was reticent. It was little more than a shake of the head and a sigh that he gave.

Mrs. Norton stopped watching her drawing-room door and Madeline Du Val went back to her villa on the Hudson, for the impression grew that Martin Graves had found the Old Gentleman much changed—oh, so much changed! In fact, insane!

THE TOLL-HOUSE

BY WATSON NICHOLSON

A costly toll-house bars the way
Whose outlines dimmed by distance are;
The Keeper always gets his pay
From e'en the tardy wayfarer.

Though endless seems the road to there,
Perspective hides the rut, the hill.
We welcome, hail, each new-met care
That serves the time to fill.

For though the endless miles should cause
Us haste to reach the goal,
We love too well the dallying pause
Which to this life is soul.

But ere we've gleaned the harvest due
From love and peace, from hate and strife,
The toll-house looms upon our view—
"The toll?" we ask. "Thy life!"

THE SPECTATOR

IT happened that the Spectator was in London two years ago when Mr. Lloyd-George introduced what a friend promptly denominated his "epoch-making Budget," and had the good fortune to occupy a seat in the press gallery of the House of Commons when Mr. Balfour made his first important speech in opposition to it. Directly across the chamber in solitary state sat the Prince of Wales, slender, somber, and apparently rather bored with the proceedings, little dreaming that two years later his royal guarantees to create half a thousand new peers if needful would be the final argument to secure the triumph of the Government in its struggle with the House of Lords. Mr. Balfour's speech was infinitely graceful and skillful, rising at times into real eloquence, but to the democratic ears of the Spectator it was unconvincing; and it was difficult even then not to believe that the eager and insistent Welsh Chancellor of the Exchequer was in truth the real spokesman of the British people. It was rather interesting that the contest then assuming definite shape for the "mending or ending" of the House of Lords should reach its conclusion during the next English visit of the Spectator, and that he should have the opportunity of seeing and hearing much that went to make up the closing act in what is variously counted a tragedy, a triumph of shrewd leadership, or a long step forward in the march of progress.

What has really happened is that the House of Lords can no longer interpose a veto to the will of the people, as expressed by the House of Commons, although, in order to make effective any expression of that will in opposition to the wish of the peers, the House of Commons must pass any measure three separate times, covering a period of not less than two years—which seems to be far enough from permitting the Government majority to exercise a snap judgment as the result of sudden popular excitement. The thing that impressed the Spectator as most significant during the nearly three weeks which intervened between the formal announcement of the Prime Minister that the royal prerogative would be invoked if needful, and the passage of the Parliament Bill by a majority of seventeen in the House of Lords, was that the people of England did not seem to care a rap about the real revolution that was going on. No one on the streets was talking about

it. There were no gatherings to discuss it, except here and there a conference between peers of varying views. The tram-cars, the barber-shops, the hotel lobbies, the smoking-rooms, were as phlegmatic and uninterested as though the matter of "mending or ending" had been settled long before—as in effect it had been, at the last two popular elections, when excitement had not been wanting. The people had decided, and, having commissioned their elected rulers to act for them, they had gone about their business of farming and trading with a confidence entirely calm, and perhaps a little grim, that the work would be efficiently accomplished.

The humor of the closing drama was supplied by the bluff and venerable Lord Halsbury, who at the age of more than fourscore years flung his gauntlet into the arena, called about him a hundred peers who declined to follow the prudent counsel of the Unionist leader, Lord Lansdowne, and announced that, as for himself and his followers, they would never yield, even if the House of Lords was swamped by five hundred newly created Liberal peers and its ancient Conservative prestige abolished forever. These fighting lords came to be known as the "Diehards," and sometimes as the "Ditchers," from their desire to occupy the last ditch in their demise; while the peers who followed Lord Lansdowne in recognizing in advance their defeat, and proposed to abstain from voting on the final division, were called "Hedgers." The real tragedy of the event seems to have been the disappointment of the five hundred Liberal candidates for the peerage, who had, it is understood, been carefully chosen, and of course were at least tacitly pledged to the Liberal programme. For so large a number of ambitious men, with equally ambitious wives and daughters, to get so near that height of privilege and then have their aspirations dashed to earth, implies an aggregate of disappointment that cannot be contemplated without a shudder.

England has never, within the Spectator's experience, been so dry, so brown, so hot, and so generally uncomfortable in point of weather as during the period of this latest visit. On one day the official temperature recorded at the Greenwich Observatory was one hundred in the shade, and on many days the thermometer showed the mercury above ninety, while there had been scarcely

a single day of rain during nearly three months. The rich verdure which one always counts on in England was exchanged for fields parched and brown, pastures in which cows and sheep would have starved but for supplemental feeding, and lawns which instead of being soft green velvet were harsh, dusty, and forbidding. The effect on the prosperity of farmers and on the price of fruit and vegetables must be very serious, and the effect on the nerves of tourists, both English and foreign, is clearly disastrous.



But an English landscape cannot be spoiled in any single season, however hot and dry the weather. The trees remain green, the hawthorn hedges are still there, the roads and lanes retain their charm, the cottages are vine-covered and embowered in flowers as they have been for a thousand years, and the ancient and stately churches keep watch and ward as of old. A motor ride of a day or a week through the countryside has nothing outside of England with which it can be compared except to its own advantage. It was the good fortune of the Spectator to be one of a small party who spent a recent day, long to be remembered, in making a visit to the ancestral home of George Washington, in Northamptonshire, some seventy miles from London, and just eight miles from Banbury Cross, dear to the hearts of all English-speaking babies. It was a perfect day, apart from the rather intense heat; and the swift motor ride past Hampton Court, along the soft green banks of the Thames lined with hundreds of gay houseboats, through Henley to Oxford, and thence, after luncheon in an ideal English home, to Banbury and Sulgrave Manor, was a continuing revelation of the comfort and the charm which this garden-spot of Europe offers to the wanderers from all parts of the world.



Sulgrave Manor really never saw George Washington, or his father, or even his grandfather. But the Washington family possessed and occupied the Manor during most of the

sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and it is still possible to distinguish over the main entrance the heraldic device of stars and stripes which Washington accepted as his own coat of arms and which is commonly regarded as the origin of the American flag. It is the only house now standing in England definitely known to have been inhabited by the ancestors of Washington, and as such has long been a place of pilgrimage for patriotic Americans.



The estate consists of two hundred acres of gently rolling land, substantially all of it in full view from the Manor-House, which is a dignified, substantial building of gray stone, with many gables, and in an excellent state of preservation. The main hall has a fine fireplace, and an oak beam ceiling, and the ancient oak staircase has very beguiling twisted balusters, and a fascinating secret cupboard at the intermediate landing. The drawing-room is on the second floor, and in one of the bedrooms it is said that Queen Elizabeth once slept. The ownership of the estate carries with it the lordship of the Manor, "with the Rights, Royalties, Privileges, and Appurtenances thereto belonging," and is subject to "a fee farm rent of 11s. 5d. per annum."



The newspapers have already told the public, both in America and England, that suggestions have been made for the purchase of this Manor-House as one of the features of the International Celebration in 1914, and the use of the house and park as a permanent memorial. To carry out this project involves contributions both for purchase and maintenance, and it will of course appear within a few months whether the suggestion meets with that kind of favor which crystallizes sentiment into cash. The Spectator heard the project mentioned by many people in England with considerable interest, and was informed that there was prospect of hearty co-operation if in America the idea met with widespread favor.

THE NEW BOOKS

Most books on animal intelligence are anecdotal, unscientific, and more entertaining than valuable. "Animal Intelligence: Experimental Studies," by Edward L. Thorndike, is not anecdotal, it is scientific, and is more valuable than entertaining. Mr. Thorndike has submitted animals (specifically dogs, cats, chickens, and monkeys) to certain tests, for the purpose of finding out what are their mental or quasi-mental operations. Thus, for example, he has put an animal, when hungry, in an inclosure from which it could escape by some simple act, such as pulling at a loop or cord, pressing a lever, or stepping on a platform. Food was then left outside and the actions of the animal observed. None of the animals used had any previous acquaintance with any of the mechanical contrivances by which the doors were opened. The operations of the animals under these conditions were carefully noted, the conditions being such as to call into activity such mental functions as they possess. The author's conclusion from these observations is thus stated: "The cat does not look over the situation, much less *think* it over, and then decide what to do. . . . It does not ever in the course of its successes realize that such an act brings food, and therefore decide to do it, and thenceforth do it, immediately from *decision* instead of from impulse. The one impulse out of many accidental ones which leads to pleasure becomes strengthened and stamped in thereby, and more and more firmly associated with a sense-impression of that box's interior." The same principle he states somewhat more tersely in a single sentence, as follows: "There may be a few scattered ideas possessed by the higher animals, but the common form of intelligence with them, their habitual method of learning, is not by the acquisition of ideas, but by the selection of impulses." We are not quite sure whether the series of experiments which Mr. Thorndike records demonstrates his conclusion. But the experiments certainly point to that conclusion, and, from the scientific point of view, they are much more valuable than the anecdotes on which the general reader has been inclined to rely in forming somewhat hazy opinions on the intellectual abilities of the higher animals. (The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.60.)

Mr. Lindsay Swift's life of William Lloyd Garrison, in the "American Crisis Biographies," is a very rational biography of a very irrational man. The popular estimates of

Mr. Garrison range all the way from admiration to abhorrence; and the popular estimates of the effect of his labors range all the way from the opinion that he was the principal cause of the abolition of slavery to the opinion that but for him slavery would have been abolished in the South, as it had been in the North, without bloodshed and by natural and peaceful measures. Mr. Swift takes neither extreme view. He is neither a eulogist nor a prosecuting attorney. He is both sympathetic and critical; perhaps we should say sympathetically critical. In the main he tells the story of Mr. Garrison's life, letting the reader form his own moral judgments on both the character and the career of the great agitator, but leaving the impression that his own judgment is one of admiration for Mr. Garrison's unflinching courage and self-devotion to a great cause, tempered by a distrust of his judgment and a condemnation of his polemical and often bitter spirit. Mr. Garrison was as much a Puritan as John Cotton and as much a doctrinaire as Robespierre. Puritan that he was, he made his own conscience the law for all mankind, and discarded the counsel of Jesus, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Doctrinaire that he was, he evolved his premise from his own consciousness, and then followed it to its logical conclusion, no matter whither it carried him. Garrison, in his developed career, held as an axiom that the Union upheld slavery, and therefore he demanded the dissolution of the Union. It is a curious fact, and one that illustrates the intellectual chaos of that time, that the extremists in the South wished to dissolve the Union in order to preserve slavery, and the extremists in the North wished to dissolve the Union in order to destroy slavery. The Civil War demonstrated the fact that the Southern extremists were right, and the Northern extremists wrong, in their theories. For four years the Federal protection was withdrawn from the slaveholder, but the slaves did not rise and throw off the yoke imposed upon them; with few exceptions, they continued almost to the end laboring at home for their masters, who were fighting in the field to keep them in slavery. Mr. Garrison performed for liberty the kind of service which was rendered in former times by the fire bell in a town: it called the attention of the citizens to the fire, but did nothing to extinguish it. Mr. Garrison awoke the consciousness of the Nation to the fact of slavery and the conscience of the Nation to its iniquity. But, if his advice had been followed, half of the continent